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# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson

## CONTENTS.


On the Death of a Young Genius . . . . . 1
Value of Literature . . . . . 1
A New England Winter . . . . . 3
"Hercules and Cupid at the Bath" . . . . . 3
Old School Days . . . . . 6
An Appeal to the American Girl . . . . . 8
The Pan-American Exposition . . . . . 12

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Annual Banquet of the Stanton Club . . . . . 15
Boston Banquet of the Bates Alumni Association . 15
Personal . . . . . 16

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 19

LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Y. W. C. A. Notes . . . . . 22
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 22

COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 27

OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 29


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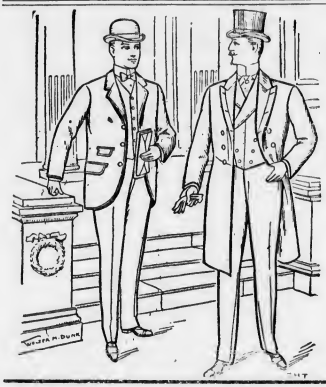
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## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENIUS.

The strife is ended and the world moves on;
Moves on! Her sunsets fire the dying days
And flash a purple glory towards the hills,
Those far, dim hills that lose their summits in
The tinted air. The world moves on—and still
The shafts of moonlight sail the moaning sea,
And drift beyond the bar to deathless night.
A myriad glories flash with each new dawn
And days pass on to swell the Aeons of
A dimly lettered Past. And can'st thou still,
O world, bedeck thyself with colors as
Of yore, when yet uncherished hopes lie dead
With him whose death is clarion of a woe
To sound with hollow rumblings down the aisles
Of days that are to be?

—M. E. C., '99.

## VALUE OF LITERATURE.

AMONG the many things that influence our lives, are the books we read. Such men as Arnold, Martineau, and Charles Eliot agree that literature, far more than science, moulds the life of the vast majority of individuals. It is, then, the solemn duty of colleges to furnish a course in both ancient and modern literature which will at least introduce students to "the best that has been thought and said in the world," and so stimulate them with a love for literature that they may choose to make its study a life pleasure. For if the institutions for higher learning do not realize and emphasize the importance of high stand-

ards of reading, how will the masses ever be reached by the purifying influences of literature? To elevate the masses is a problem of great importance to the American people to-day. Charles Eliot has made the statement that "the uplifting of the democratic masses depends upon the implanting at schools of the taste for good reading."

By literature, I mean the "rich records of the past, . . and the great thoughts of great minds"; not these abominable cartloads of trash which the press turns out hourly. Good reading has a refining and ennobling influence, because it portrays life naturally and truly.

Literature, I have suggested, has a direct relation to life; for like friends and nature, it floods our minds with many precious thoughts; opens up new avenues for mental activity; quickens the imagination; and enlivens moral sensibilities. Life is but an expression of our thoughts and our emotions; a growth of habits; the formation of character. Thus, in a very subtle way, association with books affects our lives.

The reading of books enlarges our circle of acquaintances;—of acquaintances, I say; for that person must be a poor reader who, when having read some beautiful book, does not have a deeper insight into the author's life, who has not learned some absorbing purpose and helpful characteristic of the author; or, in short, who has not made a new friend. To get the most benefit possible from reading, one must not skim over a book with his mind merely, but must gain its secrets by reading with his heart, as it were. Place yourself in the place of each character, and see how much more a book will mean to you. This is a great aid to the assimilation of reading matter.

Such acquaintances make a person self-contained. A good reader does not need continual excitement to make him happy. He even loves solitude, because of the companionship of beautiful thoughts, gleaned from choice authors. Indeed, such a person can never be lonely, though friends are far away; though the weather be conducive to homesickness and despair. A person with books as companions has "nests of beautiful thoughts," as Ruskin says, to which he can retreat and where he can revel at his will.

Books are like friends, not only on account of the companionship we cultivate with them, but also because of the transforming influence they have on our lives. Drummond speaks of the great change which came over one man's life who read each day the "love chapter" in the Bible.

Since, as one famous author has said, "Mere literature will keep us pure and keep us strong," let us cultivate the habit of carefully choosing whatever we read, that our lives may be as symmetrical as our finite natures will permit.

—EDNA MAE GOSLINE, 1902.

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### A NEW ENGLAND WINTER.

First the weather's mild and sunny;
"Just like Summer," people say.
Ten below, ere night has fallen,
A raging snow-storm all next day.

Then there comes another mild spell,—
Ends up with a drizzling rain.
O'er the sidewalks, thro' the gutters,
Bit by bit the snow-drifts drain.

Next Jack Frost has checked the streamlet,
Frozen rain-drops into snow.
Soon the word from Danville Junction,—
"Down here (b-r-r-r!) 'tis forty b'low."

Thus it is throughout the winter;
And our courage often fails
As we long for warmer climates,
Sigh for birds and sunny vales.

But when Summer with her beauties
Brings a smile to every face,
Can you find, than our New England
Anywhere a better place?

—S. B. F., 1902.

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### "HERCULES AND CUPID AT THE BATH."

THE painting which won the highest commendation at the late Exhibit by American Artists in New York, is entitled "Hercules and Cupid at the Bath." It is not only a masterpiece of art, but a beautiful story in color.

The picture represents a man of giant proportions, mighty sinews, and noble head. He stands knee deep in a clear pool and bears on his shoulders a laughing, dimpled, fair-haired boy. The background is only a simple rustic woodland, and serves to throw all interest and attention on the figures in the foreground.

Although the picture would win admiration under any circumstances, to those who know the story of its origin, it has particular interest. The artist, who is a prominent figure in Boston art circles, tells the following story, the facts of which he learned partly from the Swede and partly from the boy and others.

"On a narrow street leading off Atlantic Avenue stood an old tenement house known as 'No. 9,'—the home of many poor families. Jasper DeSilva, his wife, and little son, had been forced by adversities to seek shelter in this mean quarter. Once the husband had, by his skill with the violin, been able to provide his family with all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. But sickness came, followed by partial paralysis, and left the man broken in spirit, helpless, and friendless in a new land.

"The little family sank lower in poverty; the furniture and ornaments went to pay debts; the home was given up and cheaper lodgings taken; and yet, in spite of a brave woman's wit and efforts, at last one poor room in 'No. 9' was all the home left to them.

"About the middle of January, 1896, New England was visited by a severe cold wave which caused much suffering among the poor. In Boston the cold was terrible. Men were forced to leave the wharves at an early hour, and to seek shelter by their firesides—if they had one,—or in saloons. The DeSilvas were worse off than their neighbors. Mrs. DeSilva had fallen sick before Christmas and, lacking her slender earnings, the family had long suffered for food and fuel.

"Only those who have felt cold and hunger can realize the condition of these people on that January night as they crouched together on a pile of rags with neither food, light, nor fuel. Outside the piercing wind shrieked weirdly, and in lulls of the storm the roar of the ocean sounded with regular cadence. They were silent, speechless from despair. All would soon be over, they had muttered to each other. The cold numbed their faculties, but instinctively they drew closer together with the lad between the parents. He would live longer, perhaps, for the last morsel of food and the father's coat had been given to him. But the mother prayed that death might not separate them. The lad fell asleep. The darkness grew black. They could no longer see each other.

"Near midnight the cry of fire awakened the unfortunate people along the water-front. The hoarse cries of the firemen warned the people of their peril, yet it seemed as if many preferred to remain in danger rather than endure the terrible cold outside.

" 'No. 9' was one of the first houses to burn. 'Is everybody out of that house?' shouted a fireman to a group near by. Some answered 'yes'; others did not know. The fireman was about

to rush away, when a big Swede named Jensen seized his arm and in broken English made him understand that a family living on the fifth floor had not been seen that night. While the fireman hesitated, Jensen made his way alone into the house, which was filled with smoke and blazing in many places. It takes a hero to climb four flights of stairs in an old tinder box of a tenement when the fire king is at work on every side. He reached the top at last and found the door. It yielded to his touch. He entered and, brave man as he was, stood trembling at the sight. The room was lighted by the glare of the flames through the skylight. The frozen figures of the man and woman told their story. Cold had stolen a march on fire. At first he did not see the lad wrapped in the coat and looking like a bundle of rags. But the warmth or light of the fire wakened him. He moved and moaned. Jensen saw and heard. He caught up the lad and rushed from the room.

"It was a terrible night. When morning dawned, many found themselves homeless and penniless. And little Remie DeSilva was an orphan without kin on this side of the Atlantic.

But though Remie had lost his parents he had found a friend. Jensen's heart was as big as his body, and having no family or friends in this country he had often longed for a human heart to cheer his life. So he took Remie to his own lodgings, and he easily learned to love the bright little fellow whom the cold and fire had given to his care. And Remie fell naturally into the way of looking to Jensen as his all.

Night after night when the school was closed and day's work done and the little arms of the child encircled his neck, Jensen vowed to live a true and manly life in the sight of child and God.

Spring came; with it many promised holidays. Forest Hill was their favorite pleasure ground, and they passed many a Sabbath wandering about the woods. When the days grew longer and hotter they went farther away from the city and its crowds to the fields and woods of Walpole.

"And there," says the artist, "I found them. I was sketching by the river, my easel quite out of sight under the willows. It was a quiet place, seldom visited. The water was clear, and by the opposite bank there was a bit of sandy beach. My attention was called from my work by sounds of laughter from the opposite bank. Soon two figures appeared ready to enter the water. One was that of a man of magnificent proportions; the other that of a lad of ten. The man carried the lad on his shoulders, and both

were laughing like chums. I watched the great fellow bathe the child with the tenderness of a father, noted the perfect beauty and grace of both, and there got the idea for 'Hercules and Cupid at the Bath.'"

The artist always stops here when he tells the story of his picture, but his friends add the sequel. They tell of the artist's quiet work among the poor; of his many deeds of charity; of youth encouraged by his kindness to develop latent energies and noble qualities. Those who have visited his country home recognize in his foreman the Hercules of his picture. And the lad whose musical genius is exciting Boston's admiration at present, owes his many advantages to the man whose beauty-loving soul recognized in him a kindred spirit, and who commemorated their first meeting by a masterpiece of art. —C. L. J., 1903.

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## OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

WHEN one speaks of a country school, the picture of a little red school-house rises up in the mind and we think of it nestling down in some quiet and secluded valley, surrounded by green hills down whose sides babbling brooks tumble. The school-house with which I am acquainted and the one where I first learned what going to school meant, is somewhat different. The old school-house, which is situated at the junction of two roads, making it an interesting place where we could look out of the windows and watch the passing teams, always of interest to us, was once painted red on one side; but the season's ever-changing weathers have done their best to destroy the last vestige of red paint, and well they have succeeded,—yet one can still see where the red setting sun lights up the western end that it once wore a coat of the same color.

The inside was once plastered, but in some way known to some of the scholars, perhaps, there are places on the walls where the laths are bare of the white mixture of lime, sand, and hair. Overhead also are places where some foot has stepped too heavily on the ceiling when exploring the mysteries of the dark, musty, hot garret with the sloping roof.

The school-house has only one room. At one end are the desks, at the other the teacher's table. To the left of the table is the blackboard, where many a poor scholar has gone with trembling knees to write out the multiplication table—or to try to do it. Yet the blackboard had another use. It was lots of fun for the scholars at noon time to draw pictures of the teacher

or of some ferocious Indian, resembling in some degree the cartoons of our daily papers. In the centre of the room was an old barrel stove resting lengthwise on its four legs. At one end the funnel went up to the ceiling and ran along almost to the back of the room, being held in place by slender wires, which sometimes became weak, and once the funnel fell, scattering soot and ashes with plaster on the floor and making the scholars give gasping cries.

At recess it was great sport to run out of doors and play "tag" or "bear," the latter being especially pleasant, as we had four goals. Two of these were large flat rocks which formed the ends of a water-course, a log and the door-step were the other two. If we were fortunate enough to gain any of these goals we were safe from the clutches of the terrible bear. After this interesting game we were in a much better condition to get our spelling lesson, after which came the pleasant walk home to dinner.

In the winter we enjoyed building snow-forts. When our forts were completed then came the ferocious attack of the opposing party, and bravely did we hold our position and fire our white cannon balls with all the force of which we were capable. As spring came we were happy. The spring rains came, but we knew that

"April showers bring forth May-flowers."

Although we never went May-flowering, because they grew so far away from the school-house, we did pick the blue and white violets and the cow-slips when their rolls unwrapped themselves and revealed the beautiful yellow blossom, and the red benjamin. Nights after school we would take a knife and go to where the ground-nuts grew. There we would spend an hour in digging up the nuts with their long stems, some of them reaching down so far that our efforts to find the coveted brown ball were useless; others suddenly disappeared under a root or rock. Although we could not get the bulbs of all those two-branched green leaves with the round white flower in the center, we usually went home happy. Before the close of the term the strawberries were ripe. Then there was "racing and chasing" to see who could pick the most and find the largest berries to give the teacher, for in this way we expressed our childish affection for her. Sometimes she went with us. I remember one day nearly all went out into our pasture. I saw some large ones. At the same time one of the big boys saw them also, and as he could not

get them first he stepped on them, saying as he did so, "If I cannot have them you shall not." I was rather cross, but I think I managed to keep back the tears.

Near the school-house grew some gooseberry bushes, and the round green berries began to show themselves, about as large as small peas. We, the smaller children, would go to these bushes, fill our pockets with the green gooseberries, and when the bell rang take our seats, put the berries in our desks, and when the teacher was not looking at us we would eat those sour, unripe things, but how good they tasted; many a time did we do this unbeknown to the teacher.

One of the pleasantest days was the last day. There was a two-fold pleasure. We were allowed to wear our best clothes and we also had a treat consisting of candy and peanuts. The last day of one summer term we went to some caves near by. We all enjoyed that very much, for we had a delightful walk through the green woods. In one cave grew a birch tree, and on this we cut our names. We came back to the school-house and there enjoyed our treat, and soon said farewell, happy to think of the coming summer and our long vacation.

—E. L. T., '02.

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## AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN GIRL.

FIFTY years ago the American girl was of such a different type than is the girl of to-day that she might almost be supposed to have been of another nationality. The two last generations have filled vastly different spheres, and it is now difficult to recognize the white-haired, sweet-faced old lady as the grandmother of the modern American girl.

Let us look for a moment at the life this modern girl is living. She always hastens to the city, however she is to earn a living it must not be in the country. She may paint, she may write, she may toil in the humble occupations, but she is determined the world shall know she is an independent bread-winner. The woman's column in hundreds of newspapers daily make known that fact. Where forty years ago the farmer's daughter was content to tend the poultry and butter on a country farm and aspired to distinction in those lines at the county fair, where she was happy in her humble home, cooking and scouring, the daughter of to-day holds such a life as contemptible and narrow; consequently when she enters a home it is only to become exasperated with servants of every nationality, and finally to seek refuge in a hotel.

That we may see the modern American girl in her true light and appreciate the progress she has made, and change for the better, let us trace her steps forward.

At the close of the Civil War tens of thousands of women were obliged either to become bread winners or to starve. They were compelled, by force of circumstances, to leave their quiet homes and gentle duties as wives and mothers, and entering the market place to fight for a living as bravely as had their husbands and sons before the war called them to their country's aid. Previously there had been but three kinds of business open to them, sewing, teaching, and household service; but in a year or two they demanded all the chances open to men. They pushed into the professions until there have been women judges, doctors, and lawyers; they pushed into all the trades until there have been women blacksmiths, horse-doctors, and detectives. Man has not a hold in the world where his quick-witted sister has not also entered, and to-day the American woman like the American man enters the market place crazed with the desire to earn money, social position, and popularity. The object of a woman's life is, first, to earn her livelihood, and second, to work for the public good. With this end in view she takes up politics and charity. The majority of young women regard themselves as "factors in humanity," liable any day to be mustered into active service for the world's betterment. They stand ready to work for any reform, truly believing they are sent to reform anything in the world and that nothing is too sacred for them to improve. The result of all this is that in the unwritten history of a thirty years' war, woman has triumphed in the struggle to open chances for her to earn her bread.

But to win this victory she necessarily must have been trained, and just there lies a step forward. The modern American girl has enormous advantages over her grandmother in physical training. Knowledge of medicine, of hygiene and sanitary laws has advanced tremendously in the last half century. The girl of to-day is fed and clothed according to the best scientific principles, and she is the product of medical and sanitary science. She rows, plays golf, rides a bicycle, fences, and enters into almost every sport which was never known to her grandmother.

Yet with all her ability she is honest. No American girl tries to pose, nor to play any part in the world not her own. She knows life, she knows herself, she knows what she wants to do and is reasonably sure of the way to do it. There is a magnetism

about her alertness and her courage, she commands admiration for her ability and for her confidence, for the fact that she was born for success.

Another step forward is in scholarship. Education is within reach of hundreds of girls to-day, where it was almost an impossibility for the girls of two generations ago. Music, art, literature, all offer an unlimited field of action. Girls are prying into every science and knowledge, cramming their brains with logic and theology in dead earnest.

Now we have seen the forward march and traced the lines of improvement, it is only fair to ask if all this has been accomplished without loss along any lines? And what is the result? If all this has been done without loss the best writers and thinkers of our time would not be calling public attention to the state of American society, nor would the great domestic problem be filling up columns of our best periodicals.

What are the steps backward? The first step backward lies in the fact that thousands adopted a new creed which read thus: "I claim art, music, a profession, a trade, a nobler occupation than a woman's natural craft." If only those who were compelled to take up such work had done it sincerely and made the best out of their lives without laying claim to any such need of shallow cant, they would never have laid the foundation-stone upon which has been erected an altar of false ideas, when thousands have sacrificed the peace of their lives. There is a tendency for the new girl to lose her femininity, to endeavor to prove to the world she is a man in a different body because she can do a man's work. With the shortened skirt and freedom to share in her brother's sports she has a tendency to let dignity go with sweeping trains, and let the shy blush belong to the Priscillas who still turn the spinning wheel. And the tendency is perfectly natural, only it remains a fact that the new girl *has* lost some things.

Because her life is so varied, because she is ever on the march and does not know what she will do to-morrow, or where she will be, there is no firm foundation to her life, no fixed habits, she has no time for healthful repose and reflection. Her life is uncertain, headlong, almost mad in its ceaseless activity. So she has lost that calm, that air of peace and that power to soothe, and because her life is this incessant haste she has lost her health. The step forward in physical training and hygiene is more than counteracted, for our sanitariums are filled with patients suffering from

nervous prostration, and Europe is getting to be a resting place for worn-out American women.

The new girl has lost out of her life more than something besides repose or health, and the newspapers are to blame for it. They cause the American girl to live in a blaze of vulgar publicity. The columns of the daily papers celebrate her victories in literature, art, and golf; and are not content to stop here, but must needs draw aside the veil which should shroud certain phases of her life. It is difficult for us to understand how our grandmothers would have felt to have read in flaming headlines of a flashy paper an announcement of her engagement, followed in a few months by an imaginary description of her wedding, of her personal wear, and of the gifts, yet the girl of to-day takes care to send to all her friends and even to mere acquaintances before night the announcement, and is flattered when a reporter requests items concerning the courtship. The difference lies here—womanly instincts kept our mothers and grandmothers from displaying these phases of their lives to the world. To older women their love, their husbands, and their homes bound them closer to their God, and because the most sacred things of life are not commonly discussed, they viewed them as holy altars before which they offered up sweet lives of duty and of tranquility.

Our homes are the bulwarks of our nation, and can the American girl afford to lose the ability to make a home? Can she afford to sacrifice her femininity or her personal modesty with which God has purposely blessed her? Can she afford to hold in contempt the humble homes which have given to the world its greatest scholars and leaders, even its Saviour? Can she afford to make the most noble possibilities mere side issues of her life? Shall she go on making the mistake that nothing is too sacred for her to improve?

Rather shall she not acknowledge that that which the Great Father and Creator of us all has ordained is too sacred for human improvement, and bowing before His divine command and will, be glad and ready to fill that niche in the world for which it has pleased Him to create her, whether it be in the new walks of life which modern civilization has opened up, or in those pursuits which bring no applause, but which are held as holy in the eyes of Him "who ordereth all things well?" Then shall the modern American girl become the pride of the nation, the foundation of American greatness, and a living testimony of the highest things

for which God created mankind, and the world shall know that "the traditions of our grandparents," although old, are fine and true."

—1902 $(\frac{1}{2}CH)_6$ K.

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## THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

THIS vast exhibition of all that is new, beautiful and useful on the American continent, is destined to be of the greatest interest to the citizens of this country, holding as it does a position far above that of any other American country, and being the principal factor in bringing about the Exposition.

During the six months which will comprise the Exposition season, Buffalo will be an exceedingly busy city. It has already been given the title of "The Electric City," to which in 1901 should be added that of the City of Conventions, as more important conventions will be held in the city, during the season, than were ever previously convened in any other one place, at least on this side of the Atlantic, in an entire decade. No less than one hundred state and national associations have selected Buffalo as their convening place for the coming year, and an exceedingly heterogeneous list it is, too, comprising literary, fraternal, educational, agricultural, and religious associations, and everything else imaginable, from the Synod of the Presbyterian Church to the Good Roads Association and the Hoo-Hoos National Convention. But this only shows good judgment on the part of the associations, as in this way they can kill two birds with one stone, both enjoying their own conventions and also viewing the wonders of the Pan-American Exposition.

With our American energy and push behind it all, it is safe to say that everything will be ready on time, not necessitating the opening of the Exposition in a very incomplete condition, as was the case last year at Paris.

Events of this character serve to draw all the more closely together the individual nations of the western hemisphere, and very glad we are to become better acquainted with our sister republics to the south.

We attach a few extracts from the pen of Herbert Shearer, describing briefly some of the features of the Exposition.

1. What the Forestry Exhibit will reveal at Buffalo's Exposition.

Indigenous trees are easily recognized by the observing inhabitants of any locality as belonging to certain general classifications.

Pine, Oak, Elm, Maple, Chestnut, and some others, are so common in most temperate climates that they are familiar to everyone. That these distinct divisions have been sub-divided into hundreds of minor classifications is not so well known.

It will be in the province of the exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition to demonstrate in this connection some exceedingly interesting peculiarities, or seeming mistakes in nature.

White Pine (Pinus Strobus), that aristocrat of the pine family eighty years ago, stood in every forest throughout the northern states and Canada. It easily held its lofty top proudly above all other virgin trees, until the white man came. As fast as the settler could accomplish the necessary labor, these lordly trees were felled and burned along with their lesser neighbors, in the usual process of clearing the land. Settlers were materially assisted in this work of destruction by the sawmill men and the log rafter. So thorough and persistent were these early pioneers that within the allotted span of one lifetime this noble tree disappeared.

As though nature designed that retribution should follow such wanton destruction, she has persistently declined to reproduce this valuable forest tree. Hybrid pines have later stood on the same land, which somewhat resembled white pine, but that peculiar free velvety grain is lacking. These hybrids are called by woodsmen yellow pine. This should not be confounded with the Southern yellow, or Georgia pine (Pinus Palustris). It is but a lumberman's name for what he considers a degenerate white pine. Many men learned in the mysteries of woodcraft have claimed this variety to be the illegitimate progeny of the once famous white pine. If this be true, the scrub pine so common in old slashings must be the third generation. Scrub, or buckwheat pine, as it is contemptuously called by woodsmen, is a small variety, so full of pitch and knots as to be almost worthless for lumber.

Visitors to the Exposition will find the Forestry exhibit different from anything of the kind so far undertaken. The varied facilities and vast resources to draw from, embracing as they do every American country from the North Pole to Cape Horn, present possibilities that have never been equalled.

2. The Olympian Games.

Olympian games have been revived by the Union Athletique Internationale with headquarters in France. The first contest was held in Athens and the next in all probability will be scheduled for the Pan-American Exposition next summer.

They will be held for the most part in the Stadium, which is the only artificial arena ever built to rival in size and appurtenances the famous Colosseum at Rome.

The world moves in cycles. Thousands of years ago physical training was regarded with great favor by the most progressive nations of the age. In Greece, time was reckoned by the Olympiad, the period of time between the Olympian games which were held once in four years.

The Doric principle expressed in the constitution of Sparta encouraged bodily exercise by maidens that they might develop well rounded and beautiful forms. Games and dances were devised for which prizes were offered with a view of encouraging them in their best efforts.

Intellectual qualities developed as a natural sequence, evidence of which is preserved in their architecture, fine arts, and philosophy.

To a later mistaken religious fanaticism in which the morbid neglect of the body was prominently marked, may be traced the downfall of Greece.

Strong athletic individuals usually hold the important positions in any country. As the nation is but a collection of individuals, it naturally follows that national prominence is directly dependent upon individual capacity. A good physique is as important to the active intellect as steam to an engine.

The science of athletics at the present time is slowly assuming the importance in the estimation of the better classes that it attained during the palmy days of ancient Greece. The tournament at the Pan-American is not more of an exponent of better physical development than it is a factor in the general universal movement in this direction. Physical instructors in our more advanced schools and colleges have for years not only taught and demonstrated that good health and a thorough enjoyment of life may be promoted and acquired by systematic exercise. Athletic associations and private clubs have encouraged the movement until it is now assuming a very gratifying prominence.

—HERBERT SHEARER.

# Alumni Round-Table.

### ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE STANTON CLUB.

THE Stanton Club, an organization of Maine Bates Alumni, will hold its annual meeting and banquet at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, February 1. Among those to attend are President Charles Sumner Cook, Rev. John Carroll Perkins, and Scott Wilson of Portland; George E. Smith, ex-president of the Massachusetts Senate, C. C. Smith and W. F. Garcelon of Boston; A. M. Spear and O. B. Clason of Gardiner; A. S. Littlefield of Rockland; Henry Oakes of Auburn; Wilbur Judkins of Lewiston; President Chase of Bates, and Professor Stanton, the guest of honor for whom the club was named.

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A good number of Bates graduates were in attendance at the meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Association in Lewiston the last of December. M. F. Daggett, of the Class of '78, gave an address on "Discipline in the Grammar School." Supt. J. R. Dunton, Class of '87, gave an address on "What Should be Taught in the Grammar School." S. I. Graves, Class of '94, gave an address on "Spur Methods."

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### BOSTON BANQUET OF THE BATES ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

BATES alumni of Boston and vicinity with invited guests to the number of forty-five attended the annual meeting and banquet of the Alumni Association at Young's Hotel on the evening of December twenty-first. At the business meeting preceding the banquet the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Hon. A. M. Spear, '75; Vice-President, F. L. Washburn, '75; Secretary, R. B. Stanley, '97. The date of the next meeting was left to the discretion of the board of officers. On the adjournment of the business meeting the company addressed itself to an excellent collation. Dr. E. V. Scribner, '78, President of the Association, acted as toast-master of the evening. Mr. Joseph A. Coram of Lowell, donor of the Coram Library, was the guest of the evening, and spoke entertainingly and most appreciatively of the work he believes Bates is doing. The other speakers were President George C. Chase, '68, Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75, Hon. G. E. Smith, '73, H. S. Cowell, '75, W. F. Garcelon, '90, F. J. Daggett, '89, E. C. Adams, '76, C. S. Emerson, '89, Miss Grace P. Conant, '93, A. G. Catheron, 1900, and O. F. Cutts, '96. The speeches of the evening were happy through-

out, abounding in humor, reminiscence and serious thought and congratulation for the college. The singing of Miss Lors Mae Lamport by special request was greatly enjoyed.

It may be well here to emphasize for the benefit of those now in college who will soon be interested in these banquets, and for those of the younger alumni who have not acquired the habit of attending them, their importance in keeping in touch with the college, in making the acquaintance of the older alumni who attend regularly, in meeting the friends of college days, and in building up a fabric of Bates tradition. It is desired that the banquet of next year be attended more largely than that of this and that even now every one plan to be present. Alumni are cordially invited to bring friends. Each class should feel a pride in being well represented.

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**PERSONAL.**

'70.—W. E. C. Rich is master of the Mt. Vernon Grammar School in Boston.

'71.—J. M. Libby is on two of the House committees of the Maine Legislature, being chairman of that on Councillor Apportionments and a member of that on Legal Affairs.

'72.—F. G. Wilder is in business at Tilton, N. H.

'73.—Nathan W. Harris, member of the Maine Legislature, is House Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and member for the House of a joint special committee on Legislative Apportionment.

'77.—N. P. Noble, member of the Maine Senate, is chairman of the Committee on Claims. He is also a member of the Committee on Legal Affairs, Banks and Banking, Inland Fisheries and Game, and of the standing committees on Engrossed Bills and Senatorial Vote.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase is associate pastor of the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'78.—Dr. E. B. Scribner, Superintendent of the Worcester Asylum for the Insane, presided at the Bates alumni banquet in Boston.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot, D.D., recently delivered the dedicatory address at the opening of the "Esther Freer Home" for colored nurses, which has been built as an adjunct to the Provident Hospital and Training School for Nurses in Chicago, with which it is connected. The Hospital and Home together repre-

sent an outlay of $100,000, and constitute the largest institution in this country of the character, wholly under the control of a board of colored physicians, surgeons, and nurses. The Home is the gift of Mr. Nathan Freer of Chicago, as a memorial to his mother, who was a devoted friend of the negro.

'81.—C. S. Cook has been re-elected a member of the Governor's Council for the second district. He is the president of the Stanton Alumni Association, which will hold its meeting February 1st in Portland.

'82.—Cyrus H. Little is a popular candidate for the speakership in the New Hampshire Legislature.

'87.—Miss Mary N. Chase is assistant in Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H.

'89.—G. H. Libby of Manchester, N. H., was in Lewiston during the vacation. His former pupils in the Lewiston High School tendered him a reception.

'89.—A. L. Safford, Superintendent of Schools in Beverly, Mass., gave an address recently before the teachers' convention of his county.

'90.—G. F. Garland, M.D., is practicing medicine at Waltham, Mass.

'92.—Scott Wilson is president of the city council of Portland.

'92.—L. M. Sanborn, Superintendent of Schools in Gardiner, was admitted to the Kennebec Bar in November.

'92.—A. F. Gilmore is chairman of the standing committee of the Maine House on Bills of the Third Reading, also a member of the House Committee on Education.

'92.—J. R. Little is a member of the House committee on Railroads and of the standing committee on Ways and Means. He made a speech seconding the renomination of Senator Frye.

'93.—Under the principalship of A. L. Ross, Leavitt Institute, Turner, is rapidly increasing its number of students. It has 110 in attendance.

'96.—Frank Plumstead will graduate from the Law School of the University of Maine in June.

'96.—G. W. Thomas has opened a law office at 100 Broadway, New York.

'97.—A. W. Bailey is a student in the Law School of New York University.

'97.—H. A. Childs is pastor of the Jefferson Street Free Baptist Church in Biddeford.

'97.—A. W. Foss is a student in the Harvard Medical School.

'97.—Mrs. Margaret (Knowles) Small resides in Somerville, Mass., where Mr. Small is a teacher of History in the High School.

'98.—Harry W. Blake is a student in the Harvard Law School.

'98.—Abner F. Hinkley is a student in the University of New York Law School. He is convalescent of typhoid fever.

'98.—Miss P. L. Morison is teaching in the Grammar School, Andover, Mass.

'98.—M. E. Stickney is pursuing graduate work in the Department of Biology at Harvard and is teaching at Radcliffe.

'98.—T. E. Woodside is studying in the Law School of the University of New York.

'99.—Miss Annie J. Butterfield is teaching in the Bowdoinham High School.

'99.—News has been received of the birth of a son to Mr. M. C. and Mrs. (Edith Irving) Leonard, in Japan.

'99.—Miss Annie M. Roberts has recently been at home from her position as teacher in music at Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

1900.—Mr. L. G. Whitten is principal of the High School at Wayne.

# Around the Editors' Table.

WITH the present issue of the STUDENT, the Class of 1902 take up the Juniors' burden of editorial work. Hopefully and trustfully we look forward into the year's work that lies before us. We appreciate the good work which has been done by our predecessors in elevating and sustaining the literary merit of our magazine, and it is our desire and hope that we may do our part faithfully in upholding the high standard of work represented by past numbers of the STUDENT. Bates College has won a high reputation, not only throughout New England but even in more distant states, for its work in debating and the excellence of its course in English. With this fact before us, we, the students of the college, ought to do our best to make the STUDENT represent the high character of the work Bates is doing in this department. The way to do this is for each student to take an active interest in the work of the magazine, and to help the editors in making it successful. The Junior Class, of course, is looked upon as responsible for the success of our magazine; yet the magazine is for the college, not for the class alone, and the members of the other classes should recognize it as their duty, as members of the college, to do their best for the upbuilding of the literary tone of the STUDENT.

We extend a hearty greeting to our subscribers, and to all the alumni and friends of the college. We also greet with pleasure the new editorial boards of the other colleges, and wish them every success.

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WE are very happy to know that the arrangements for an intercollegiate debate with Colby have been completed. This year, it was Colby's privilege to choose a question from those we submit to her. The delay in completing arrangements was caused by her long consideration of the questions submitted. We believe that debating is a part of intercollegiate work which should not be neglected, because it stimulates college enthusiasm and because it is excellent training for the men of each team in logical thought and in the concise expression of convicing argument.

We have cause to feel proud of our past record, and our anticipation for our future success is especially great when we consider the able men who constitute this year's team. In view of past achievement, it is the determination as well as the purpose

of every true student to make each task a more scholarly one than the last. As an improvement over our previous intercollegiate debates, we would suggest that time be allowed for a rebuttal. We notice that this is a custom with larger colleges, and we deem it a custom well worth our adoption. Excellence in debate consists in *de*structive as well as *con*structive argument. It is well to be able to present a strong argument for your side of the question, but it is better to be able to thwart the strong tenets in your opponent's argument. These can be anticipated to some extent in the development of the argument. But a few moments given to direct refutation will better show the strength and ability of the opposing teams and give each team the opportunity for extemporaneous speaking and argument, a practice which is of vital importance. We make this suggestion for the consideration of the Faculty and students, and will be pleased to see it made use of in the coming debate.

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THERE is a tendency among us, as students, to allow ourselves to accept extra burdens of work when our brains are already crying out to be allowed a rest. This comes about either because of an earnest desire to get all which can be gotten out of our college course, and to make of ourselves broad men and women, or, because we dislike to refuse the friend who asks the extra task and think perhaps we can get through all our duties even if it does look doubtful; or, it may be, we want to do it simply because it is a pleasant task. At the beginning of this new term let us struggle against allowing the work to be piled up around us till we just rush from one study to another, from one outside duty to another till our brains are in a whirl and we long, with an overwhelming desire, for vacation. Never mind if we do offend a little by our refusal. It pays, in the end, to do only what we can.

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WE all have a right to be proud of the record our college has made this winter in sending out school teachers—proud that the schools are ready to employ Bates men and women, proud that so many of our fellow-students have pluck and energy enough to brave cold weather and hard work.

Bates honors most the student that works his way, for it is he, if any one, who appreciates his college course. Besides, while most of us will sometime have to rely upon ourselves, those who get a start earliest will be likely to keep ahead always.

So those who do not have to work their way should for their own sakes try hard to make their advantages as valuable to themselves as the lack of advantages is to the others.

May Bates always truthfully say that she is a college specially for those who help themselves.

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THE course of lectures by Dr. Stuckenberg is continued this winter in the churches of Lewiston and Auburn. The attendance by the students of Bates last fall was very large, showing that we know how to appreciate a good thing when it comes within our reach. The attendance thus far this winter has been very good on the part of the students, considering the fact that so many are out teaching. Such a continued educational treat as these lectures have proved to be is deeply enjoyed by the citizens of the Twin Cities, and the effect upon the moral and intellectual life of the people can only be the very best. Why, then, can we not have more instruction and entertainment of this character in our cities in coming years? The appreciation of Dr. Stuckenberg's work should show those who are at the head of our educational and religious institutions the marked benefit to be derived from such an instructive and interesting speaker, and we hope that such encouragement may be offered that, another year, we may again be treated to such a valuable means of education.

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THE time for the Bates Athletic Exhibition draws nearer and nearer, and the old Gym. presents quite a scene of activity at this time. Work is hindered greatly by the absence of so many students at the beginning of the term, but with their return we look for a greater interest in winter athletics than has been shown before. We hope for a regular attendance at the gymnasium exercises on the part of all classes, both at drill practice and also for the general work, on the bar, etc. This department has been sadly neglected by the students as a whole, while the drills have usually been very well given. We all desire, with Mr. Bolster, to see our Athletic Exhibitions grow in interest and value, both to the students and to the general public. Let all who have any ability do all in their power to make a success of the exhibition this year.

# Local Department.

### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Work in the Bible classes was continued at the opening of the term, with the exception of the Freshman Class, which was delayed two weeks on account of the absence of members of the class.

The Association has been greatly disappointed in the fact that Mr. Harry Hicks has been compelled to postpone his visit to our Association, which was planned for the last week in January. His duties compel him to remain in New York during the winter.

The arrangement of the seating in the Association room has been changed, which is hoped will receive general approval.

The work of the Association has been somewhat hindered by the absence from college of many of the workers.

### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Where grippy colds delight to rage
And harsh winds stir above the snow,
Our thirst for knowledge makes us go,
Though slush and rain impede us.

The twentieth century.

McLean, 1902, is page in the Maine House.

1902 is glad to welcome Mr. Moore, formerly of Bowdoin.

Did you have to buy new tickets for the Stuckenberg lectures?

The Juniors were not slow to apply Dr. Leonard's law for bad weather.

We are waiting patiently to find how many eloquent Freshmen we have.

1903 now has a chance to enjoy the co-ed walk to Science Hall—1904's turn next.

1904 is sorry to lose Misses Hanson and Dresser, who have taken up kindergarten work.

Mrs. O. S. Ham has kindly consented to speak to the college girls before very long on Bermuda.

Daicey, 1902, is court messenger at the January term of the Supreme Judicial Court held in Auburn.

How nice it would seem to be alumni (or alumnæ) long enough to go to the Stanton Club banquet.

The winter term is supposed to be eminent for hard study and sociability. Suppose we keep the record up.

Miss Norton, 1903, had charge of the library during vacation. It was open Saturdays from eleven till twelve.

During the vacation Professor Rand visited the Boston Institute of Technology and the Lawrence Scientific School.

Halliday, formerly of 1901, has been placed for the second time on the intercollegiate debate between Dartmouth and Brown.

By the will of the late Joseph Ricker of Portland, the college is the richer by ten thousand (10,000) dollars. This is good news to the students.

Hurrah for the new STUDENT editors! (We are going to sound our trumpet now for fear that neither we nor anyone else will dare to do it later.)

The Juniors are taking lightning stenography under the efficient directions of Professor Hartshorn. They greatly enjoy (?) the *exercise.*

Don't forget to register when you return—Seniors and Juniors with Professor Geer; Sophomores with Professor Clark; Freshmen with Professor Knapp.

We are sorry that so many members of the college have been in poor health, especially Hedge Laboratory, which is now, we are glad to say, safely recovered.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. J. L. Hayes, father of Hayes, 1904. He was a successful Lewiston business man and anxious for the city's best interests.

Donnocker, 1902, is ill with appendicitis and expects to have an operation performed soon. The entire college unite in the hope that he will be seen among us again shortly.

Dr. Geer gave a fine address before the Lewiston and Auburn Literary Union on January 16th. He was recently made Superintendent of the Congregational Sunday-school.

What with school teaching, canvassing, wood chopping, preaching, store-keeping, visiting, studying, working, etc., we fancy it was Bates students that had to work and the other people that had the vacation.

The last half of the course of lectures on Sociology by Dr. Stuckenberg began January 21st at the High Street Methodist Church, Auburn. It is hoped that the students will continue in their liberal attendance.

Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, of the Elm Street Universalist Church, Auburn, spoke at Cobb Divinity School, January 16th, on the "Basis of Worship." This was the first of a series of afternoon lectures to be given this term.

The Glee Club has begun rehearsals again, and with the return of those out teaching will resume full operations. The students appreciate the fine work the club is doing, and are expecting it to win new laurels this term.

It is the general opinion about town that our new library is to be the "handsomest building in Lewiston." One of the architects, Mr. Herts, was in town recently and seemed pleased with the way his plans are being carried out.

Last term Polymnia succeeded in pulling (?) in 25 members, 12 young women and 13 young men; Piæria, 24, 13 young women and 11 young men; Eurosophia 16, 5 young women and 11 young men. The results of this term remain to be seen.

The Bates Round Table held its first meeting for the new century with Dr. and Mrs. Salley, on January 3d. Professor Purinton was the speaker, upon the "Reign of Law." Miss Angell also read selections from the "Master Christian."

The most sad fate
I now relate
Of a Freshman
Young and small.
His mem'ry's poor,
His tongue's not sure,
Poor Freshman,
He may fall,
For little recks
Approaching decs
The Freshman,
That is all.

The time for all class prayer-meetings has been changed to Friday at 11.30, Seniors meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Room, Juniors in Polymnia, Sophomores in Eurosophia, and Freshmen in Piæria. We hope the wisdom of the change will be proved by increased attendance.

It is understood that steam heat will be put into Science Hall before another winter, thus greatly adding to the comfort and usefulness of the building. It is an improvement that will be greatly appreciated by all, in spite of the fact that occasional "cuts" are allowed on account of the rooms being cold.

Professor (in the Chemistry class)—"Miss M., how many kinds of matches are there?" Miss M. (embarrassed)—"I don't know." Professor—"Common matches; parlor matches, which are less common; safety matches, which are least common of all, and which we shall know more about later."

Gymnasium work began Thursday, January 10th. The classes occur as follows: Young ladies—Juniors and Sophomores, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, 2.10 to 2.45; Freshmen, Monday and Wednesday, 2.50 to 3.40, and Thursday, 2 to 2.40. Young Men, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday—Juniors, 3.10 to 4; Sophomores, 4 to 4.45; Freshmen, 4.45 to 5.30. The "Gym" is a busy place afternoons.

Complete arrangements have now been made for the Intercollegiate Debate. We have the question, *Resolved,* That the permanent retention of the Philippines by the United States is desirable. This is the same question debated by Harvard and Yale, Harvard having the affirmative. Our side is to be the negative and our debaters are Wagg and Demack, 1901, and Beedy, 1903. We are sure that, whatever the result of the debate, they will do honor to themselves and to Bates.

The speakers and subjects for the Sophomore debates, which occur the last of this term, are as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.

Has England contributed more to the civilization of the world than did Rome?

Affirmative—Jennings, Allen, Stebbins, Ramsdell. Negative—Miss Prince, Miss Tasker, Towne, Higgins.

SECOND DIVISION.

Ought the United States further to restrict immigration?

Affirmative—Miss Bartlett, Miss K. H. Kendrick, Miss Putnam, Knowles, Adams, Munro. Negative—Lothrop, Coolidge, Miss S. M. Kendrick, Miss Alexander, Sawyer, Catheron, Piper.

THIRD DIVISION.

Ought the United States to have entered upon its recent policy of expansion?

Affirmative—Miss Stratton, Miss C. H. Williams, Junkins, Howes, Bailey. Negative—Hunt, H. A. Brown, Miss Smith, Kelly, Lord, Miss Chase.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Is the English government superior in form and operation to the government of the United States?

Affirmative—Miss Merriman, Nichols, Miss Sharp, Thayer, Potter, Miss Pingree. Negative—Nutter, Cumner, Miss Fisher, Elkins, Miss Felker, Trufant.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Will Bismarck be a greater historical character than Gladstone?

Affirmative—Miss Freeman, Pray, Miss A. E. Williams, Miss Avery, Stone, Babcock, A. C. Brown. Negative—Harris, Baldwin, Wardwell, Murphy, Miss Norton, Hicks, Witham.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Has Oliver Cromwell been over-estimated?

Affirmative—Maerz, Bradford, Miss Jordan, Purinton, Miss Miller, Sanderson, Keyes. Negative—Hammond, Miss Given, Casson, Bragg, Miss Donham, Fuller, Miss Towle.

We welcome back the absent students most eagerly, for each one is much missed out of the college life. This is a partial list of those who are, or have been, teaching this fall and winter:

SENIORS.

Jesse S. Bragg.....St. Albans.
Ralph W. Channell.....Durham.
Anna H. Fisher.....Lakeside.
William K. Holmes.....Bryant's Pond.
Bertha L. Irving.....Oakland.
Nina F. Landman.....North Harpswell.
Josephine B. Neal.....Damariscotta.
Lincoln Roys.....Jonesport.
Lucy J. Small.....Vinalhaven.
Herman H. Stuart.....Sumner.
Carlon E. Wheeler.....Coos, N. H.

JUNIORS.

Julia E. Babcock.....Andover, N. H.
Elwyn R. Bemis.....Cambridge.
Harry A. Blake.....Livermore.
Lucian W. Blanchard.....Corinna.
Earle A. Childs.....Jay.
Willis A. Densmore.....Minot.
Arthur L. Dexter.....West Peru.
Charles F. Donnocker.....Manchester.
Mabel E. Drake.....Waterford.
Ivan I. Felker.....Jefferson.
John F. Hamlin.....Lincoln.
George S. Holman.....Cranberry Isles.
Lucy F. Kimball.....Lakeside.
Flora E. Long.....Vinalhaven.
Alfred E. McCleary.....Rangeley.
Bion C. Merry.....Livermore.
Clarence E. Park.....Jonesport.
Ruth E. Pettengill.....Leeds.
Mabel A. Richmond.....North Belgrade.
Edville A. Roys.....West Jonesport.
Samuel E. Sawyer.....Orr's Island.
Hattie P. Truell.....West Minot.

SOPHOMORES.

Carrie M. Alexander.....Waterford.
Lowell E. Bailey.....Charlotte.
Irving O. Bragg.....Franklin.
Harry A. Brown.....Liberty.
L. Whitney Elkins.....Machiasport.
Frank M. Hammond.....Clinton.
Norris S. Lord.....Halifax, Vt.
Abbie L. Merriman.....Fayette.
John O. Piper.....Minot.
Burton W. Sanderson.....Durham.
George E. Stebbins.....Searsmont.
Jeanne M. Towle.....Woolwich.
Harry M. Towne.....Fryeburg.
Delmont Tozier.....Raymond.
Lester H. Trufant.....Auburn.

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Frank W. Rounds.....South Paris.
John A. Sinclair.....Albany.
Viola J. Turner.....Palermo.
Almira R. Wallace.....Vinalhaven.
Guy L. Weymouth.....Greene.

## College Exchanges.

"LIFE is a series of surprises," says Emerson. Many were the pleasant surprises in essay, description and story among the exchanges of the month. The editorials deserve special comment, as the subjects were well chosen, and showed careful thought and preparation.

"An Art Student in Paris," in the *Wellesley Magazine,* gives a very charming description of student life. The writer has related details with great skill, while the French exclamations add an enjoyable bit of humor. The description of Besnard's picture and the author's tribute to the life and work of Puvis de Chavannes are especially praiseworthy.

It would be time profitably spent for every college student to read President Hazard's article on "Some Dangers of Student Life," in the *Wellesley Magazine* for December. She discusses the injury to character which results from "the danger of hurry, the danger of roughness, and the danger of social dissipation." Leisureliness, courtesy, gentleness, modesty, graceful strength, clean speech and the use of Sunday for "real spiritual refreshment" are elements of character worth cultivating by daily practice.

The *Brunonian* contains many excellent articles. "Jim Harland's Rubbing Down" is a bright story showing the rivalry between fraternities and their special interest in the welfare of Freshmen. "The American Historical Novel" is an excellent essay. It is concise and clear in thought. It carefully contrasts

the true meaning of the historical novel with the popular theory, enlarging upon the definition that a historical novel "embodies the real feelings and tendencies of the age or generation it attempts to depict." "Thoughts in Passing" is an excellent sketch of a trolley ride and the occupants of the car. Human nature is portrayed accurately, and the sermon seen rather than heard is impressively stated. "Brown Study" deals with the subjects of examinations; it is carefully written and has thought worth consideration.

The *Sibyl,* from Elmira College, is very attractive, presenting interesting articles in essay and story. The "Goal of Education" shows deep thought. "The Genius of a Toe" is a foot-ball story, thrilling in events and holding the interest to the very end, making one sit and dream for a moment of "Harvey's" future. The short sketches are very fine in suggestion.

The *Buff and Blue* gives us echoes from Florida and Utah, the "Story of Mr. and Mrs. Browning's Life," a sketch of Collis Huntington and a poem on Poe which are very readable. The locals of this magazine are commendable for their general wit. An editorial makes the announcement that the rule making examinations optional for students obtaining certain daily rank is to be repealed by the Faculty because the "undesirable features in the plan overbalanced the good."

"Relation between Light and Electricity" is a scholarly article in the *Mountaineer.*

"L'Aiglon" does credit to the *Vermont Academy Life.*

*The Georgetown Journal* is made more attractive by its appropriate etchings.

MUTE POETS.

Deem not, oh wise men of this later day,
Because a man be slow and plain of speech,
That poetry, and all the arts ye teach,
And all the golden thoughts that ebb and sway,
And sing and laugh and sob and melt away
Within your minds, be far beyond his reach.
All fruits have not the lustre of the peach,
Yet some there grow more honeyed far than they.

To some men God gives thoughts, but does not add
The rhythmic word to body forth the mind;
But, think not that they never have nor had
The sense that hears a music in the wind.
Thoughts rise and die away in human wit—
Your grandest lines are some ye never writ.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

---

THE OLD SCULPTOR.

Scarce a century ago in an old cathedral gray
Far above the kneeling people did a sunbeam find its way
To the high roof, where long sealed
By the shadows, now revealed

In a single shaft of glory shone a sculptured face, high, holy,
Like a vision pure and splendid with the sunlight fading slowly.

'Neath the touch of cunning workmen, sculptors, carvers, skilled in art,
Tall and fair, the great cathedral, perfect in its every part,
Rose a dream in stone embodied, chiseled from the master's heart.
Through the busy sound of hammers did an old man press his way
Toward the master of the building; worn his wrinkled face and gray,
Yet a sculptor's tools he carried
In his trembling hands, nor tarried
Till he stood before the master where the tall spire's shadow lay.

"I would work on the cathedral," that and no more could he say.
As the master looked he pitied, yet lest his fair work be marred
Led the old man on and upward to a spot from sun debarred,
To a place beneath the high roof, still, secluded, far within,
Where the sound might scarcely reach him of the workmen's ceaseless din.

There alone the sculptor labored, while the stone beneath his touch
Grew to beauty, strong yet tender, like a soul that loveth much.
For he wrought his life's devotion
'Neath the spell of love's rich potion,
Wrought with fingers skilled and cunning
While his life and strength were running,
Wrought his youth's sad, tender story
In the beauty and the glory
Of the face he carved in marble 'neath the high cathedral roof.

Thus they found him one day kneeling
'Neath the great, high-vaulted ceiling,
All his tools arranged in order, on his breast the still arms crossed.
With a heavenly splendor gifted
Shone the old man's face, uplifted
To that face of perfect beauty he had loved and he had lost.

Once a year a sunbeam stealing
To the old cathedral ceiling,
Lights a face of wondrous beauty gleaming high amid the shade,
And there wrapt in contemplation,
Awestruck, men of every nation
Gaze in reverence on its glory till the perfect face doth fade.

—Beth Gilchrist, *The Mount Holyoke.*

---

I need no harp of shining gold,
No fluted oat-pipes, for a song;
God's earth is love so manifold,
It sweeps the chords of rhyme along.
Give me but ears for minstrelsy,
And all of Time's Eternity.

—*The Tuftonian.*

---

## Our Book-Shelf.

*The Last Refuge*[1], by Henry B. Fuller, is a very prettily and elegantly written yet quaint and odd Sicilian romance. That which most impresses the reader of this book of Mr. Fuller is the elegance of his style,—smoothly written, carefully chosen, comprehensive, beautiful. The author is placed by the critics with Henry James in the finish of his literary work. The present book, "The Last Refuge," will be of especial interest to many because it contains many descriptions of places in Rome, and vividly por-

trays scenes and places which were the subjects of some of Hawthorne's finest work.

A new book in the realm of English literature is Maxwell and Smith's *Writing in English*[2], a truly helpful book in many respects. The authors believe that their book has some advantage over those already published. In the present book are to be noted (1) the general plan of development of the subject, as proceeding from the study and production of entire compositions, in the first chapters, through paragraphing and sentence-construction to the smallest units of composition, words; (2) the method of studying models of good composition is prominent. The number of extracts presented from good authors is large, and the character of them is such as to give of itself an interest and value to the book. Particular care has been taken to make the *exercises* abundant and of a practical character.

*A Brief Course in General Physics*[3], has been prepared by George A. Hoadley, A.M., C.E., of Swarthmore College. Professor Hoadley believes that in the study of Physics there should be a thorough study of the text by the student; "there should be illustrative experiments, or demonstrations, to show the application of recognized laws, or the methods by which they have been established; there should be practical questions and problems to train the thinking power and to show that the principles of Physics are the foundation of a multitude of natural phenomena." He has designed his book for a one year's course and has tried to present the different phases of the subject in as logical a manner as possible. The experiments and illustrations given are especially clear and helpful.

Should one wish to lose himself for an hour in the mysteries of another life, let him take up *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*.[4] We promise him forgetfulness of self while perusing this collection of letters written by a woman, whose name even is unknown to us, to her betrothed. They were written with no intention of the coldly curious eyes of a stranger falling on them, but since the writer's death they have been published. We follow through the eighty-six letters the inner life of the writer from the beginning of the short months of her supreme happiness to the end of her life when, estranged from her lover for mysterious reasons, she still writes him in the hope that after her death he will ask for them. They are beautiful compositions, filled with quotations, descriptions, fantastic figures of speech, and, through all, an openness of her heart to her "Beloved."

As one closes the book, a sigh of pity is breathed for the faithful heart which as she says, "lost its share of the world."

A little pamphlet has been received from Rev. E. F. Blanchard, Bates '88, entitled, *100 Most Helpful Promises and Sayings of Christ*.[5] It is a small booklet, but contains in handy form many of Christ's most helpful words.

[1]The Last Refuge. Henry B. Fuller.

[2]Writing in English. American Book Co., Boston.

[3]A Brief Course in General Physics. George A. Hoadley, A.M., C.E.

[4]An Englishwoman's Love Letters. Doubleday, Sage & Co. $1.50.

[5]100 Most Helpful Sayings of Christ. E. F. Blanchard, E. Poultney, Vt.

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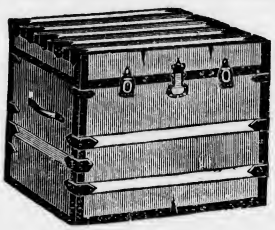
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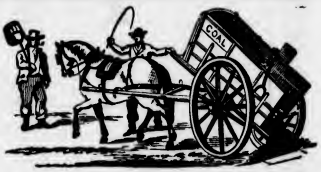
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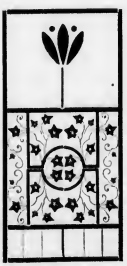
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# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson

## CONTENTS.


The Scholar in Politics . . . . . 31
The Winter Fairies . . . . . 33
A Quarrel and What Came of It . . . . . 34
A Twilight Vision . . . . . 38
William Morris . . . . . 39

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:

The Stanton Club . . . . . 42
Personal . . . . . 43

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 45
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:

Marshall Day . . . . . 48
Y. W. C. A. Notes . . . . . 49
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 50
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 53
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 56


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## THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

DOWN the centuries, England, mistress of the seas, ruler of lands lying under every constellation, has proudly proclaimed, like the mother of the Gracchi, that her crown's jewels, her scepter's might, her empire's jasper walls and inlaid foundation, are the most loyal of her sons, her scholar politicians. They have broadened her realm; reformed her prisons; freed her slaves; uplifted the down-trodden; made her scepter an emblem of purity, justice, liberty. Milton, Bacon, Pitt, Wilberforce, Shaftesbury, Burke, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, are the names by which some of Cornelia's jewels are known in history. In England's politics the scholar reigns supreme.

Does the scholar administer government in America? Alas, no; and obviously disastrous is the result; for "politics" has become a synonym for the frauds, schemes, impositions of unscrupulous men to secure fame and financial emolument. Thoughtful men seek the reason, asking if the underlying principle of state education is not state preservation, agreeing with Lord Bacon that "learned states have been prosperous states," that "scholarship both tests and enlarges statesmanship."

Insecure office-tenure, insufficient remuneration, corruption, seem insurmountable obstacles in the American scholar's political pathway; and in his high tower he enumerates at midnight the hosts of the heavens, counts at noon-tide the sun's heart-throbs, now takes the census of a water-drop's inhabitants, now scales mountain-sides or descends into caves, reading the story of the

ages. His vast accumulations of knowledge supply chemistry, enriching barren soils and converting waste into wealth; astronomy, guiding frail barks by the aid of distant worlds; biology, revealing secrets in which millions rejoice. But the scholar remains a recluse, unmindful that the world misuses his marvelous gifts.

Are the barriers separating scholarship and statesmanship impassable? That office-tenure is insecure, is true; that remuneration is insufficient, is indisputable; that both these impediments will vanish when corruption disappears, is incontrovertible. What is this slough of corruption from which the scholar, loathing, shrinks? The place where officers and law-breakers confer as to how far laws must be enforced; where police-courts are presided over by men open to bribery; where drinking- and gambling-dens are run by the very officials whose duty it is to enforce laws against them; where spoils and politics are inextricably interwoven; where winning elections is a black art; where offices are the foot-balls of politicians. This malodorous pool the scholar finds in his own city. He discovers, further, that our consuls cannot read, write, or speak the language of their consulates. He loses confidence in legislative bodies, deeming them ignorant, tainted with bribery, wires pulled by their various masters, since the most salutary measures fail, if they antagonize the interests of powerful corporations.

Such are the political conditions now at the very time when a social revolution threatens. Even grammar-school boys inquire the meaning of socialism, while academic students challenge the private ownership of property, discuss government manipulation of natural monopolies, re-adjust capital and labor, re-distribute wealth. Never existed such urgent need of purity in politics, never such demand for leaders capable of winning the masses to clearer ways of thinking.

What are the qualifications of the true politician? He must possess morality and efficiency. He must be indefatigable in support of his principles, yet prepared to meet men of far lower ideals than his own; ready to surrender comfort, even necessities, to insure success; able to meet and overcome rebuffs, ridicule, disaster, defeat. Tact, prudence, personal responsibility, stern opposition to swindlers, scorn of bribes, indomitable moral and physical courage, must be his.

Where is the training-school for such a Hercules? Our educational institutions are democratic to their innermost fiber. The

best elements of the student-body are invariably young men who, by self-denial, industry, heroism, press on to knowledge, by their very presence inspiring their less energetic fellows. Here the indolent and aimless are bubbles on the ocean-surface. Here athletics develop muscle, courage. Here derision meets the cheat, the swindler. Here science inculcates love of truth, necessitates exact reasoning, reveals man's relation to material things; history, economics, sociology, political science, teach man's relation to man; psychology, indispensable for all who wish to approach political, social, or religious questions, unfolds and develops the mind. Here morality and religion inspire honor, philanthropy, patriotism, justice. "The universities have ever initiated and regulated progress. School means leisure; leisure is the condition of inspiration; through this gateway impulses and ideas which elevate the race enter," says one writer.

The ideal politician's character-traits and the scholar's, then, are identical. What is the inference? The American scholar cannot longer be a recluse; the nation has claims upon him. It needs the steadying influence of clearer thought on weighty problems pending. He must be the St. George to kill the dragon, corruption. The preacher, the college professor, the educated man everywhere, must go into active, practical politics. Intellect must not criticise and plan alone; it must act, sharing untiringly in concrete work. It must make itself felt at primaries, caucuses, political meetings, polls. The educated man is commissioned to speak a message of purity, progress, amelioration. What the pigmy politician of the past has not accomplished, the giant scholar must undertake; and a nation's salvation shall crown his efforts,—verily, a royal diadem. —C. E. L., 1901.

---

## THE WINTER FAIRIES.

One winter's day my little girlie nestled thoughtful on my knee.
"Auntie, do you know the fairies? Did you ever?" whispered she.
Soft cheek warm against my shoulder, blue eyes peeping through a curl—
And I answered softly, "Yes, dear, when I was a little girl."

All at once the head is lifted, bright blue eyes no longer peep;
Wide awake she queries, "Auntie, do you know where fairies sleep?"
"Once I knew, but I've forgotten," smiling at the eager face,
"Won't you tell me all about it, if you ever found the place?"

"Why, the roses and the daisies, swinging in the wind just right,
Make the nicest beds for fairies, and they sleep there every night."
"But when all the flowers are frozen, and the snow is cold and deep,
Where," I asked my little maiden, "then do all the fairies sleep?"

Wandering eyes outside the window, seek some answer there to gain,
When a snow-flake, like a rose-leaf, flutters to the window-pane.
Then the blue eyes dance with laughter and she claps her hands in glee;
"Auntie, there's a fairy's bedroom in each snow-flake, don't you see?"

Then her eyes again grow thoughtful, gazing at the snow-drifts white,
And I wonder what grave problem troubles now my little sprite;
Then I offer her a penny all her secret thoughts to tell.
"Why, I's thinking 'bout that snow-drift—just one 'normous big hotel."

—1901.

---

## A QUARREL AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I DON'T care, I hate you and everybody and everything in this place! Ever since mother died you have taken it upon yourself to dictate to me. But I'll tell you this much, George Prescott, you have gone one step too far. I shall leave this place at once. You can rest easy on one point, I shall never trouble you again."

The speaker was only a boy, but his white, set face and angry eyes spoke of a man's firmness and of a man's terrible passion. He flung open the kitchen door while speaking, and the night wind filled the room with the heavy odor of lilacs.

"If there were words enough in the English language to tell how I despise your mean, selfish, suspicious, despicable action, I—I—would use them. You may keep the old home until it falls, I shall never darken its doors again."

With these last words Robert Prescott turned and rushed through the door into the night. Behind him he left two persons who stood dazed and horrified with those bitter words ringing in their ears.

"Oh, George, bring him back! Call your brother back and end your foolish quarrel. You boys have nigh about broke your old granny's heart. Do, George, for my sake," wailed the voice of an old woman whose bent form shook with sobs.

But George Prescott neither moved nor spoke. The old woman rose and the moonlight fell on her white hair and troubled face. She approached the boy, for he was but a boy yet, and putting her thin arms about his neck repeated her prayer.

The young man raised his head. His eyes were as dark and gloomy as his brother's had been bright and flashing.

"Granny," he said, "Robert will see his mistake and return. I shall never call him back." Without another word he took off the trembling, withered hand and left the room. And the aged

grandmother, listening, heard him climb the narrow stairs to his room under the eaves and lock the door.

Meanwhile a lad with pale face and half-repentant heart, hidden in the shadow of the lilacs, had seen and heard it all. Alas for good intentions, they were banished in an instant, and in their place came renewed anger and defiance.

"We'll see how soon that time will come, my dear brother," muttered Robert Prescott with a sneer, and whatever his intentions were when he returned to the vicinity of the window, he did not carry them out, but turned away and disappeared in the darkness.

All that night in the old farm-house kitchen, Grandmother Prescott listened for steps that she did not hear. She placed a lamp in the window, but its conciliating light attracted no other wanderer save a moth that beat itself to death against the shade. "Just like my boys," moaned the desolate woman, "destroying themselves by their foolishness." Many sad tears fell on the faded leaves of the old Bible as the watcher sought relief in scripture and in prayer.

Morning came, but Robert did not return. The days passed into weeks, still he did not come, and only once did they hear anything from him to prove that he was alive and not under the waters of the lake, as the old grandmother feared. It was when he had written to a neighbor asking that his trunk might be sent to a distant city. That was all.

And George Prescott remained at home, his life one bitter self-accusation. The quarrel had begun after the manner of brothers' quarrels. Robert was young and thoughtless, George was domineering and exacting. Both had inherited the same quick, fiery temper, though Robert was quicker to relent and to acknowledge a fault. George being nearly two years older than his brother had conceived a greater responsibility since the death of both parents had left him the head of the family. But as Robert said, he had exerted his authority once too much.

How George suffered in his mind during the autumn and winter only he and God can know. The brothers had never been separated before, and everything about the old home spoke of Robert. George's grandmother, too, was an ever-present reproach to him, for this trouble had aged her more than a little. A great longing and restlessness seized him. The quiet life of the farm grew hateful and at last unbearable.

"Granny," said he one day, "I just can't stand it any longer.

I must go away. Uncle John's folks have long urged you to go to live with them, and I know you would have gone years ago but for us boys. Now I am going away and you can go to a home better suited to you than this."

It was vain to resist, and Grandmother Prescott knew it, but she did not consent without a protest. Then after all the arrangements for her departure had been made, something happened which caused her to regret ever having given her consent.

It was the sixteenth day of February, 1898. George returned from the village loaded with papers and overflowing with news. Only the day before the battleship Maine had been blown up while anchored in Havana harbor, and already the country was wild with rumors of war. The militia of which George was a member was considering the question of enlisting. George declared that his mind was made up and he should enlist at once. The old grandmother would have opposed him, but George had his Uncle John on his side and remonstrance was useless. When the volunteers marched to the front George was among them, and his heart was lighter than at any time since his brother had left home.

It was the twenty-third of June, 1898. Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt were in earnest consultation. Before them lay a map of Santiago de Cuba, and a plan of the Spanish entrenchments at La Quasima. Colonel Wood spoke:

"The Spaniards are stationed at the apex of this V; you will make your assault along the line of this ridge. I will lead my men along the other line by way of the valley. Our attack must be simultaneous."

"Your plans are excellent," replied Lieutenant Roosevelt, "and my men are ready."

Yes, the Rough Riders were always ready, as the American people proudly testify and as the Spaniards learned to their sorrow. The two lines advanced to the attack, led by their enthusiastic commanders. In one division fought college athletes, clubmen, cowboys, and farmer lads, shoulder to shoulder; in the other division there were many veterans cheering the raw recruits. The conduct of all was admirable. The hot tropic sun beat down on northern lads unaccustomed to such intense heat. They became entangled in the barbed wire fences, they saw their comrades fall by Spanish bullets, yet on they pressed, the two lines always drawing nearer together as they approached the entrenchments. One grand assault in which Rough Riders mingled with

infantry, and the battle of La Quasima was won and the Spaniards were fleeing toward Santiago.

Night came quickly, and with the intense darkness of the tropics, covered the battlefield and delayed the work of relief among the wounded. The flickering lights here and there showed where the heroes of the Red Cross Ambulance Corps were at their work of mercy. The wounded and dying men recognized the relief parties and directed them by feeble shouts and moans. Once such cry for help came from a deep ditch, but it seemed as if the weak voice would never be heard.

The sufferer began to drag himself up the steep bank, hoping to be heard when he had gotten himself out of that death-trap. Slowly, painfully he labored, while his brain spun in dizzying whirls. The twinkling stars, far above his head, seemed to mock him with the eyes of demons. Darkness, more terrible than night, enveloped his being as with the shades of the inferno. The world had passed away, and to his clouded brain he seemed to have been struggling for centuries in that bottomless pit. He did not know when he reached the top, but crept on, muttering hoarsely to himself. And now strange dreams or memories seized his brain. He imagined himself to be nearing an old farm-house around which the pines were moaning dismally. He could see a lilac-shaded porch and an old woman with silvery hair. The woman was smiling at him and the delirious man stretched out his arms to greet her, when between him and her he saw a white, boyish face reproaching him for his selfishness. He fell, and complete oblivion saved his brain from utterly perishing.

When he regained consciousness the moon was reddening the eastern sky. The relief party, though still far away, was drawing nearer. Through the stillness of the night he could hear the sentry's call, while near by in the "bosque" he could hear the moanings of a fellow-sufferer. Moved by that instinct that draws together victims of a common misfortune he began to crawl toward the man. At last he reached his side. He raised himself to look at the still, white face, so motionless that, save the low moans, life seemed to have gone out of it forever. The moon shone out from a cloud, and he who looked uttered a cry that pierced through the gloom of death to the other's wavering spirit.

"My brother!"

The other heard, and at the call his soul struggled back to its earthly prison. He opened his eyes and saw looking into his a

brother's eyes. He was not conscious of his conditions or surroundings, for his thoughts and words were of another land.

"Georgie, you have come for me at last."

"Yes, dear old Bob, I am come at last," sobbed the other. Such a meeting would have melted a sterner heart than that of the young Rough Rider.

"And, Georgie, we'll go back home to Granny now, and work the farm, won't we?" pleaded the younger soldier, his uninjured arm about the other's neck.

"Yes, Bob, yes."

"And then we'll never quarrel again, we—I—"

His voice failed him, and with his brother's arms about him, he fainted.

Thus the Red Cross men found them.

Careful nursing saved them both, and they are now living to prove that lives and hearts are often purified as it were by fire, and to realize that no friend is truer than a brother.

SEE ELL JAY.

---

### A TWILIGHT VISION.

At twilight, when the skies are clear and blue,
When night her mantle's fringe allows to sweep
Above us, e'er she comes her watch to keep—
I stand amid the spirit-damp'ning dew.

Above the trill of frogs and birds' last call
I hear a voice, that murmuring seems to say:
"My soul awake and leave this dying day"—
Before me opens wide an echoing hall.

And hollow sound my footsteps entering there,
And hollow echoes back my faintest sigh;
For there dead hopes forever buried lie,
And through their graves with eyes wide-opened stare.

Within, beneath these relics of the past
And fast enclosed, an endless contest still
Is carried on by passions, foes to will;
While shrieks and moanings penetrate the waste.

Above, below, confusion reigns supreme,
As love with hate for mastery contends;
Since each upon the lower powers depends,
And calls for help of all in his extreme.

But as I look with wonder on the scene
Of wild destruction, and as deep despair,
A clear light shines throughout the cruel air,
And strikes to silence all the dread convene.

A tremor, then a hush o'er all the vast—
For there apart a holy temple stands.
Like unto that of God's not made with hands,
And built from stores of treasures of the past.

None pure enough its altar to reveal,
The portals of themselves fly open wide;
And there in mingled humbleness and pride,
Themselves a shrine, two perfect beings kneel.

The one a man, the image of the Christ,
Doing His will, so perfect none as he.
The other, woman, by his strength made free
From many passions, which had else enticed.

A sense of gloom; my fancies all depart;
The magic twilight deepens into night,
In reverence, I bow before its might,
And ponder o'er my vision of the heart.

—F. D., 1902.

## WILLIAM MORRIS.

PERHAPS no man who has lived within the memory of the present generation deserves more praise and honor than William Morris. Poet, artist, craftsman, and socialist, by his very life and work he showed remarkable versatility. His ability for all lines of work enabled him to gain at least some degree of success in every undertaking, and one reviewing his life is astonished at the vast amount of work which he accomplished.

He was born in 1834 of a substantial, middle class family. As a youth he was rather sensitive and delicate, lacking that physical strength which afterwards brought him the nick-name, "the Viking." In his earlier youth he was romantic and dreamy, but as he grew older he began to show unmistakable signs of originality and power. According to Morris, work was the main substance of life. Always restless and eager to be doing something, while at school at Marlborough he fastened one end of a net to a desk in the big school-room, and would work at it for hours together to find relief for his restless fingers.

While he was at Oxford he made the acquaintance of Burne-Jones, and they became life-long friends. Later these two became great friends of Rossetti and the three worked together.

Morris and Burne-Jones were greatly influenced by Tennyson, Ruskin, and Carlyle. They were much interested in art. Neither knew much of painting. "It was before the time," says Burne-Jones, "when photographs made all the galleries of Europe accessible, and what would have been better a thousand

times for us, the wall paintings of Italy. Indeed it would be difficult to make any one understand the dearth of things dear to us in which we lived." Yet they were to revive the application of colors in all its forms of glass, painting, and tapestry. In 1854 Morris made his trip abroad to Belgium and Northern France, where he enriched his mind in the best forms of mediæval art. To him architecture was the supreme art of arts, and of all forms of architecture the Gothic was by far the most beautiful and sublime.

Both Morris and Burne-Jones had gone to Oxford with the idea that they were destined for the church. Quite early Morris had indeed thought of devoting his private fortune, which was considerable, to the foundation of a monastery and a workshop for students of the theory and practice of religious art. Gradually by the influence of wider interests he gave up this idea. Already he and Burne-Jones had met with a number of men, such as Fulford, Dixon and Faulkner, who were well up in social studies and were interested in art and literature and in Ruskin's visions for uplifting all modern life by an infusion into it of more soul. Finally, in place of a monastery, they formed "The Brotherhood," whose first object was the establishment of the "Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," and later on they formed the high art manufacturing plant and firm of Morris and Company. "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine" was not financially supported, although Morris himself, as editor, did much for its success, writing a number of articles which are classed with the great literature of the age. At the same time he wrote many short poems which are the equals of anything he ever did. It was about this time that "Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise," an epic, appeared. The "Sigurd," which was written later, ranks as his best work in poetry. On the day of its publication Morris exclaimed, "There, I have touched my high-water mark!" "The Defence of Guinevere" appeared and "acted with great intensity on a small circle of minds." He could not only describe, but he could also draw and paint in language. It is this characteristic—the pictorial view of things—which in addition to the romantic spirit and the imaginative love of beauty and harmony adds charm to all Morris's work, both artistic and literary. Yet he wrote his poems easily and without premeditation. He has said, "If a chap can't compose an epic poem while he's weaving tapestry, he had better shut up; he'll never do any good at all."

For some time after the financial collapse of the "Oxford and

Cambridge Magazine" he was undecided what course to take. He was much interested in architecture and painting, but he soon found that there were other things for which he was better suited. When he was twenty-three years old, he left Oxford, and he and Burne-Jones set up Bohemian house-keeping together in London. When they set out to buy furniture for their rooms he could find nothing which was not flimsy and vulgar. Even when he designed his chairs and tables the manufacturer to whom he took his designs gave him nothing more satisfactory. At last he found a good carpenter and had him make certain articles of furniture in plain deal from designs or drawings which he gave him. The result was described by Rossetti after it reached the rooms as "intensely mediæval furniture . . ; first, a table as firm and heavy as a rock, then large chairs, such as Barbarossa might have sat in." But for all that Rossetti laughed, he made designs for panels for the cupboard doors, panels which have since become known as the "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Florence," and their "Meeting in Paradise." Morris himself painted the backs of the chairs, and Burne-Jones covered the wardrobe with illustrations from Chaucer's "The Prioress's Tale." Morris was beginning to know himself and what work he was best suited to do. After this time his mechanical and inventive genius reached out in all directions. "He was busy with the work of illumination to improve the character of printed books; he tried his hand at fresco decoration; he took up carving and bronze work; he drew and colored designs for stained-glass windows; he made experiments in reviving the decayed art of embroidery, getting an old pattern frame made for him, and having worsted specially dyed for his use by an old French dyer.

At this time furniture, hangings and carpets were made after hideous patterns with false outlines and coloring. To Morris it seemed that barbarism was gaining a hold upon the people and their tastes. It was his object to so bring it about that the people might, for the same sum which they paid for articles vulgarly and ridiculously decorated, procure articles which should be pretty and tasty.

The firm Morris and Company had for its aim the manufacture of such articles as could be designed and made beautiful as well as useful; for instance, carpets, wall-papers, curtain hangings and chairs. Beginning in London the various agencies were, later on, transferred to other parts of England. But it was Morris, the "mediæval craftsman," the man of brain and

hand, who was always the central figure. Well does he deserve the title he once humbly claimed—"If I deserve it—the Master Artisan."

It is almost impossible to gain a full idea of his labors. During all his toil his natural bent for socialism was steadily deepening and intensifying. In his case, socialism was not so much the result of reasoning as an inherent something in his every instinct, every yearning, every active faculty of his being. He said, "Every one of the things that go to make up the surroundings among which we live must be either beautiful or ugly, either elevating or degrading to us, either a burden and a torment to the maker of it to make, or a pleasure and solace to him." The separation of brain and hand, wrought by the present social order, and the misery this was causing in the world, made him grow more and more passionate at injustice. He was ready for revolution in order that a better condition might come from it. He threw aside everything, poetry, architecture and culture in order to bring about this new and better social condition. Caste would be done away with and all should become common toilers for the common good. In order to further his undertaking he published a socialistic paper, "The Commonweal," and when chided by a friend and told that by taking up such a line of work he would lose all chance of ever becoming poet laureate of England, he made answer, "If I can't be the laureate of reading men, I'll be the laureate of sweating men."

—D. E. M., 1902.

## Alumni Round-Table.

### THE STANTON CLUB.

Friday evening, February 2, the Stanton Club tendered a banquet at the New Falmouth, Portland, in honor of Prof. J. Y. Stanton of this college. Several guests from Boston and over fifty Maine alumnæ and alumni of Bates gathered in the sumptuous parlors of the hotel at 6 P.M. for the business meeting. The following officers were then elected: President, W. H. Judkins, '80, Lewiston; Vice-President, A. S. Littlefield, '89, Rockland; Secretary, Scott Wilson, '92, Portland; Treasurer, C. J. Nichols, '90, Portland.

After the meeting the happy party adjourned to the dining-room, where a banquet of six courses was served with the most

perfect appointments. The tables were effectively enlivened with flowering azalias and the brilliant coloring of the fruits, silver and glass. At each plate there was a carnation, and the attractive menu tied with the Bates garnet and containing an excellent half-tone portrait of Prof. Stanton. Throughout the banqueting hour music was furnished by the orchestra.

For the post-prandial exercises Hon. W. H. Judkins introduced Hon. O. B. Clason as toast-master. In this capacity Mr. Clason called upon President G. C. Chase and several of the alumnæ and the alumni, who all responded with witty and eloquent tributes to Professor Stanton, to whom Bates so largely owes its present high character.

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**PERSONAL.**

'69.—Rev. W. H. Bolster, D.D., is pastor of the Congregational church in Nashua, N. H.

'70.—Josiah Chase is president of the York Water Co.

'73.—L. C. Jewell, M.D., is practicing medicine in South Portland, Me.

'73.—E. R. Angell of Derry, N. H., was the expert chemist for the State in the recent trial of E. H. Knight for murder.

'74.—F. T. Crommett of Chelsea, Mass., is practicing law in Boston.

'77.—G. H. Wyman of Anoka, Minn., was the prosecuting attorney in a recent widely known murder case.

'79.—E. W. Given, Ph.D., is instructor of Greek in Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.

'82.—W. S. Hoyt, M.D., is city physician in Waltham, Mass.

'82.—L. T. McKenney is now residing in Arlington, Mass.

'83.—H. H. Tucker of North Cambridge is principal of the Melrose Grammar School, Melrose, Mass.

'83.—L. B. Hunt is a prosperous merchant in Gray, Me.

'84.—E. M. Holden, M.D., is practicing medicine in Boston, Mass.

'84.—E. W. Emery is at the head of the signal service station in New York City.

'87.—H. L. Cushman, Ph.D., professor of philosophy in Tufts College, has prepared a course of lectures on pedagogy.

'89.—J. I. Hutchinson, Ph.D., instructor in the department of mathematics in Cornell University, has recently returned from an extended European tour.

'92.—Scott Wilson is Assistant County Attorney for Cumberland County, Maine, and has also been chosen president of the Portland Common Council.

'94.—A. H. Miller, M.D., has opened an office in Providence, R. I.

'95.—W. S. Brown has been elected municipal judge of Dexter, Me.

'95.—A. W. Hutchins is instructor of the sciences in the Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

'97.—F. L. Sampson is instructor of mathematics in the High School at Chelsea, Mass. He has been very successful in the organization of a fine high school orchestra.

'98.—Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, who is a student in the Harvard Divinity School and at present is the acting pastor of the Unitarian Church in East Weymouth, has received a call to become pastor of the All Souls' Church in Braintree, Mass.

'99.—W. S. Bassett has entered upon a course of study in the Newton Theological School.

1900.—H. E. Dunham is instructor of the sciences in the High School at Amesbury, Mass.

1900.—L. G. Whitten, who has been recently elected principal of the High School at Marshfield, Mass., has just entered upon his new duties.

1900.—L. L. Powell has been detained from pursuing his studies in the Harvard Law School on account of sickness.

1900.—Miss Grace A. Tarbox, principal of the South Portland Grammar School, has been spending a short vacation at home.

1900.—Miss Edith S. Parker, who is teaching in the Pleasantdale High School, spent a few days of her recent vacation in Lewiston.

# Around the Editors' Table.

AGAIN and again have the editors appealed to the generosity and college spirit of the students to support the college paper. Indeed, perhaps this appeal has come so often that it has lost all meaning to many and has come to be considered only "an old story." Yet the present board of editors make one more urgent appeal in behalf of the STUDENT. We feel that we cannot make the paper a success unless we have the help of more of the college students. We cannot make the paper truly represent the college when the work is all done by the editors and a certain few who are willing to help. We want the sympathy and the aid of all.

Perhaps the reason why there is so much difficulty in obtaining parts for publication, arises not so much from lack of interest as from thoughtlessness and lack of responsibility. Too often, when one is asked to write some part, we hear the reply, "Oh! I can't write anything fit to be printed. Ask some one else who can write better than I." And so one shifts the responsibility to another, and often the work falls finally on the shoulders of the editors. This, certainly, is not as it should be. While a board of editors is appointed to publish the paper, the responsibility is not, therefore, all taken from the rest of the students. The STUDENT should represent the students and not the editorial board.

So again every member of the college is urged to think carefully of the matter and lend his aid to the advancement of his college magazine. Let us get away from the mistaken sense of our own littleness and inability, and simply do our best. Only in this way, by the coöperation of all, can we hope to make the STUDENT a success.

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WE, as well as all other people, need to be shaken up every little while, for we are constantly falling asleep over one subject or another. Just now it seems to be debating that has been neglected. We have been so busy "making up" our other work that we have given too little attention to the literary societies, especially the debating part of them. As their strength really is and ought to be in debate, this will not do. Our three societies always have been, both intellectually and socially, among our best helps and privileges as college students, and we must do our best to keep them so.

Unless we continue to have earnest debates here at home, we shall soon have but poor material for our contests outside, because in argument, style, and delivery, just as in everything else, perfection is reached only by a great deal of faithful practice. We surely cannot afford to lose our well-earned reputation as debaters.

Our societies must have practical, live questions with good, hearty support, if they are to prove worthy of the name of debating societies. Let everybody that can debate at all, and how many are there that cannot, rouse up and show what he is capable of.

Let us make the standard of our meetings in all their parts the highest that is in our power.

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WHEN we are a hundred miles from Bates we think with longing and regret of her carefully chosen collection of books and of all the opportunities offered us, through them, of filling our minds with high and noble thoughts. We promise ourselves faithfully to set apart a time each day to reading good literature. However, as soon as we are back in college life, time is so filled up with pressing duties, that our good resolutions gradually fade away, and we find ourselves catching only hurried glances at the books we long to read. Is this right? The reading of good books is in itself an education. Ought we not to strive a little to get this education? Many of us struggle hard and endure hardships that we may get text-book learning, while this other broader learning is not cultivated. Can we not devote some of our perseverance to getting that broadening, ennobling culture that comes from familiarity with great men and thoughts?

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WE consider it fitting at this time to call the attention of the students to basket-ball. We are glad to see that they are beginning to arouse some interest along this line among themselves. But, as this is steadily growing to be the most important intercollegiate game of the winter season, we think that it should receive much greater attention from the students in our own college. Bates has already secured for herself an enviable position in foot-ball and base-ball by means of the representative teams which she has been able to send out; and therefore we deem it proper that the students should devote some attention, at least, to this winter sport, in order that the college may be able to sustain the high reputation it has already won in the athletic interests of Maine. We realize how fully the time of our students is now

taken up by the regular college work, the society work, and the various other lines in which so many of us are interested; yet by carefully employing our time to the best of our ability we think there will be found a few moments each day which can be devoted to the interests of this game. We would further suggest that the management establish a training table for the basket-ball players, and that they with the hearty coöperation of the faculty, should prepare a schedule of games which shall not only lend inspiration to the players but also arouse the hearty support of the student-body, for it is only by this joint action of faculty and students that the best results along this line can be obtained.

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WITH the approach of spring comes the thought that the athletic season will soon be upon us, and that perhaps now is the best time to arouse interest. Bates is champion of New England in tennis doubles, and we should make it our aim that she remain so. Of last year's work in base-ball we have every reason to be proud, and for this year the outlook is very encouraging. But in track athletics there is great room for improvement. Let every man come out and do his best—there is material enough, the will only is lacking. Work is the essential element of every success. Work has humbled one champion, held to be invulnerable, and will humble again. We have proven our ability to overcome in foot-ball; let us prove it in track athletics. Let us all give our support in work, in time, in encouragement, and the result will be what we hope.

# Local Department.

## MARSHALL DAY.

Under the directions of the Class of 1902, the one-hundredth anniversary of the elevation of Chief Justice John Marshall to the Supreme Court of the United States was celebrated by Bates, Monday, February 4th, at 2.30 P.M. The program was as follows:

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| Music. | Orchestra. |
| Prayer. | Childs, Class Chaplain. |
| Music. | Orchestra. |
| Vocal Solo. | Miss Carrie Miller. |
| Address. | Hon. Albert R. Savage, LL.D. |
| Music. | Orchestra. |

Judge Savage was introduced by President Merry of the Junior Class and spoke somewhat as follows: He dwelt upon the trying situation after the Revolutionary War and before the adoption of the Constitution. He spoke of Marshall's firm belief as a Federalist in a strong government, and of his appointment as the fourth chief justice by President Adams. He reviewed Marshall's great opinions, and spoke of the great principles of constitutional law which he laid down in the famous Dartmouth College case and other cases. Continuing, he said: "In constitutional development he was supreme. To no other judge ever fell so important, so vital a function; and no judge ever wrought more patiently, faithfully, and successfully. His conception of the Union under the constitution was a simple one. He thought that the American people, irrespective of state lines, was one people, made one by the constitution; that they had framed and consented to live under a dual government, national and state; that the line of political and judicial power diverting them was fixed and marked; that each government was supreme and self-sustaining in its own sphere; that individual liberty and safety and universal prosperity, the strength of state government and the perpetuity of national government, all depends upon the absolute supremacy of the constitution, the fundamental law." Judge Savage concluded by citing Professor Bryce's opinion on Chief Justice Marshall.

For the second time within a week did a well-filled chapel feel that they had been well repaid for braving the storm.

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Although the Day of Prayer brought the bad weather which has been the record for the past four years, it also brought some of the most beautiful thoughts which it has ever been the privilege of Bates students to enjoy.

The associations were blessed in securing for the afternoon address Rev. Dr. Hoyt of Philadelphia, one of those rare men who seem to be so permeated with the Christ that his very presence cheers and strengthens. It was impossible to look into his kind eyes without feeling the chord of sympathy vibrate, or to look at his genial face without the words coming to one's mind, "Prayer will in time make the human countenance its own divinest altar."

"Nature is conquered by obeying." Dr. Hoyt's words came to our hearts with more force because we felt he was a living testimony of those things he urged upon us, and he touched a principle which too often goes unnoticed. When does an evil thought become a personally sinful thought? Sin consists of suggestion and delectation. Because Satan always assails the weakest point, the suggestion will come. There is no sin in temptation. Was not Christ troubled with evil thoughts in the wilderness when the temptation came to turn stones into bread? If he had taken delight in that thought for a minute he would have thwarted the central purpose of His Messiahship—not to be ministered unto, but to minister. From this we learn that the evil thought becomes a personally sinful thought, not in the suggestion of it, but in the consent to do it, for a wise preacher has said, "You can't help the birds flying over your head, but you can help their building nests in your hair."

Dr. Hoyt finally proved that all stipulated rules for banishing our evil natures were fallible, and the only infallible way is to utterly crown the Greater Solomon and to hold one's self in conscious contact with Christ; then shall we be changed into the same image from glory unto glory, crowned in the image of Christ Jesus.

His central thought is well worth memorizing and making one of the foundation principles of our lives—"Crown the right, the true, the pure, and *keep them crowned,* and in the presence of the crownèd right, and true, and pure, the bad and false will fade and fail and pass away."

This address supplemented by two prayer-meetings, in the morning led by Mr. Wilson, '01, and in the evening by Professor

Jordan, made the day one of spiritual growth and the most helpful of all in the college calendar if we but make that wonderful wealth of thought our own.

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## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The Intercollegiate Debate is scheduled for April 26th.

Blake, '02, has taken a school at Livermore for the spring term.

Unless '03 boys look out, '03 girls can beat them at dumbbells.

Clason, 1900, continues to be seen frequently about the campus.

Towne, '03, is teaching a high school term of eight weeks in Wayne.

Childs, '02, will be absent the rest of the term, teaching at New Sharon.

Mrs. Leonard has been called to Chicago by the serious illness of her mother.

We were glad to welcome Misses Tarbox and True, 1900, on their vacation visits to Bates.

Miss Vickery, '01, has gone to Pittsfield to substitute for Miss Files, '98, who has been quite ill.

We hope none of the Freshmen made the great mistake of a recent alumnus, in calling a nut-hatch a robin.

Owing to the illness of the pastor, Dr. Geer delivered the sermon at the Court Street Baptist Church, February 17th.

Some of the Sophomores are taking French outside the regular work. This shows their eagerness to learn all they can.

Moulton, '01, who has been very ill with grippe, is reported as out of danger. We shall all be glad to welcome him back.

Many of the students will greatly miss Rev. C. S. Patton. All wish him the highest success in his work at Ann Arbor.

The Sophomores are having Monday off in order that they may prepare for their debates. They are very evident in the library.

We are glad to observe that the Seniors have put their Sociology into practice. We hope the Social Settlement has received as much benefit as they have.

Almost all our school-masters and school-ma'ams are back again, after more or less stern discipline and severity.

President Chase has secured a new carpet for the chapel stage. The whole college will be well able to appreciate this gift.

Stevens, '01, has been elected chairman of Eurosophia's Executive Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Wagg, '01.

There are some people who are always late. Students that have not had the grip need not flatter themselves. They may belong to that class.

Bates has set the ball rolling for building in Lewiston. May the city library and the new high school be as successful as our library building.

The age of chivalry has returned. At the station recently, two hackmen almost came to blows for the sake of a charming Freshman young lady.

Faculty as well as students succumbed to the grip. Among the sufferers were Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Rand, Professor and Mrs. Angell, Mrs. Leonard, and Mr. Nutt.

Chase, 1900, who was about the campus recently, left on the Pullman, February 17th, for Nogales, Arizona Territory, where he will visit Reud, 1900, who is preaching there. Eddy has just had his life insured.

One of our fellow-students, in order to get back to college on time, walked fifteen miles through a blinding storm. Another walked from New Gloucester through the deep snow. It is worth while to have such students as those.

The welcome which President Chase received in chapel February 14th must have been very gratifying to him, in the assurance which it gave him of the hearty appreciation by the student body of his work in behalf of the college while away.

We have not been deluged with lectures this winter, but have had enough to furnish considerable food for thought—Dr. Stuckenberg for the philosopher, Ernest Seton-Thompson for the naturalist, Mr. Archibald for the teacher, Judge Savage for the historian. Where shall we turn now for instruction?

The Bates Round Table met with Professor and Mrs. Jordan, January 24th, Dr. Salley presiding. The topic of the evening was Cyrano de Bergerac, the principal address being by

Dr. Leonard. The after speeches were: The Historical Cyrano, Professor Anthony; Rostand's Earlier Dramas, Professor Hartshorn; Rostand's Latest Drama, "L'Aiglon," Professor Clark.

Is it the custom of Bates students to mail packages and let the one addressed pay the postage, or was it because of great excitement that one of the members of the Sophomore Class failed to put a stamp on a valentine addressed to a young lady in Boston?

Wednesday afternoon, January 23d, Rev. William J. Taylor lectured before the students of Cobb Divinity School on the subject, "Glimpses of the Twentieth Century Religion." January 30th, Rev. C. C. Phelan gave a lecture on "Enthusiasm." February 20th, Rev. C. S. Patton lectured on "Elements of Success in the Christian Ministry."

The young ladies of the college have formed a glee club and are rehearsing under the directions of Professor Mower, Supervisor of Music in the Auburn public schools. More than twenty have joined already and are eager to make it a success. This and the young ladies' mandolin club ought to help us to be very musical. It is hoped that we shall hear from them later.

The Athletic Exhibition is to occur March 20th. There will be the usual prize Class Drills, namely: The Juniors, the broadsword; the Sophomores, the dumb-bell, and the Freshmen, the Indian-club. Among the other attractions will be hurdle-races, relay races, short dashes, etc. The Exhibition will end with a basket-ball game between Hebron Academy and Bates.

Base-ball practice began Wednesday, February 6th, under the direction of Captain Deane. The squad, which assembles daily in the cage, included the following: Captain Deane, '02; Smith, '01; Clason, '02; Daicey, '02; Moody, '02; Lang, '02; Sullivan, '02; Allen, '03; Bucknam, '03; Maerz, '03; Munroe, '03; Murphy, '03; Stone, '03; Towne, '03; Cole, '04; Edgcomb, '04; Hayes, '04; Lewis, '04. Captain Deane is very much pleased with the material at his command, and is confident of turning out a winning team. Mr. Slattery, '97, a former captain of the team, has been secured as coach, and will undoubtedly give good satisfaction.

# College Exchanges.

THE storm rages wildly without; the wind howls in varied key through the pines; the blinds rattle, and the sleet with spiteful vim beats upon the windows. "Away with weary cares and themes." Welcome the easy-chair, the open fire, and day-dreams. Welcome, ye exchanges; delight with love and song, with poetry and prose, with fiction and essay, with art and science, the occupant of the rocking-chair, oblivious of the raging elements.

The *Dartmouth Magazine* gives a clear resumé of the history and of the legal aspect of the famous "Dartmouth College Case." The ability and eloquence of Webster is highly spoken of, and the success of the suit is largely attributed to his clear statement of it. Though the plot of an "Unknown Substitute" is quite ordinary, and the element of probability may at times be questioned, it is well written and interest is well maintained. "A Question of Morals" is no common love story. The uneasiness caused by lack of confidence, the frankness of friendly criticism, the mother's anxiety increasing the lover's doubt, the explanation and love the result of restored confidence, are traits of human nature vividly and simply portrayed and well-woven into the plot. The book reviews in this magazine are always praiseworthy. They are specific in their treatment and give one not a vague but a clear conception of the book reviewed.

How much of life's energy is devoted to the art of interpretation? How we long to understand aright the thoughts, and needs, and actions of others. An article in the *Tuftonian* treats of the "Kings in Hamlet," elucidating several quotations and showing that the contrast between the kings is "one of mental worth, not physical perfection." "At Home and Abroad" is an excellent illustration of the fact that philosophy is not wholly a matter of theory, but is capable of very practical application.

Although America has historic places and beautiful scenery to boast of, still the eastern world, savoring more of antiquity and of the sublime, exerts a special charm upon westerners. The *Haverfordian* for January and February entices its readers abroad four times. "Out of Salisbury" is so permeated with the very atmosphere of the "country lanes and winding water-ways of Devon" that we feel the spirit of reverence which awed the author as he wandered in the foot-steps of Sidney and Shakes-

peare. "A Scramble up the Matterhorn" is so carefully written in each detail that one not only has an excellent idea of mountain-climbing in general, but also of the particular difficulties and peculiarities of the Matterhorn. The description of the sunrise deserves special mention. "La Piazzo San Marco" makes one appreciate the imposing grandeur of ancient architecture, while "Cricket in Samoa" delights one with the novelty of barbarian skill in games. A suggestion: If this magazine contained poetry and more of fiction, either in stories or sketches, it would rank among the best on our exchange table.

The *Adelbert* has taken a very ingenious way of arousing base-ball interest by narrating in six short, almost incredulous stories some great feat or skilful trick on the diamond.

"The Open Secret of a Beautiful Life" is a masterly article in the *Silver and Gold.* It is rich in choice thought, full of helpful suggestion, and permeated with a love for the noble and true.

*The Occident,* from the University of California, contains mostly short stories and sketches. Though these compositions are good in their place, is it advisable to have them constitute the largest per cent. of literary matter in a college paper? They are interesting, but both style and thought show much haste. Will not the tendency of the student be to skip an essay or a critique for the entertaining but less instructive story?

The *Peabody Record* presents articles of interest in the branches of literary criticism, fiction, and science. It is very attractive.

The *University of Ottawa Review* in its coat of silver-grey indexes the character of its contents. The articles are of value, but so dignified; the titles are suggestive: "Meteorological Phenomena"; "The Act of Union"; Sienkiewicz and His Trilogy of Polish Novels." We miss the snap of college ingenuity and wit.

"Once Love and Fate a game of foot-ball played,
A man's poor heart the ball—the field his Soul.
He won her heart but failed to wed the Maid.
So Love a Touchdown scored, but missed the Goal."

—*William and Mary College Monthly.*

THE FROST.

Upon the window forms the silent frost,
When winter's breathing gathers there and turns
To icy sheathing, and is all embossed
In varied forms of flowers, and leaves, and ferns,
As if the moisture that is there enchained

Had been the bosom of a woodland stream,
As if in freezing it had still retained
The shapes it mirrored in the summer's dream.

—BRADLEY, *Dartmouth Magazine.*

THE FOOT-BALL GIRL.

A stunning girl in royal furs
Which well befit her queenly air,
A gleam of ice, a careless step,
And what a fall in furs was there.

The eager hands outstretched to aid
She waved aside in quick disdain,
And then with calm, courageous air,
She sighed, "First down, two feet to gain."

—*Yale Record.*

"Dear father, once you said, 'My son,
To manhood you have grown,
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone.'

"Now, father, see, I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they trust soon want their pay
And I can stand a-loan." —*Ex.*

GETTIN' HOME.

It's nigh ter forty years now
Sence I seen the roarin' sea,
But at times a far-off murmur
Seems ter break inland ter me,
An 'way acrost the rollin' plains
'Pears to gleam the distant foam.
It's only mist afore my eyes,
You see, I'm gettin' home.

—WEBBER, *Bowdoin Quill*

TO WHOMEVER IT MAY CONCERN.

You can talk of evolution from beginning unto end,
And can lecture on the morals of the race;
But you'll do a heap more lifting to your neighbor and your friend
Just by wearing of a smile upon your face.

You can talk of Christian kindness till it's time to go to bed,
And can babble on unselfishness and sigh;
But when your preachin' is completed, and all is done and said,
The boy will take the biggest piece of pie.

You can kill yourself to liven man's dead soul,
But here's one thing that will bring you to a stop.
When reform and human nature get to scrappin' in a hole,
Human nature's bound to come out at the top.

So plan your reformation in accordance with the grain;
And try to stroke to tailward of the cat.
Don't bank your faith too heavily on every conscience pain.
And always take the newest looking hat.

—DAVIS, *Dartmouth Magazine.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

The Book-Shelf presents somewhat of a cosmopolitan appearance this month, as it proudly displays the written representatives of four different parts of the world,—the United States, Scotland, Greece, and the Philippines.

*The Darlingtons*[1], by Elmore Elliott Peake, gives us an insight into American life. As a purely delightful and fascinating novel it can scarcely be surpassed. If "unique" can be applied to a book it certainly can to some chapters of this book. The leading characters are the Darlingtons—the family of a wealthy railroad president—and a young Methodist minister, Mr. Kaltenborn. The daughter, Carol, is a strange mixture of the society girl and the business woman. We become more or less interested in this girl who spends her days in the office at the depot, and her evenings either in the ball-room or in her richly furnished home in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Kaltenborn. She will, however, be likely to interest us far less than her brother Bert and his gentle fiancee, Elsie. Bert was cursed with an overwhelming love for drink at times. With him, his thirst was an inherited disease. We learn both to pity and to admire the noble boy, so pitiably afflicted, as he struggles against it, for his manhood's, his family's, and Elsie's sake. His last bitter temptation, his conquering of it, his delight at feeling his victory, and then, in the exhilaration of that moment, his attempt to test himself, and alas! his fatal yielding are wonderfully described. We might suggest that the book smacks a bit too much of cigar smoke and the odors of a railroad depot to become very well known in literary circles.

One can almost feel his lungs expand and his head grow clearer with the fresh mountain airs of Scotland as he reads the breezy Scotch tales of Mr. Crockett in *The Stickit Minister's Wooing.*[2] We all welcome again with a quiet delight the "Stickit Minister" and the "grey Galloway land." The minister himself is grown older and feebler, but he is still the Stickit Minister. Alexander McQuihirr tells the story of Robert's early love and how he passed away while serving the bairns of his old sweetheart, Jessie Loudon. There are other sweet, homely tales of Scotch life told by Dr. McQuihirr. Among them are "Gibby the Eel," "Dr. Girnigo's Assistant," "The Gate of the Upper Garden," "Jaimsie,"

"Carnation's Morning Joy," "The Blue Eyes of Ailie," "A Scientific Symposium," and "The Hempie's Love Story," "The Little Fair Man," and "The Two Humorists." Dr. McQuihirr puts a quiet vein of humor through all, as he speaks now and then of his wife Nance in terms that are meant to show how superior to her he feels, but which give one just the opposite impression.

It is refreshing in this period of the historical novel and sentimental poetry, to come across a classical gem. Mrs. Fields in her masque *Orpheus*[3] gives us a new insight into the old story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Orpheus seeks Eurydice in Hades with his "soulful lyre." A band of lonely, sinful spirits is drawn to him by the sweet tones of his lyre. For a moment he forgets self in contemplation of them and sees how sinful he has been in demanding back Eurydice.

> "Blind, rebellious have I been,
> Now I see and know my sin!"

Eurydice appears and all his helpful impulses flee. She, a changed being, beseeches him to continue playing for the spirits. But he pleads only for her to return to the earth with him. She follows him to the gates of Hades still pleading, when with a final "I go! Wilt thou follow?" she vanishes and Orpheus' "arms were empty of delight."

> "She strove to lead me to my finer self,
> And I, and I—listened but would not hear.
> . . . . Ah! now I see, too coarse,
> With robes of flesh upon me, is my sense."

But the Bacchantæ appear and, being tempted, he yields to pleasure, to his own destruction.

Albert G. Robinson opens his new work, *The Philippines: The War and the People*[4] with a brief but clear history of the islands. The body of the work is divided into two parts, the war, and the people. The foundation of the present trouble was laid three hundred years ago. By his view the trouble started in the overbearing spirit of the religious incumbents who formerly were in control of the islands. Independence was not the first object in view when arms were taken up, but the ridding themselves of the friars. The course of the commanding American generals is strongly criticised, especially in regard to the censorship, keeping the state of affairs from those at home. Following this is an account of Filipino life, religion, industries, habits, and characteristics. Mr. Robinson was, for seven months, staff correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," and the book is a publication in book form of his letters.

Rev. Alford Butler Warden of Seabury Divinity School, has just written a most helpful and suggestive book for Sunday-School teachers and Bible students, *How to Study the Life of Christ.*[5] His view is that taking the gospels for a guide, we should study the life of Jesus of Nazareth as the life of the Son of God who came to found the kingdom of God. He divides His life into its natural periods, as one would the life of any man. There are five such periods—from His birth to His ascension, which he makes the foundation of the study. The study requires much thought, much original work, and much tabulating. But when one

has completed the study, he will have something to show for it—not just a vague idea of a few events in the Great Life, but a definite knowledge of its main points.

The American Book Company sends a set of *Language Books* and *Grammars,*[6] this month. They are excellent books. They have been adopted for some time in many schools. Robert C. Metcalf, Supervisor of Schools, Boston, and Orville T. Bright, Superintendent of Schools, Cook County, Ill., are the compilers. The Language Lessons are particularly to be commended as they use a simple, natural method of instilling the first principles of grammar into the child's mind. The Grammar is an accurate, fairly exhaustive treatment of the English language.

[1]The Darlingtons. Elmore Peake. McClure, Phillips & Co.

[2]The Stickit Minister's Wooing. S. R. Crockett. Doubleday & McClure Co.

[3]Orpheus. Mrs. Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[4]The Philippines: The War and the People. Albert Robinson. McClure, Phillips & Co.

[5]How to Study the Life of Christ. Rev. Alford Butler. Thomas Whittaker.

[6]Language Lessons, Part I. and II. Metcalf and Bright. English Grammar. Metcalf. American Book Company.

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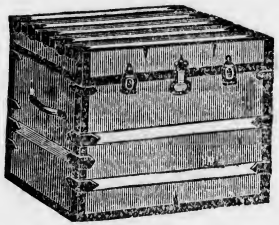
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# The BATES STUDENT.

H.C. Wilkinson

## CONTENTS.


Westminster Abbey as an Embodiment of Form . 59
The Discovery of a Heart . . . . . 62
How a Sophomore Feels . . . . . 66
Fish Stories . . . . . 67
Getting the Most Out of a College Life . . . 69
Homes add Home-Life in India . . . . . 72

CARBONTTTES:
Bludderare Est Humanum . . . . . 74
A Reverie . . . . . 75
A Youthful Philosopher . . . . . 76

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Personal . . . . . 76

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 78
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 81
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 84
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 87


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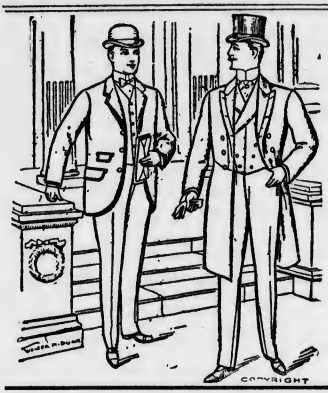
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## WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS AN EMBODIMENT OF FORM.

TO the casual observer who looks upon the north front of Westminster Abbey raising itself one hundred and seventy feet against the dim daylight of a London sky, the outline and mass of the structure suggest but little; if he sits beneath the arched roof surrounded by the noble dead who lie buried beneath the consecrated floor, very likely the over-ruling sensation within him is one of depression at the solitude and gloom, and he feels nothing of the thrill that a more sensitive and observing nature experiences

> "Where Loves no more, but marble Angels moan,
> And little cherubs seem to sob in stone."

For Westminster Abbey is not a mere triumph of architectural skill, but is an embodiment of the hopes and aspirations of a master builder's mind. The building itself is the product of growth, is the result of the best thoughts of centuries of builders. As completed, it consists of a nave, transepts, and choir, with aisles throughout, having that which is very uncommon in cathedrals, aisles on both sides of the transepts. The nave has twelve bays or divisions, and the whole structure has the general characteristics of Gothic architecture, being very high and with the prominent pointed effects, having innumerable turrets and three large towers. The interior is lofty, graceful, and seemingly infinite, while in unity of design it closely resembles Salisbury Cathedral.

To one who thoroughly understands architecture there is more than beauty in the elaborately foiled ornamentation of the walls above the arches, in the beautiful mosaic pavements, and in

"The storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light."

But all these outward impressions are as meaningless without an inward susceptibility to the meaning of it all, as are beautifully blended colors to a man who is blind. As a structure, Westminster Abbey is a perfect illustration of what Aristotle describes as "form" when he says: "But I mean by form the essence or very nature of each thing," and the "essence" of Westminster, the "very nature" of the edifice can only be understood by the person who has religious, moral, and artistic, as well as poetic, sensibilities to the meanings which every arch and every flying buttress convey. There is a religious symbolism in the different parts of the structure, first in the very shape of the building, which is cruciform, and symbolizes the cross on which the Saviour suffered and died, reminding us of the atonement.

As to the more minute details, a careful study of them confirms us in the truth of the statement made by one who designated it "a theology in stone." In all things the prevalent number is three, triple height, triple length, triple breadth, signifying the doctrine of the divinity. Other numbers which predominate are four and seven, the former the number of earthly perfectness, signature of the world and of divine revelation, and the latter the signature of the covenant, the seven spirits of God, and the seven pillars of the house of wisdom. The geometrical designs lying at the base of the ground plan are also symbolical, being combinations of the triangle, circle, and oval, which symbolize Trinity, Eternity, and the saintly aureole. No one can take in all the significance of the elaborate emblems which are everywhere, which extend even to the minutest details, in brief, it is practically impossible to understand "the form by which the thing is what it is."

One must have many of the elements which went to make up the nature of Shakespeare or Dante, in order to enter into the true meaning of parts of the structure, and there must be the instincts of insight, knowledge, and sympathy, to gain much from a visit to the Abbey.

In this magnificent example of Gothic architecture there are many traces of that period of transition when life became richer and more settled, and the range of sentiment and thought began

to widen. Men had begun to realize anew how pleasant was the world in which they lived, and to take a fresh delight in the beauties of the changing seasons, in the birds and fields, and the inexpressible charm of changing lights and shadows, and had begun to study the harmonies and contrasts of line and the symmetries of form. So love of beauty, as symbolized in nature and the world about us, became a controlling method of expression, and so gave direction to the moral and intellectual energies, and we have it to-day expressed in the structure of the Abbey as an example of patriotic and religious sentiment. The awakened sense of beauty filled the consciousness of the artist with a definite conception and he embodied that conception in stone, for he found it capable of realization in his art, and he became unconsciously "the interpreter to itself of his own generation."

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

The sources of the inspiration or series of inspirations which built Westminster Abbey were the sources of spiritual life common to all men, but from which some one or ones drew more deeply than the rest, revealing by art the true inner nature of man himself, and enlarging the scope of his imaginings.

Westminster Abbey illustrates, with a simplicity that is as peculiar as it is noticeable, that morality and beauty are never separated in the very highest forms of human expression, and a study of nature develops and augments the instinctive love for the charm of the beautiful.

Of all previous forms of architecture the Gothic contributed more toward enhancing the power and effect of the beautiful, so far as sculpture and painting were called into play. In Westminster, from the curious mosaic of tiling on the floor, straight up to the highest point of the arched roof, each separate part contributes to the organic unity of this wonderful conception, of this great expression in stone of the flights which the imagination of man may take. It is truly the embodiment of man's imagination and is the true form of religious enthusiasm and patriotic pride, and in it the deepest feelings of individual minds found poetic expression.

In the church the faith of the community took visible form, and the ideal of beauty kept pace with the moral ideas of the time, while in the gleaming spires and tall pointed arches, so very tall that one gets an overwhelming idea of parallel and horizontal lines, we see expressed the aspirations of an awakened people,

and in the idea of climax visible throughout, the stages of moral and intellectual development. The advance from monasteries to grand church edifices and cathedrals, gave evidence of the religion which had become the experience of all civilized mankind. Monasteries for the few, gave place to churches for universal worship, and thus new and broader conception of Christianity was the basis of the very dimensions of the artist's plans, and the structure stood for the universality and ever-increasing prominence of religious belief. As the workman carried in his very soul the form of that which he was about to build, he was moulding and giving expression to man's hopes and fears, binding all together with the cord of a perfect harmony.

—BLANCHE BURDIN SEARS.

Yale University, February 27, 1901.

---

## THE DISCOVERY OF A HEART.

"NOW, mamma, let's sit down and make out that list. We must have just eight to fill the cottage comfortably." Ethel Heywood was in one of her imperative moods, and her mother obediently recognized the inevitable with a little good-natured grumbling.

"There is plenty of time yet, Ethel. It is only April now, and you don't intend to have the party until August."

"I know that, but the invitations have to be out before they make other plans for the summer. If you will hand over that piece of paper I will put the names down. Now let's begin with the girls. We positively must have Maude Ellis and Edith Barton. They are bright enough to put life into everything. Of course I shall have to invite Freda Walker if we have Ted Ashton. That goes without saying. Then last, but not least, comes my beautiful, stately Helen Dalton to keep up the dignity of the crowd."

"That is very well for the girls, my dear. Whom are you going to have for the young men?

"Well, to begin with, there are Ted Ashton and my dear brother Jack, who doesn't count in the four. George Fuller is Edith's most devoted admirer at present, so I suppose he will have to come next. Now, what shall I do about Mr. Douglas? Jack insists that we invite him, and I haven't the slightest idea what sort of an addition he will be."

"I think you need not fear about him, Ethel, from Jack's description. He says he is one of the foremost men in his col-

lege in athletics and, beside, is extremely popular everywhere. I believe that is the kind you girls like."

"But, mamma, Helen doesn't care for that sort of a man unless he has the brain and heart to back it up. That is her hobby and, on that subject at least, she is perfectly immovable."

"Why do you relegate Mr. Douglas to Miss Dalton, my dear? You might take charge of him yourself if he is left desolate." Miss Ethel seemed somewhat confused for a moment and then remarked that, as long as the list was finished, the invitations might as well be written.

"But, Ethel," insisted her mother, smilingly, "you have only four young men counting Jack. Who is the fifth to be?"

Ethel blushed this time as she said in assumed carelessness, "Oh, Jack said I had better invite Arthur Morris."

"Very well. Give me the list and I will see about the invitations. You and Jack can be making your plans for the summer."

When Ethel left the room, her mother read over the list with a smile. Mrs. Heywood was a widow whose one aim was to make the lives of her two children, Jack, a Cornell student, and Ethel, as happy as possible. Having plenty of money, she succeeded in this pretty well. Every vacation something new was planned, and for the following summer there was to be a house-party at their beautiful cottage on the Maine coast.

As the weeks passed by, numberless plans were made. Two weeks before the appointed time, Mrs. Heywood, with her son and daughter, went to the beach to have everything in readiness for their guests. The day on which they were expected was stormy, much to Ethel's disappointment. She soon recovered, however, when her first guests, Maude Ellis and Edith Barton, appeared. They were special friends of the family and stood upon no ceremony. After the usual greetings were over, Maude was all impatience to know about every one else who was invited. Before Jack had given her all the information, another carriage drove up with several others,—Freda Walker, Edward Ashton, and Mr. Douglas. George Fuller and Arthur Morris were to come on the next morning's train.

"When do you expect Miss Dalton?" asked Edith Barton.

"On the evening train," answered Ethel. "By to-morrow at ten our party will be complete."

Helen Dalton was a stranger to all except the Heywood family, who had met her through mutual friends. Ethel, in her usual impetuous fashion, "adored" her with all her heart, and the

affection was warmly returned. Ethel's rapturous descriptions had fully excited the curiosity of her guests, but they were not prepared for the vision of beauty which descended from the carriage that evening. Her dignity of carriage and ease of manner rather overcame some of the young men who were rather used to Ethel's overflowing spirits. Mr. Douglas, however, after his first involuntary glance of admiration, was a perfect match for her in self-possession.

The first evening was devoted to the task of becoming acquainted, as two or three were utter strangers to the others. The next morning the remainder of the party arrived, and all began to do their best to have a good time. Boating, fishing, and driving were enjoyed to the utmost. From the first Mr. Douglas fell gracefully into his place as slave to Helen Dalton, and, in fact, seemed to rather enjoy the position.

Ethel, one day, asked her how she liked him.

"He is very pleasant," she answered, simply.

"Why, he is simply superb, Helen! There is not a single thing to find fault with in him. He is handsome, gentlemanly, good, brave, and kind. What more can you ask?"

"I'm afraid, my dear Ethel, that you have not observed him very closely or you would not say he is 'kind,'—that is, in the sense of being gentle, and pitying the suffering. That is the only fault I find with him, but in my eyes it is a great one."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I will tell you and let you judge for yourself. The other day we were walking past a little, tumble-down house near the village. A dreadfully deformed little cripple was sitting there, and he called to Mr. Douglas. He excused himself and went back for just a moment. When he returned I asked him if anything was the matter and he said that the fellow wanted help. Thinking, of course, that he had not refused, I made some little remark, when I was surprised to see him turn very red, and to hear him say, 'One can't always be helping every wretched cripple one sees. How can you tell whether you are being imposed upon or not?' I am not an advocate of indiscriminate almsgiving, but that jarred upon me as being utterly unfeeling and heartless. There was no doubt that that poor cripple was in a wretched condition. In fact, I cannot understand why the village people leave him there. Do you wonder that I am disappointed in Mr. Douglas, Ethel?"

"If there is no mistake about it, no. I can hardly believe it, though."

"Never mind him, now, Ethel. Let us talk of something else."

After this conversation things went on much as before, except that there seemed to be a slight restraint between Miss Dalton and Mr. Douglas. Ethel understood that Helen had been obliged to show that his very obvious attentions were not welcome.

One evening all were seated around an open fire-place, telling stories. Only two days more remained, and they were making the most of them. For an August night it was very chilly, as there had been heavy showers all day. A servant came in and spoke to Mrs. Heywood, who left quickly. On returning she spoke to Mr. Douglas and Miss Dalton, who were sitting near each other. Helen called to Ethel and asked if she wished a walk, explaining that Mr. Douglas and she had been sent for by the cripple she had seen the day before. Arthur Morris volunteered to make a fourth to the party.

While the girls were getting ready, Helen expressed her surprise that they should be sent for.

"What can it mean?" she asked. "How did he know our names, anyway? I confess I am exceedingly nervous."

"I'm sure I don't understand it," replied Ethel. "People of that sort take strange notions now and then. Is he sick, or what excuse was sent?"

"He is dying," answered Helen.

As they came near the old house, they noticed that Mr. Douglas seemed more and more nervous. At the house, instead of knocking, he opened the door for them, and then followed them in. Excusing himself, he went into a farther room, from which they soon heard voices.

"He seems strangely familiar with this place," said Ethel in surprise.

Just then an old woman came out of the room and told Helen she was wanted in there. In wonder, but no longer nervous, Helen obeyed. There, to her surprise, was Mr. Douglas sitting on the bed with the cripple's head pillowed on his knee. The poor creature looked more deformed than ever. His face was drawn with suffering, and the unmistakable mark of death was imprinted upon it.

"John," said Mr. Douglas, gently, "here is Miss Dalton. What is it you wished to say to her?"

At the words the closed eyes opened and a smile went over his face.

"Come nearer," he whispered. "Before I died, I wanted to"—for a moment the voice died away,—"ask you to—to be good to him. He—told me about—you—and—I guessed you made him unhappy. He has been—awfully good—to—me."

With that his voice died away completely and, after a short struggle, the soul left the weary, twisted body.

At his last words a great light came into Helen Dalton's heart, and she quickly held out her hand. As Ralph Douglas took it, he knew that, through the death of the poor wretch he had secretly befriended, the best thing of his life had come to him.

After sundry directions had been left with the old woman, a silent man walked home under the starry sky, which had cleared since their start.

That night when Helen was telling Ethel what it all meant, she exclaimed, "And to think that I called him heartless! He has been helping that poor fellow both morally and financially, ever since we have been here, and has only been afraid we would discover it. He even hired that woman to take care of him when he was taken sick."

"I suppose the stage of saying, 'He is very pleasant,' is past now," said Ethel, mischievously.

Helen blushed, but when the party went their separate ways, it was understood that they were to meet at a future date to celebrate an occasion in which Miss Dalton and Mr. Douglas were to be the most interested parties. —1902.

---

### HOW A SOPHOMORE FEELS.

"There are moments in life one can never forget,"
That is true, for a poet cannot lie.
And for one of those moments—I'll ask you to note—
When your Soph'more debate drew nigh.

To be sure for a year we'd been given our theme,
But a year is a long time ahead.
Why, so long that for months there is no need to work,
And no cause whatever for dread.

So 'tis left and 'tis left till the very last thing,
And then—O, 'tis sad to relate—
Those debates are right on us and nothing is done,
And—we grumble a little at fate.

Then the sleep that is lost and the temper that's spoiled,
As one reads with the most doleful looks,

Of the dryest of subjects that ever was found
In the dryest of dryest of books.

Tell me, why did we leave them, O some of ye gods?
O why did we p'crastinate so?
If our year's work is "encored" have we learned,
Or will we forever be slow?

Though advice is cheap produce, I'll give some right here
To any who after me come.
Don't leave your debates till the very last thing;
To begin when they ought to be done.

—A. L. M., '03.

---

## FISH STORIES.

THERE is, on the coast of Massachusetts, a small town which is quite noted as a summer resort; but its desirability as a place to get rid of the cares and heat of city life and incidentally, your cash, is not its only bid for fame. For the fish stories which have originated there are justly celebrated.

The first of these, and the most widely known, is that of Jonah and the Whale; for this is the identical place at which he took his rather hurried departure from the stomach of the leviathan; the rock on which he landed is still called Jonah's Rock, a fact that should convince the greatest sceptic of the truth of this legend. When nature does not provide the necessary materials, imagination is called into play; and the "greenhorn" who seeks information from the old fishermen that loaf about the dock, learns wonders of the deep which, to say the least, are not mentioned in the standard ichthyological works. One old retired fisherman who has a wide reputation as a natural-born liar, has been presented by his admiring friends, with a duly sealed and attested license to lie; he uses it. On one occasion, I overheard him talking with an elderly man, evidently a farmer, who was complaining of the wet weather which prevented the crops from ripening. Whereupon he was gravely informed that singularly enough the lobsters had failed to ripen this season; and, as he appeared somewhat incredulous, he was shown a basket of green ones. Surely, there was no confuting this sort of argument!

Generally, however, there is some foundation for these marvelous tales, though nature is, perhaps, improved on a little. What do you think of a mermaid, "caught with hook and line," exhibited at ten cents a peep? Though mermaids are generally thought of as very beautiful, this one was excessively ugly; perhaps this accounts for the low admission price. A large skate,

whose head and mouth, though perfectly flat, resemble the human face somewhat, had been cleverly distended and, with the addition of a head of sea-weed hair, made a very presentable mermaid;—of the old hag order.

But not quite satisfied with these petty deceptions, affairs sometimes reach a larger scale. A fisherman hauling his trawl one morning was startled by the appearance of a large shark, instead of the usual line of gleaming white haddock. Needless to say, he left his unexpected catch severely alone. But numbers give courage, and the great fish was soon towed ashore. This specimen was a "ground shark," a species which is perfectly harmless, and he was thoroughly tired out by his long struggle with half a mile of trawl line with its accompanying hooks. Besides, he was nearly drowned by being towed tail first. Now an enterprising hotel-keeper appeared on the scene, purchased the creature, tied him to the wharf before his house and advertised, "a twenty-foot, man-eating shark, captured after a desperate encounter in which several boats were destroyed and one man lost his life, would be on exhibition at the Ocean House, free of charge." This last in capital letters. The boom lasted as long as the shark did: about a week; for the shark, like the landlord's milk, had taken too much water.

This collection of stories would not be complete without mention of that much-talked-of monster, the sea-serpent. The following tale, unlike most stories of his snakeship, is true; I, myself, being an eye-witness, can vouch for it.

It was a calm, pleasant, summer afternoon, and quite a number of people were gathered on the dock, waiting for the Boston boat. Suddenly, about five hundred yards out, a dark head was thrust above the surface, almost immediately followed by several gleaming, black coils, in all extending about fifty feet and rolling on with a peculiar, undulating, snaky movement. For an instant all was silent; then a woman screamed, everybody turned and, following her agonized look, their eyes became fixed on that uncanny object. "The sea-serpent," gasped one; a cold chill passed down my vertebræ, and I felt my hat rising. I have a dim recollection of seeing the others take on a sickly green hue, and their knees made a rattle like the patter of rain-drops on a tin roof. While we stood as if paralyzed, the creature reared his head up so high as to show his neck and part of his body, for his neck, contrary to the general belief, was very short; then slowly sank and, after a few more twists, the dark coils followed.

Slowly my hat settled down, my knees ceased to tremble, and I turned to the others. Instead of the gay, laughing crowd of a few moments before, I now saw a group of silent, pallid, awe-struck men and women, as they should be, having looked upon the rarest monster left to the world from prehistoric times. After all was over, a few wiseacres got out some cock-and-bull story to the effect that the head was only a seal; and the body a school of porpoises, who, by some strange coincidence, happened to come up in a line behind him. But as they were the most terrified while the monster was in sight, the story was put down, as it deserved to be, for a weak attempt to cover up cowardliness by a display of know-it-all-ism. The fact remains that several old fishermen, who certainly know a seal or a porpoise, are ready to take oath that it was a genuine sea-serpent; and they tell the story with a guileless simplicity that is more convincing than a thousand protestations of honesty. —C. B. F., 1904.

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## GETTING THE MOST OUT OF COLLEGE LIFE.

ONE seldom, if ever, finds a person whose college course has meant to him the most possible. Poverty, sickness, natural dullness or depravity, something has kept him from making it what it might have been.

If every college man in America should make the best use of his time at college, there would be a great change for the better. Well educated men would be worthy of being looked up to. They would make America a better country, more deserving of all its traditions. We should have a race of men as noble and heroic as any knights of long ago.

If every college woman in America should make the best use of her time at college, the professions would welcome women more eagerly than they do now. There would be happier homes, because the mothers and sisters in them would be as worthy of devotion and honor as any fabled queen. The best of the youth of the land are the college-bred youth, and the best would be even better if all used their opportunities as they might.

How much a college course should mean, then, if the right use of it can accomplish such wonders. How much responsibility rests on the shoulders of every student, a responsibility too often shaken off and left neglected. Life *is* serious; and in spite of all our fun and frolic we must think earnestly sometimes.

How to make the most of a college course—that is the question, and a most difficult one. The successful solving of it means

a great deal to one's self and to the world, while a failure in solving it means that both one's self and the world will be so much the worse off.

All this may sound extravagant, even untrue. But no one can have a chance to prove it so, since, alas, the time will never come when all will make the best use of their education. Students of this generation and also of generations to come will do as their fathers and mothers have done, some well and some poorly.

Some do poorly because they really have not learned how to use their college opportunities; some because they do not put into practice what they know. It would be helpful to a great many young people if a part of their college preparatory course were lectures and other instruction upon how to make their education of the best possible use to themselves and through themselves to the world.

How should the student go to work if he is to be an ideal student? He should determine to make of himself all that he can, to use every talent or ability to the best advantage. He must have this purpose at the outset, or he cannot hope to accomplish much.

He must keep his purpose before him always. He must not take it up and lay it aside as he likes, but must try constantly to work toward it, as patiently as the inventor works at his favorite invention, as untiringly as the consecrated missionary works to save the souls of the heathen.

He must do this, and yet he must not be a crank. He must have a healthy mind, a clear head, and if possible a strong body.

He must study hard, for through this his mind is disciplined, his wisdom is increased both for practical use and in reserve power. Study, however, is not the only reason for going to college. The facts learned from books and from lectures are by no means all that one hopes to get. But they are a most important part; and it is through them, or at least in connection with them, that all the other college benefits come.

One must study not only what he likes, but also what will do him the most good. If he is dreamy and inclined to be unpractical, he probably needs to study physics or chemistry as well as Browning. If he is matter-of-fact and lacking in imagination, he probably needs to study something besides mathematics. He must study what will help him to reach his ideal and to make the best of himself, whether the studies are pleasant or distasteful to him.

He must enter into the social life. If he neglects this, he misses more than he knows of college helps. Especially if he is timid and bashful, afraid of making advances and awkward in society, he must drag himself to places of amusement, must make himself prominent in debate, in extemporaneous speaking, must persevere in spite of sensitiveness, or snubs, or failures, or anything else. If he wants to succeed in the world outside he needs to know men, to have tact in approaching them, and ease in addressing them. Since men make up the world and influence the world, one cannot hope really to succeed without knowing them thoroughly, even if he has to overcome Goliath and Apollyon to do it.

He must be interested in sports, in amusements, in everything good that belongs to college life. To be an "all-round" man he must take interest in all, in proportion, of course, as they appeal to him. Whether or not he can sing a note, whether he is a famous ball player or is only able to cheer, he must be interested in both glee club and athletics, just because both are worthy parts of the college and because college loyalty demands an interest in them. It is college loyalty that helps the college to be and college loyalty that helps it to be good.

He must not waste time in idleness or folly, for surely, if any moments are precious, they are those of youth. Golden opportunities and helpful, enriching thoughts are likely to slip by anyway; and every moment wasted means so much gone out of one's usefulness to himself and to other people and to the world in general.

But he will make a mistake if he does not have recreation. He must have plenty of this, or both mind and body will get tired and refuse to do their work. The popular saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is just as true with a college student as with anyone else.

Before everything else he must be a Christian. He must try first of all to serve God. The man who to-day tries to serve God will just as surely be helped and strengthened to do both religious and other work as ever the Israelites were helped thousands of years ago. He who serves God will make of life a surer success than he who does not, because he will choose the better ideals and will cast aside the lower ones. Both pleasure and usefulness mean more with a Christian than with anyone else.

—D., '0+.

## HOMES AND HOME-LIFE IN INDIA.

CLIMATE may be said to be the determinator of the customs and manners of the different countries of the globe. For instance, in a cold country like America, the houses and the whole manner of living are entirely different from those of a warm country like India. We have no snow there, except on the summits of the Himalayas, which are from 26,000 to 29,200 feet high, and seem to touch the sky with their snow-white peaks. It is this fairy-land, India, whose homes I am about to paint in words, for I was born and brought up in one of these homes.

All our houses are built of baked bricks, like those used in America, clay-bricks and stones. It would be difficult to find even one wooden house there. I never lived in a wooden house till I came to America, and you cannot imagine how afraid and unsafe I felt in such a house at first. It seemed to me then that if a wooden house should catch fire, it would burn to the ground in the twinkling of an eye. The majority of our houses are one story high, except in large cities, where some buildings are four and five stories high. Because of the high winds, heavy rains and extremely hot weather, low houses are preferable to high ones, and besides, they are more comfortable to live in. Our houses do not have more than three or four rooms. In some houses the number is even less. They all have flat roofs, which are usually made of mud, sometimes of straw. These are very useful in the summer time, for when it is too hot to sleep in the houses we sleep upon the roofs, where the air is much cooler.

As a general thing, Hindu houses do not contain as much furniture as American homes. If you should go into a Hindu home, you would not find chairs, tables, china dishes or beds, but three or four large plates, two or three small plates, and five or six drinking mugs, a large copper or brass water pitcher, and half a dozen earthen vessels which are used for storing the grain, sugar, and other such things. Our dishes are made of copper, brass, and a material almost like silver, which is very costly, therefore we cannot afford to have a large quantity of dishes. We use no knives, forks or spoons; we do not need them, because our ten fingers serve us for the same purpose much better than knives or forks. When I first began to learn to eat with knives and forks, my arms ached and it seemed as if I could never satisfy my hunger. I imagined then how hard it must be for the Chinese to eat with chop sticks. I was glad I

was not one of them, for to learn to eat with chop sticks would have been even worse than to eat with knives and forks.

We sit on the floor and sleep on rugs. Every morning the rugs are folded and laid aside till it is time to use them again. We have no stoves in our homes, but small fire-places. It does not take very long to cook our simple food, which consists of unleavened bread, curry, and different kinds of vegetables, for we live mostly on fruits and vegetables. The whole family never eat together; the father with his sons eats first, then the mother with her daughters. It is against the Hindu custom for a man and his wife to eat together. After each meal the wife polishes the dishes and puts them on a shelf for ornaments. In case of company; if it is a woman, the wife has the privilege of talking; but if a man, she draws her veil still farther over her face and keeps silent unless some questions are asked her. A woman after her marriage, lives in the house with her father-in-law and mother-in-law. She has very little or practically no voice in the household affairs. The mother-in-law is the mistress of the house, who makes her work hard and often beats her if she does anything contrary to her wishes. She is thought no more of than a slave. The husband has nothing to say while his mother is living; he, too, has to obey her. So it takes a long while for the husband and the wife to get acquainted. They do not see each other till their marriage day, all previous arrangements being made by their parents.

When a girl is born, she is not welcomed by her parents with as much joy and happiness as a boy is. The birth of a girl is considered rather an evil omen. The father is always dissatisfied, while the mother's sorrow cannot be expressed. She is afraid that her husband will be displeased with her and get himself another wife. So with the very beginning of a girl's appearance in the world, her unhappiness begins, which is made still more unendurable as she grows older and comes under the care of her mother-in-law. The boy is the pet of the family, and everything is done for him. All the educational advantages are given to him, because the Hindus believe that the women are not capable of learning. Thus practically the boys are indulged much more than the girls. They become the favorites of their father, while the girls become good companions to their mother.

—A. D. O., '02.




**BLUNDERARE EST HUMANUM.**

A few days after a big snow storm, not many years ago, a certain young lady in a certain college town, took the afternoon train for her home, not a hundred miles distant, to fulfill an engagement which she had for the following day.

Now Miss Blank knew that there had been a fall of snow and that the wind had blown for the past five days, but her mind was so occupied with her studies that none of these things made any great impression upon her. She boarded the train with the thought of how pleased the people of her native town would be to see her.

The train had not gone far before she noticed the mountains of snow on either side of the track, and now and then a dash of the same substance against the pane.

"What if, after all, she should not be expected?" she thought; and this thought was strengthened as the distance lessened and the size of the snow-mountains increased.

But to make a long story short, Miss Blank arrived at her destination just at dusk, and as she stepped upon the platform she was met by the station agent, who greeted her with, "Why, be you crazy?" Before she had time to reply to this question, her brother appeared on the scene, and after eying her for a second, said, "Well, Sis, you must be crazy; didn't you know we've had the biggest storm of the season and the roads have been impassable for a week? We'd have sent word to you, but couldn't get to the post-office." Then the postmaster spake thusly: "Well, little girl, are you out of your head?" And neighbor Jones' son, who had come for the mail, asked her if they'd had any snow where she was before she came away, and hinted something about college ideas versus common sense; also added

that girls in that part of the State knew enough to stay in when it—— "Well, you must be losing your senses," he said.

"We are what people take us to be," sighed Miss Blank; "am I really out of my head?" "Well, anyhow,"

> "If I be sane, as I do hope I be,
> I have a papa at home and he will see"—

and she plodded along behind her brother.

"Papa'll think I'm brave to come home in this blockade, and the station agent said I never could get up home to-night, but I have," and she stamped the snow from her feet as she reached the piazza. Just then papa opened the door, and with a pitiful look on his countenance, said: "Why, you crazy little girl!"

—P., '02.

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## A REVERIE.

The spark of day is slowly dying. From the distance the sound of cow-bells is wafted to me, softly through the dusk—so softly that no distinct note can be heard, only one sweet cadence, which, slowly rising, as slowly dies away. Gently the little waves, themselves as musical as the sound of the bells, beat upon the shore before me.

But hark! what melody is that, mysteriously sweet yet strangely human? Ah, 'tis the fisher-boy whom I saw go out this morning, now returning, himself hardly more than a speck in the uncertain light. The song grows louder and the little boat becomes more distinct with its sole occupant swaying like a reed as he urges it on.

Suddenly the song ceases, and, leaning eagerly over the side, he peers earnestly into the depths below. What sees he there? What impulse bids him stay? Then as if in answer to the question the old legend of the place comes to my mind.

. . . . . .

Ages ago, upon the very spot where now the boat rocks idly to and fro, a city of wealth and power stood, a city which in some manner now forgotten, angered Neptune, who vowed in his wrath that it should be destroyed. Accordingly, one pleasant Sabbath morning as the bells were pealing forth their sweet notes and the people were going to church, the whole city was buried beneath the swelling flood.

And now, just at the close of a beautiful summer's day, the fisher-boy, returning, sees again the magic city, hears its bells, and sees its people going to church.

. . . . . .

For some time he sits there gazing intently into the waters, until finally the last bit of daylight fades from the earth. Then taking up his song again, with a slower, idler stroke he reaches the shore just as darkness sets in and Night broods o'er the waters. —'04.

### A YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHER.

In my Sunday-school class there is a little boy who always wants a definite, tangible answer to any question asked. It is very hard for him to see how God, whom he cannot see, can have anything to do with birds and boys, whom he can see.

One Sunday I said to him, "Charlie, was it a man who made this robin's nest we've been talking about, and fastened it onto the tree?"

"No. A robin made it."

"Who taught the robin to make it?"

"O—her mother."

"No, sir!" piped up another little voice, "No, sir! God taught her!"

"No, sir! He didn't! Her mother taught her 'n' her mother taught her 'n' her mother taught her 'n' so how could God?"

"Yes, He did, too," said the second, "the very first robin that was made, God made, and He taught her how to make a nest and she taught her baby robin 'n' she taught her baby 'n' so God *did* show the robins how to make a nest, didn't He Miss ——?"

"Yes," I said, trying hard to look as serious as the subject under discussion demanded. —B., '02.

## Alumni Round-Table.

### PERSONAL.

'71.—H. W. Lincoln died recently at his home in Meredith, N. H., after a long and severe sickness.

'79.—Professor Walter E. Ranger of Johnson, Vt., State Superintendent of Education, has been appointed by the Governor chairman of the committee which has charge of the collection and arrangement of the Vermont exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition.

'83.—Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton, Oregon, has been appointed by the Governor a member of the State text-book

commission, which has full charge of the selection of books to be used in the public schools throughout the State.

'83.—Cyrus H. Little, LL.B., one of the most influential lawyers in Manchester, N. H., has recently been elected Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives.

'92.—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Eugene Walter have written a small pamphlet on "Wild Birds in City Parks," having special reference to Lincoln Park, Chicago. This interesting and valuable little book is original in plan and methodical in arrangement.

'93.—Miss Grace Conant, who is teaching in the Woman's College of Baltimore, gave a reception on the evening of February 28th to the Faculty and friends of the college and to about two hundred of the students in the English department. The reception was given in honor of Dr. S. S. Curry, President of the Boston School of Expression and Professor of Oratory at Harvard University. Miss Conant was the guest of Congressman and Mrs. Taylor at the recent McKinley inauguration.

'94.—Sherman I. Graves of Bowdoinham, who is now principal of the Wellington Street School in Springfield, Mass., has been appointed supervising principal of the Strong district school of New Haven, Conn. There were fifty applicants for the position. Mr. Graves will begin duties on April 8th with a salary of $2,000.

'94.—J. W. Leathers is practicing law in Machias, Me.

'97.—Miss Mabel C. Andrews has recently become pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Madison. She preached a very interesting missionary sermon at the Anson Quarterly Meeting.

1900.—Miss Blanche B. Sears, who is now taking graduate work at Yale, has been elected to teach literature and light gymnastics at Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.

1900.—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rodick of Bar Harbor announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Aimee, to Mr. U. G. Willis, formerly of Bates, and now teacher in the Volkmann School, Boston. His many friends will tender him their sincere congratulations. Miss Rodick is a graduate of Kent's Hill, 1899, and one of Bar Harbor's popular teachers.

# Around the Editors' Table.

AGAIN we come to the close of a college term when every student is crowning his term's work with a week of solid "plugging." As one student meets another almost the only subject for conversation is tests. Everybody is wondering what he will have in his different exams., and filling his head with facts of every kind which he thinks he may need. His one thought for the present is to "pass," and toward this he bends all his energies.

If a student has done faithful work during the term, he can do nothing more profitable than to review his studies thoroughly. But if, as is too often the case, he has neglected some parts of his work, the result of this final "plugging" is to fill his brain with a jumbled collection of facts which, while they may get him through his tests, are soon forgotten and amount to nothing. This, no doubt, is the result of thoughtlessness. No student comes to college with the purpose of wasting any of his opportunities. He cannot afford such an expensive luxury, for the great majority of college men have their own way to make in the world. But almost before he knows it he lets one thing after another "slide" and he comes to the close of the term unprepared for examinations. Is this the case with us? If so, let us stop for a moment and think.

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WE do not wonder that pessimism still holds sway in men's minds to-day, when they analyze life and see how much impurity and vileness exists and thrives even in classes of society where one would imagine such conditions would be shunned. The principle that the boys must sow their wild oats is absurd and contradictory to the law of the universe, whether in the material, intellectual or spiritual sphere, that seeds bear fruit after their kind. If one sows wild oats, the harvest will be wild oats. The man who has wasted his early years in idleness and indigence does not mature into a man with keen intellect and developed ability. Never were truer words spoken than those of Wordsworth, "The boy is father of the man." As a tree, injured when young by the severing of a branch or in some other way, bears the scar till it decays and crumbles to dust; so the life, even touched by impurity either of thought or action, is scarred for eternity; for man is not the creature of a day, but of everlasting eons. The idea that man has lower heights to attain and hold in this moral question than woman is an idea fast losing its hold

on the best minds of the day. Society is beginning to demand as much of men as of women. Purity is like the ruby. Its clear spark of fire shines from its very heart, or center of its being, and has no merely superficial beauty. Allow not a film to obscure its ray. Let us guard this virtue well. Let us no longer be hypocrites, appearing that which we are not. Let us at least live up to our good name; and if wild oats have been sown, let us hasten to transplant into our lives the thrifty, perennial seeds of true, noble character, and at least, the fundamental one of purity.

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AS spring is now so near at hand, we are beginning to wonder what sort of a team Bates will furnish this year for the tennis tournament. We are all justly proud of our past record along this line; and we feel sure that, if the boys will improve the coming weeks with good, faithful practice, we shall be able to see some very interesting and hard-fought games during the college contest for championship; and that also the men who shall represent the college at the intercollegiate tournament next May shall be able to win as great honors for us as were secured by our last year's team. But before this practice can commence there is a great deal of work to be done in preparing the courts for use. So let us each be ready to lend a helping hand, and thus give our hearty coöperation and support to the players, so that the coming season will not fall below the high standard which Bates has already established along this line.

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WITH the improvement of nearly every other branch of our college, social life ought not to be overlooked. It plays too important a part in the development of a student to be neglected or allowed to degrade. Bates' social life is at its worst in its gymnasium sociables. The building is suitable for such purposes neither in location, appearance or conveniences. There is nothing in our sociables there to inspire a desire to grow socially as well as spiritually and intellectually. No girl cares to wear a dainty dress in such a place, the floors of which never boast of cleanliness, and of course if the girls do not don their best the boys will not. So all attend the "gym." sociables attired in plain, every-day costume. All the refining charm of attractive dressing is thus lost. Though suitable reception rooms are prime necessities for well-carried-out college functions, Bates still lags behind in having them. Cannot something be done to remedy

this evil? As a mere suggestion, we might speak of the basement of Hathorn Hall, soon to be vacated, which might be made very suitable for such occasions.

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AS the Junior girls reach the end of their gymnasium course, it may be well to stop a moment and think what a course in gymnastics means to college girls.

It means, like all other systematic work, discipline. It helps to teach the lesson that exercise is necessary in order to have good brain power. It often clears foggy minds and rests tired heads. In spite of many "cuts" and much unfaithful work, it means a growth in physical strength, in muscular development. It helps lazy girls to be a little more energetic, and active girls to be more active. It is a harmless outlet for too great animal spirits. It will make the awkward girl less awkward and the plain girl less plain.

Athletics do not mean so much to a girl as to a boy; but they ought to mean something. In order to be ideal women, girls certainly need the increased bodily strength and vigor that the gymnasium will give them.

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WITH the extension of the elective system a weakness of human nature is making itself evident among us,—to get through life with the least work possible. In choosing our electives it seems to be the sole aim of most of us to have just the minimum number of hours required; we think not whether the combination which we choose is what we want,—what we need, but whether it has just fifteen hours in it. Now is this either right or sensible,—to choose studies which we neither want nor need just because we will be obliged to work less thereby?

Work, work, whence this fear of work? By work only can we rise; many a great man when asked to what he owed his success has answered—"to work." And to the pleasure in work Phillips Brooks bears witness: "The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out, 'This, this alone is to live!' "

# Local Department.

## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things;
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

We offer our congratulations to Willis, 1900.

Have you joined the "Buffaloes"? 'Leven cents, please!

And what a changeful spring it is, with sunshine and storm, smiles, showers, and sprinkles.

Professor—"Mr. M., why does phosphorus not occur in the free state?" Mr. M.—"Because it occurs in combination."

If you feel all tired out and exhausted, you may know it isn't because of the hard term's work you did, but only because it is spring.

Chapel exercises have been conducted recently by Professor Anthony, Dr. Salley, Rev. W. J. Taylor, and Rev. N. M. Simmonds.

It is claimed that the first robin appeared on March 12th, truly not as a herald of spring, but of the big winter snow-storm that came March 14th.

Miss Hanley of Monmouth, a graduate of Boston University, spoke to the girls about social settlement work, on Saturday afternoon, March 2d.

The judges for the Sophomore debates were Dr. Leonard, Mr. Nutt, and Mr. L. S. Metcalf. The Freshmen have begun already to think about theirs.

Professor Hartshorn held a Junior exhibition in the English room for several days, at eleven o'clock. He and the class served as judges.

We notice that Bowdoin has received a library fund, the income of which is to buy books on rhetoric and literature. We congratulate Bowdoin and wish that some one would do the same for us.

Under the auspices of the Social and Literary Guild, Professor Anthony lectured at the Main Street Church, Wednesday, March 13th, on the "Action and Reaction Between Christianity and Art."

We copy the *Lewiston Journal's* description of gentlemen's new spring hats: "Not much larger than liver pills whittled out and finished with an invisible curl." Have you seen any such around the campus?

A number of recent graduates have been in town during their school vacations. Among them were Misses Files, '98, Coan, '99, Lowell, Avery, and Beal, 1900, and Messrs. Eaton, '96, Landman, '98, Merrill, '99, Healey, 1900, and Packard, 1900.

A Freshman was seen recently crossing the campus with a rocking-horse under his arm. It is to be hoped that he (the rocking-horse) will be able to leap safely over those Britannic and Germanic ditches.

Why did the editor rave
And tear his hair in dismay?
The college news was far too dull,
And he hadn't a thing to say.

Why did the editor smile
And clap his hands in glee?
He made some news, the very best
His inventive brain could see.

Why did the editor groan
And creep away to hide?
The college wits picked him to bits
Because, they said, he lied.

A mandolin club has been formed among the young ladies of the college—Miss Pingree, '03, Miss Norton, '03, and Miss Donham, '03, playing mandolins; Miss Merrill, '02, and Miss Smith, '03, guitars; and Miss Ames, '02, the violin.

Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores all have extra work in the summer term, with Commencement, Junior Parts and Ivy Day, and Sophomore Essays and Debates. So the literary societies will be expecting a great deal from their Freshmen members.

The Bates Round Table was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boothby on Friday, March 8th. The speaker of the evening was Miss Emily B. Cornish, Bates, '95. She took as her subject Sidney Lanier, briefly treating of his life and reading several of his poems.

The Seniors chosen to take part in the Exhibition are Misses Dow, Caroline Libby, Gertrude Libbey, Neal, Noyes, and Towle, and Messrs. Bachelder, Clark, Ellingwood, Moore, Rand, and Wilson. The judges were Dr. Leonard, Dr. Salley, and Professor Purinton.

The right to wear college sweaters with the "B" has been, by the rules of the Athletic Association, lately allowed to Jordan, '01; Moody, '02; Hunnewell, '02; Hamlin, '02; Blanchard, '02; Hunt, '03; Baldwin, '03; Allen, '03; Towne, '03; Ramsdell, '03; Munro, '03; Cole, '04; and Dennett, '04. Without the "B" to Piper, '03; Williams; Holden; Briggs, '04; Dunfield, '04; and Hayes, '04.

The Wednesday afternoon lectures continue at the Divinity School: February 20th Rev. C. S. Patton, of Auburn, lecturing on the subject, "Elements of Success in the Christian Ministry"; February 27th Rev. Everett Lesher, of Augusta, on the subject, "Relation of Heredity to Character and Conduct"; March 6th Rev. A. I. Davis, of Bath, on the subject, "Applied Christianity the True Socialism."

The regular meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held at Lewiston, Saturday, February 23d. Representatives were present from Colby, University of Maine, Bowdoin, and Bates, Ham, '01, representing Bates. The meet is to be held Saturday, June 1st, at Orono. It has been decided that hereafter the meets shall be held in rotation at Lewiston, Brunswick, Waterville, and Orono.

The following are the recently elected officers of the Ladies' Glee Club; President, Miss Allen, '02; Vice-President, Miss Stratton, '03; Secretary, Miss Freeman, '03; Treasurer, Miss Pettengill, '02; Executive Committee, Miss Allen, '02, Miss Pettengill, '02, and Miss Thompson, '02. Much "good hard work" is being put in at the rehearsals under the direction of Professor Mower, which, it is hoped, is and will be appreciated by the student body. The club numbers fifteen at present, and is steadily growing.

The Freshman prize declamations were held in the chapel, Saturday, March 9th, at two o'clock. This was the program:

| | |
|---|---|
| Thrush, the Newsboy.—Lucille Lowell. | Miss E. M. Reynolds. |
| South Carolina and Massachusetts.—Webster. | A. K. Spofford. |
| The Ghost Story.—Anon. | Miss A. L. Barker. |
| Heroes of the Land of Penn.—Lippard. | F. W. Wallace. |
| Toby's Monument.—Elizabeth Kilham. | Miss S. M. Davis. |
| Napoleon the Little.—Victor Hugo. | J. A. David. |
| Joan of Arc at Patay.—Mark Twain. | Miss E. A. Bray. |
| The Trial of Warren Hastings.—Macaulay. | M. B. Gay. |
| The Arena Scene from the Last Days of Pompeii.—Bulwer-Lytton. | Miss B. L. Bray. |
| The Better Part.—Booker Washington. | G. A. Ross. |
| The Ruggles' Dinner Party.—Kate Douglas Wiggin. | Miss A. L. Sands. |
| Freedom or Slavery.—Patrick Henry. | J. C. Briggs. |

The committee of award, Rev. W. J. Taylor, Miss Alice M.

Brackett, and Dr. Salley, gave the prizes to Miss Bessie L. Bray and Mr. David. The committee for preliminary declamations was Miss Varney, Moore, and Bachelder.

After the long and hard task of reading their parts, the Seniors enjoyed themselves at the home of Miss Gertrude Libbey. They had a delightful social time and listened to the following program:

Vocal Solo.....Mr. Marr.
Reading .....Miss Bailey.
Vocal Solo.....Miss Irving.
Readings .....Miss Vickery.
Account of Snow-shoeing.....Mr. Roberts.

Ices, cakes, fruit, lemonade, and crackers were served.

## College Exchanges.

"You in your small corner,
And I in mine,"

Is the whispering echo of our hearts as we look upon the many magazines before us, representative voices of colleges which are scattered all over our fair land. We are parts of a whole; kindred spirits, pulsating with like hopes and aspirations; corner-stays, as it were, in a great cob-web whose threads of college spirit, of enthusiasm, of youth, of future fame, of meditation, of research for the deeper mysteries of science and art, are spun by the flitting, busy, noiseless worker, Ambition. These threads form not fatal snares; but mere pathways in a labyrinth of knowledge through which the golden thread of life's purpose guides with unerring accuracy to the broad plain of life's work. A friendly chat, as we cross each other's way, leaves pleasant memories; we wish we had space to give you the benefit of all of these, but a choice is necessary.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* must be listed among the choice few which form the exception to the rule;—that only one or two articles in an issue are worthy of comment. This magazine is good from cover to cover; there is not the least suspicion of carelessness or haste in its preparation. "A Study of Ruskin" is a scholarly article, giving an especially just summary of Ruskin's views on Art and Economics. The stories give us glimpses of real life, and delight us because natural. "Unwept, Unhonored, Unsung," graphically portrays the tragic life of Aaron Burr. "Academic Freedom of Speech" is a wide-awake editorial on the present state of affairs at Leland Stanford Uni-

versity. How true it is that "by limiting the freedom of speech a university destroys the very purpose for which it exists."

The *University of Ottawa* is to be congratulated that its *Review* editors have such faithful coöperation from the students as to present such a praiseworthy number as its Newman's Centenary. The whole issue is devoted to the various phases of Newman's life and work. The titles of some of the articles will give a mere suggestion as to its worth: "Newman and the Tractarian Movement"; "Newman as a Catholic"; "Newman's Idea of a University"; Newman and Matthew Arnold." A great deal of thought and valuable information has been condensed into little space. The article on "Newman as a Poet" is so beautifully written and the sentiments and imagination of Newman's works so skilfully described as to indicate that a person of kindred poetic spirit was its author. The piece is decidedly artistic. This number is worth being filed as a ready reference for students investigating the life of a man who has so greatly influenced the thought of the last century.

*The Mount Holyoke* awakes a sympathetic chord in our hearts, because we can rejoice with them in their jubilation over a new building. The Dwight Memorial Art Building is described in detail, and promises to be very artistic. A "Partial Study" is an excellent paper on a writer who has caused much enthusiastic admiration in literary circles for four or five years: Walter Pater. A short, pithy article on "Souvenirs" says that "your room reflects your personality." Beware! An editorial on the "Art of Living with Others" is not the least bit abstract, but so concrete as to cause introspection.

"When the Price of Life Was Naught," a story in the *Colby Echo,* makes our life-blood thrill anew, as it takes us back to the atmosphere and spirit of Walter Scott.

"The Gentility of Clark Branford," in the *College Index,* is a pathetic story of a life which missed its truest happiness because of procrastination, and yet found recompense in memory; in contrast, is the brother's life of slavery to wealth and fashion, even to scorn of true worth; while the niece and daughter, though a child of wealth and ease, has the noble love for "all things, great and small."

The *Peabody Record* has its usual atmosphere of primness. "Virginia Dare and Her Descendants" proves quite conclusively that history up to the present time has not been accurate in saying that Raleigh's Colony was lost; for their descendants still live in the Croatans of North Carolina.

*The University Cynic* may be complimented for its exceedingly fine story, "A Piece of Clay." Its hold upon the emotion is intense; its suspense makes one feel unable to read fast enough; its style is simple; its sentiment ennobling.

The editorials and "Free Press" in the *Wellesley Magazine* always furnish healthful, solid reading matter. They come as bits of clear blue sky amid the clouded writings of lesser magazines, and are always welcome.

"Ali Hassan," in *College Days*, from Ripon College, is written by an Armenian, treating of the conditions in his fair native land brought about by the despotic Turk and cruel Mohammedan. Such articles make us appreciate and value the protection and good-will of civilization and Christianity. Read it.

Interest is awakened in the story, "An Out-Field Error," in the *Southern Collegian*, by its "catchy" conversation. Awaiting the issue maintains the interest. "The Eye of Death" is rather a far-fetched illustration for a law in Physics.

Said the Freshman, with anxious-eyed query,
"I'm in trouble, and what shall I do?
I cannot find time for my lessons,
I'm frantic, I'll never get through!
I've cut my math. every week Monday,
My English, my Latin, my Greek,
In Hygiene, I've cut till I hardly
Dare lift up my eyes and speak.
And now the exam. times are coming,
My work isn't nearly done,
And I can't see anything left to do
But to cut—my—fun?" —*Vassar Miscellany.*

VESPERS.

Soft the shadows, lengthening, lingering, melt into the dusk again,
And the twilight's benediction rests upon the homes of men.

Far within the gray cathedral kneels a weary, restless throng,
Fevered with the toil and turmoil of the day so hard and long,

Till the cool, dim, soothing silence shudders, smit with solemn sound,
As the organ's throbbing thunder seems to rock the very ground.

'Tis the agony primeval, elemental, brutal strife—
Through long æons the creation travailing in pain for life.

'Cross the thunder leaps the wild, sweet wailing of a violin;
Ah! men's heartstrings still make music, wrung with passion, suffering, sin;

Quivering 'neath Life's hand;—but hark ye! pure and clear and true and strong,
Tender, trustful, and exultant, from the shadows soars a song.

Soars,—and lifted by its rapture, nature's sigh and spirit's moan
Blend divinely with the seraphs' pæons 'round the Great White Throne.

Soft the silver twilight deepens into purple gloom again,
And night's peaceful benediction rests upon the hearts of men.
—*Mt. Holyoke.*

A Memory.

'Mid lengthening shades of afternoon,
We walked beside the stream;
Hushed was the hazy air, and soon
O'er darkened peaks the crescent moon
Floated, a pallid dream.

Silent the river's course and slow,
No breath its surface stirred;
Hushed were our hearts, as they who know
Those thoughts' responsive ebb and flow
That need no spoken word.

When now I walk again that ground
Not silent is the stream,
For mingling with its murmuring sound
Echoes of that last hour resound
Across my waking dream. —*The University Cynic.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

If literary men and women ever take a vacation, it would seem as if they had been doing so during the past month, for the month's list of new books is unusually short. The vacation is well-earned, however, and we will gladly let the busy hands rest from their labors for a while.

A recent book most worthy of note in the student world is *A History of American Literature*[1], by Walter C. Bronson, Professor of English Literature in Brown University. This most admirable little book contains in brief yet entertaining and lucid form a history of the literature of America from the time of Captain John Smith to the present. All unnecessary details are done away with. The less important writers are merely mentioned, in their proper places, and proper relations to the whole. Professor Bronson does vastly more for us than merely to give us the writers' lives and a list of their works. In every case possible he traces out the influence of the Old World, the spirit of the times, the environment of the writer as shown in his work.

The structure of the book is helpful to one who is anxious to keep the main facts of American literature in mind. Mr. Bronson divides the history into three parts. First—The Colonial Period, from 1607-1765. Second—The Revolutionary Period, 1765-1789. Third—The Period of the Republic, 1789-1900. Leading up to the study of each one of these periods is a short account of the condition of the country, its history and development since the beginning, a forecast of what the literature will be and a list of the contemporaneous works in England. This is, plainly, of great assistance to the student or general reader.

The literature of the Colonial Period is confined mostly, of course, to religious, historical, and controversial writings. The works of this time have little literary value in themselves, but are of great historical and critical value. New England, Virginia, and Pennsylvania produce the authors of the period from 1607-1765.

During the Revolutionary Period the scope of the writer broadens and takes in essays, political and religious, narratives, speeches, and poetry, venturing even to the drama. The lights of this time are Alexander Hamilton, Governor Thomas Hutchinson, Benjamin Franklin, and Philip Freneau.

The Period of the Republic is sub-divided into three parts—from 1789 to 1815, from 1815 to 1870, and from 1870 to 1900. Though Professor Bronson has the greatest enthusiasm for the men who have raised American literature to where it stands, he has no false conception of the position which it holds in the world of literature. In his forewords to the Republican Period he says, "American literature at its best is still much below English and Italian and Greek literatures at their best. No false patriotism or personal affection for favorite author should blind us to these facts. . . . . How puny are our greatest compared with the giants of the ages—Goethe, Milton, Shakspere, Dante, Virgil, Sophocles, Homer."

Into the life and character, yes, even into the very souls of those beacon-lights of American literature, Irving, Poe, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, we are given searching glimpses. It is a pleasing feature of the mechanical structure of the book that all mere detail and data of a writer's life are placed in notes at the foot of the page, while we are led on to look at the man himself, his qualities of mind, his character, whether good or bad.

In concluding his book, which is of value, both as a text-book and as a reference book and has no few charms for the casual reader, Prof. Bronson says in summing up the stages of growth of American literature: "The first stage, lasting some two hundred years, was that of a crude or feeble Imitation of English Models. . . . . The second stage, extending through about two-thirds of the nineteenth century, was pre-eminently that of English Culture in American Soil. . . . . The third stage, not yet completed, is one of Transition, Experiment, and a New Spirit. . . The best literature yet produced in the New World is that which was dominated by the culture of the Old World. . . . . An American literature which . . . . . at the core remains true . . . . to the life of the Great Republic may yet become one of the sublime literatures of the world."

*Outlines of Roman History*[2], by William C. Morey, Ph.D., promises to be successful as a text-book. It is very clearly and carefully written. The structure of the book is definite and the plan is well carried out. No pains have been spared in the matter of illustrations, nearly every page having on it either an illustration or a map. This of course goes to help "lodge in the pupil's mind the concept of Rome," which Mr. Morey says is his attempt throughout the book.

*The Report of Industrial and Labor Statistics*[3] has been received from S. W. Matthews, Commissioner of Bureau of Statistics.

[1]A History of American Literature. Bronson. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

[2]Outlines of Roman History. Morey. American Book Co., Boston.

[3]The Report of Industrial and Labor Statistics. F. W. Matthews, Augusta.

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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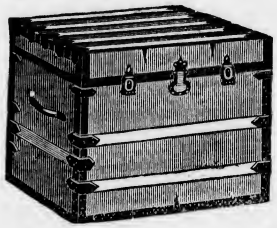
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# The BATES STUDENT.



## CONTENTS.


Cathedral Woods . . . . . 89
Girolamo Savonarola . . . . . 90
The Winter Dress . . . . . 92
An Easter Lily . . . . . 97

CARBONETTES:
- How Fred was Hazed . . . . . 100
- The Fate of the Golden Star . . . . . 102

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
- Personal . . . . . 104

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 109

LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
- Y. M. C. A. Notes . . . . . 112
- Y. W. C. A. Notes . . . . . 112
- Base-Ball . . . . . 113
- Athletic Exhibition . . . . . 114
- In Remembrance . . . . . 115
- Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 116

COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 119
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 122


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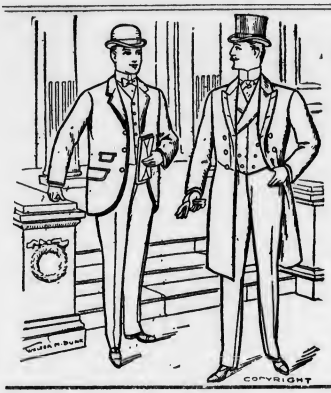
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In silver shafts of shadow sunlight falls,
A dim, pale radiance in the tender tinted wood;
Where tall, straight spruces fashion stately walls
Of deep arcades and far receding halls.

Amid thy cloisters' dim, religious light,
The gentle twilight of a restful world,
The reverent heart is bowed before the might
of thy vast grandeur, sombre, dimly bright.

Poetic fancy gave thee thy true name
And hallowed is the mossy sod, thy ground—
"The Undivided Lot"—and hence no fame
Of lordly owner binds thee to his claim.

Thou art no dream wrought from an anguished heart,
Then fashioned by the hands of weary men;
Nor strife, nor murmuring, nor rejected art
Calls discord where the lofty arches part.

No aching heart shall miss her peace in thee,
Before thy altar draped with rich, green moss,
More finely shaded than by man may be;
While peals the organ chorus of the sea,

Not anthems, throbbing with a human woe,
But deep, hushed melodies that whisper, "Peace,"
And through the vaulted arches gently flow
Soft echoes from the branches chanting low.

'Neath many a dome upreared by human art,
Where light falls not more softly through the rich stained glass,
The silken robe doth hide a broken heart;
But here, 'neath ruder garments, Peace hath still her part.

And so man may forget the weary, plodding race,
Who dwell in crowded spaces, lit with depths of gloom;
For here fair Peace hath writ on every face
Immortal lines that time shall not efface.

O man! where is thy faith in coming later years,
When all the world shall surge with life—no room for Peace.
The voice that speaks in silence, dumb with fears,
Shall cease for aye, while Faith weeps out her life in tears.

—M. E. C., '99.

---

## GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

THE fifteenth century in Italy was an age of religious apathy and scandalous vice. God, duty, and self-restraint were alike ignored. Churches were demoralized, and avarice and luxury were the blushing vices of the clergy. Florence with its vine-clad hills beside the silver Arno was in its splendor. It was the "cradle of the rennaissance which made Italy the center of intellectual light and the model of all that was elegant in art." Yet beneath this splendor that was dazzling and captivating, the city reeked with corruption and vice, revelry and dissipation.

Against the dark background of this ungodly age Girolamo Savonarola stands out as the champion of purity and truth. His brief yet illustrious life may be told in three chapters.

. . . . . .

Wandering by the green banks of the Po we see a youth solitary and pensive. Behind him the gay Italian city rages and revels. Tears glisten in his eyes, those eyes resplendent with celestial beauty; his rugged features are moved; his strong heart beats with noble indignation; his whole soul is concentrated upon the evil about him. He possesses those virtues which Christ preached upon the mount:—humility, submission, and contempt for material gains.

. . . . . .

This austere youth appears to us next at Florence in the garden of the monastery of San Marco. Beneath the blue Italian sky, with a crimsoned canopy of roses over his dark head covered with the cowl, he is preaching to an eager audience of Florentines. The preacher with fervent words and commanding tones reproves the people for their sins and denounces all of

Italy for its corruption. Thus within the white cloisters of St. Mark "under the damask rose-tree" the first chapter of Savonarola's life closes.

. . . . . .

We are in the great cathedral, dark, majestic, mystical. An eager but silent throng have assembled. From the dark circle beneath the dome, sounds a stern voice. It is that of Savonarola, the Prior of St. Mark. The message of the preacher seems to sweep over the audience like the breath of a tempest. In a fiery crescendo, never losing firmness of grasp or lucidity of vision, he fulminates period after period of impassioned eloquence. With a voice of thunder he hurls forth denunciations of vice, with a voice trembling with anguish he entreats the people to prayer and repentance. In the most unmeasured terms he censures the profligacy of the church, sparing neither Pope nor Cardinal. He denounces vice with such awful tones, such majestic fervor, such terrible emphasis, that he breaks through all apathy, all delusions, and fills the people with remorse.

Savonarola is not only the most eloquent preacher in all of Italy, he is the political leader of the people. In the midst of political corruption, ruled by the vile tyrant Lorenzo De Medici, the Florentines know of only one man whose voice is to be trusted. His words become their wine, his eloquence their theatre. Florence becomes changed. From the street come sounds of sacred music, instead of the wild bacchanalian songs. The people fast instead of feast. The millenium itself must arrive in Florence if this great voice remains as dominant as it is now. Thus ends the second chapter of Savonarola's life:—the absolute dictator of Florence, the most eloquent orator, the most enlightened statesman, the most fearless preacher.

. . . . . .

We are in the great Square at Florence. A raised scaffold has been built, at the end of which is a gibbet resembling a cross. Three halters and three chairs hang from its arms. At the foot of the gibbet are heaps of combustibles. What is the meaning of the gibbet? What of this fickle crowd which throng every window, roof, and balcony? Can it be possible? To witness the death agony of Savonarola? A sad and solemn silence prevails. Some have forced their way even to the gibbet, and with fierce joy await the crowning horror of this scene. Savonarola appears. He takes his place beside the gibbet. Standing about him he perceives rough men with blazing torches eagerly waiting to fire

the pile. Endowed as though with superhuman strength, never for an instant does he lose the calm required to meet his terrible fate in a Christian spirit. He is at peace with himself and in perfect charity with all. Then he quickly bends his neck to the executioner. Not a sound is heard. There is a terrible silence. Savonarola has received his crown of immortality.

Thus died Savonarola:—priest, prophet, reformer, statesman, martyr. For years he had been the center of all thought, "his name the watchword of freedom for all Italy." He was a pioneer of the reformation, one of the greatest and best men of his age, one of the truest and purest in the beadroll of the Catholic church. He was the incarnation of a fervid, living, active piety. The great lesson of devotion to duty may be drawn from his life. Through obscurity and renown, honor and degradation, his only thought was for the ennobling of man. With his heart filled with God and man he had not one little corner in it for self.

We pity his closing days after such a career of power and influence, yet all the great lights of the world have gone out in martyrdom, extinguished for a time, but then to burn with unextinguishable brightness. Thus over the Square at Florence, strewn with violets on the anniversary of that dreadful day, in memory of the good achieved, in repentance for the cruel death, there glows in bright letters the name of Girolamo Savonarola.

—CHARLOTTE G. TOWNE, 1901.

---

## THE WINTER DRESS.

IT may be that for lack of time beyond the limit of human knowledge, there arose a question in the one original Mind as to the nature of becoming dress. And surely the question was well settled, for we see every day an example of the choice in the dainty and becoming garb of Mother Nature. Each dress is fitting for its time. Some praise the tender, budding, hopeful spring dress; some the warm, luxuriant, peaceful green of summer; and yet others the ripe, brown autumn. But for its symbolic nature, the winter dress is far more worthy our highest respect. Consider its nature. It is of the purest material to be obtained, indeed, the symbol of purity itself. What can command greater respect than purity? What dress but the symbol of purity can always be becoming? In the celebration both of the gayest frolics and the most solemn rites, pure white is always

a becoming dress for purity and innocence. Surely that great Mind must have taken infinite care in selecting a dress for winter.

And what effect does this dress give? Is winter a quiet vacation from active toil after which all the world feels refreshed and vigorous for new endeavors? Does it freeze up the fountains of love and work harsh discomfort upon everything in its power, or does it kindly cover with a warm blanket, and thereby cause the occupants to grow warm towards each other? Does its harshness discourage or invigorate? These questions have been answered in different ways by nearly all the poets, and probably affect different people in various ways. But it seems to me that to the vigorous person, winter clothed in its most barren and bleak garb is still not a discouraging scene but full of hope and restfulness—only a pause in the activities of natural life in order to gain impulse. And so winter is a time when the strong grow stronger, and perhaps also the weak grow weaker; but if they do, there is at least this satisfaction—that of a distinct division of what were before uncertain quantities. This truth may be carried beyond its literal sense even to the hard and discouraging places of life which are like to the winter season.

Now let us think of the winter dress as *a protective covering.* For this purpose nature's dress is certainly of the best material at her disposal. It is a great deal better than solid ice, and after the blankets of leaves and other dried substances of summer growth have been spread down, there is nothing to be had except something manufactured from water. Fortunately there is plenty of water. And so Mother Nature hit upon the plan of changing the form of water into a warm, dry covering. What a strange idea,—to change water into a warm, dry covering! When nature first proposed this plan to her friends they all ridiculed her except little Artless, who always had great faith in Nature, and she said, "Nature can do anything." Well, Nature carried out her plans, and now everybody can see how perfectly simple they were; yet they didn't seem so then. This covering composed of water in its changed form we call snow. And is not snow dry in cold weather? And is it not a warm covering in one sense? In its office of protection we see that it serves admirably. The tender ground plants are thus protected during the cold winter months (in cold climates where protection of this sort is needed), and are so kept from the too severe cold. The colder the weather the thicker becomes the dress of winter, for it is of a kind that is easily put on and off again. The air as it becomes colder changes the vapor of the clouds into feathery

flakes. These falling soon increase the thickness of the dress. As the climate becomes warmer the dress begins to melt, and soon runs away in a swollen stream. The snow also protects from the sudden heat of spring which would otherwise shrivel up the sprouting plants, and by the dampness of the evaporating water aids the tender growth.

*As a work-apron.* The winter dress as a work-apron can be better understood if we go into the country places where the different forms of water are of the greatest use in carrying on the different kinds of work. Come with me, if you please, back into the lumbering districts of Maine and see how the winter dress becomes of important use to the lumbermen, and through them to us all.

The large trees after being cut are dragged along on the snow, which much facilitates this transportation on account of its slippery nature, to some yard where the logs can be piled up together. On sleds they are then taken from the yard and hauled to the bank of a stream, where they await the swollen current of spring-time. What large loads are taken! loads which it would be impossible to take without the snow which covers the stones, fills up the holes, and renders the whole road hard, smooth, and slippery for the use of the sleds. Then in the spring there would not be in many places except for the snow sufficient water to carry the logs down over the falls and rocks. But the snow in its hasty retreat can only go by way of the valleys and streams; and thus by the simple discarding of the winter dress the streams are made so large and powerful as to render them able to transport the logs to the mill with ease.

On large and rugged mountains where it is either impossible or unsafe to use teams for the conveyance of the lumber other means are adopted for this by the use of this wonderful work-apron. A sluiceway is built down over the mountain side, sometimes extending even into some large stream, where the logs are then handled with comparative ease. Water is then poured either by human or infinite hands upon the peeled logs which form the sluice. The freezing water soon forms a slippery path down which the logs shoot with great rapidity.

As our mothers and sisters are fond of cutting up their old dresses for patchwork, so our fathers and brothers cut up for their use the dress of Mother Nature which covers the rivers and ponds. The pieces, however, are not put together to form a warm covering for winter in this case, but to help us keep cool

during the hot weather. Generally about the last of December the ice becomes thick enough to begin to cut, and then if you should take a ride with me through the farming districts of Maine, you might be interested in watching groups of men and boys at work on every pond and river from the little home-made frog-pond to Moosehead Lake, and from the Twenty Mile River to the Kennebec.

*As a gay costume.* Winter is the season of gayety. In no other time do we so give ourselves up to the joys of life. The season is admirably adapted for these joys. The cool, frosty air breathed into our nostrils fills us with vigor. The long, bright moonlight evenings make it a pleasant time for sleigh-rides and parties. The dress of purity is becoming to gaiety. The ponds and lakes take on their crystal coat; and the young people put on their skates. They carry logs and build a fire. How happy they are as hand in hand the couples glide away like birds, skimming over that surface as glossy as silk and as transparent as a huge crystal!

But now there is a new fall of snow,—only another wrapper put on over the usual dress. How it floats down like a gauzy veil! It finally settles down, but still glitters like a thousand tiny candles, making the snowy pathway bright for the merry-makers. There is no longer skating, and the young people start for the toboggan slide. How pleasant are the joys of youth! The young people are in the full vigor of childhood, and yet old enough to be eligible to the thrusts of Cupid. I wonder what thoughts pass through the minds of the young girls as they trust themselves to the manhood of the boys to make their sport a safe one. And the young fellows, too, feeling perfect confidence in their own strength, are not a little pleased to have an opportunity to use it in such a pleasant way and to be trusted. They are happy. Let us leave them there.

'Tis Christmas time. Perhaps no day in all the year expresses gaiety as does Christmas. The early morning greeting, "Merry Christmas," expresses the spirit of the whole day. Sleigh-rides, Christmas bells, the wonders of Santa Claus, and his curious team prancing over the snow and the chimney-tops; the fire-places, stockings, pop-corn, toys, childish surprises, Christmas trees, presents, gladness, kind words, everything bespeaks a merriness bursting forth from its confinement in which it has been accumulating for days, weeks, even months by all sorts of pleasant secrecy. But how the pure, white, fresh-fallen snow

adorns this scene of overflowing jollity! No scene of Christmas, whether a large painting by a fine artist, or a small card given as a reward of merit to a school-child, is complete without these fluffy, feathery flakes of snow, falling, falling, and forming that downy dress of purity.

*As a parade dress.* Did you ever ride along so smoothly and easily in the cars or some other conveyance that your own movement was imperceptible and it seemed to you that the objects around you were moving instead of yourself? Well, then, imagine yourself taking one of these rides through the country and thus see the objects passing by as if in parade, each dressed in the most dashing manner in its winter costume. We must go very slowly in order to get the full benefit of the scenery.

The procession is led by a large elm, which seems to have outraged the adage that riches don't grow on every tree, and has fruited with large and brilliant jewels hanging from every tip. Whole strings of pearls are arranged along the tiny branches, while the large limbs and trunks are enclosed in glass cases.

Now here is a fir tree, short and fortunately very stout; for the snow has fallen in a damp state. The tiny flakes locking together their starry forms have built up little walls along the sturdy twigs. These walls becoming gradually larger and heavier, are not solid and durable like the walls built by men, but are created only for the beauty and glory of a day, to remind us of the source of their glory—a glory everlasting. What better example of the changing beauties *rerum terrarum* than these little walls! Rising upon their flimpsy foundation, they soon become too heavy for support by such fiickle articles as snowflakes. The supporting flakes, overcome by the excessive burden, and being worked upon by the destructive dampness, begin to collapse. Gradually prop after prop of this minute trestle work melts away. Easily, gently the whole structure begins to totter, and then falls forward with its bottom still on the foundation branch. But is the whole structure thus lost to use? No, there is a higher, better use for it. On another twig, branching from the first and running along nearly paralled with it, a similar wall has been built. This, too, has gradually lowered, and the two walls, joined at the vertex of the branches and thus kept together, gradually interlock and bridge over the space between. More snowflakes fall upon the bridge, and by the great weight bend the limbs far toward the ground. The tree may then be likened to a man ambitious in business, but whom, this business gradually becom-

ing more serious in its different branches, has become weighted down with such cares and responsibilities that he can hardly bear up under what was at first a pleasure and an honor to him.

Now a tall, slender birch decked in her whitest furs and adorned most profusely, bows low in foolish grief at not being able to support so much finery. Here slender young sprouts with rather a too forward top-growth have bent in shame, and hide their heads in the folds of Mother Nature's dress.

See that reckless stream in its wild rush down over those ragged rocks! Domes and spires and castle walls are situated on its course, but they are in a reckless position where the foam and spray of the mad frolic remind one of the carelessness of chivalry. But farther on the mad rush is over, and with a well-formed plan over a quiet pool the carpenter has "groined his arches and matched his beams" till the roof is complete. The procession stops.

—D. L. B., '04.

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## AN EASTER LILY.

"WHAT a beautiful Easter lily! It's the prettiest one I ever saw. The blossoms will all be open by Easter day, won't they?" said Jenny Wright. She had "run in" to see if Mae was going to the concert rehearsal. Now both girls stood before the window admiring a beautiful Easter lily. Two of the large white blossoms were already open and there were three pale green buds waiting only for the sun of Easter morning to touch their waxy petals and welcome them to a glad new world.

"Where did you get it, Mae?" asked Jennie. "I never noticed it before."

"I've kept it in the kitchen all winter," replied Mae. "Dr. Berrell gave it to me a year ago. He didn't believe that I could make it blossom. That's why I am so anxious for the buds all to be open by Sunday. He's coming out Sunday, and I want him to see how pretty it is."

The next morning Mae carried her lily into the kitchen as usual, that it might enjoy the early morning sunshine. She had been busy for some time, when suddenly she left her work and hurried into the dining-room where her mother sat sewing. "Come here quick," she exclaimed. "There is the most pitiful looking man standing at the window. I know he must be hungry."

Mrs. Wells followed her daughter to the kitchen. Before the window stood a man. His slouched hat, untidy clothes, and

listless attitude, all bespoke the common tramp. The expression of his face was hard, almost wicked. But there was a sadness there which could not but arouse pity. He was not looking at the sponge cake Mae had just placed on the table, but at the Easter lily.

As Mae and her mother entered the room he turned to go, with a half-ashamed look.

Something in the look or attitude of the man made Mae go to the window and ask almost abruptly, "Are you hungry, sir?"

"O! no, Miss, thank you. 'Twas the lily I was looking at," replied the man, with an awkward attempt at a bow. "I'm at work out at Cary's Corner. Got a steady job there now. I'm going to the city to see my little girl. But that lily sort of drew me right through the gate, and the first thing I knew I was standing here."

"Is your little girl alone in the city?" asked Mrs. Wells, who had followed Mae to the window.

The sad look deepened in the hard lines of the man's face. "Yes, ma'am, she's in the hospital," he answered. "Seems as if the week would never go, 'cause to-day they promised to tell me if she would ever walk again."

"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Wells.

The man had made as if he would go; but at this expression of pity he turned and his eyes rested again upon the lily.

"Do you believe what they say about God's making the lilies?" he asked, dropping his voice and coming nearer the window.

"Yes, He surely does," replied Mrs. Wells.

"And do you believe He made that beautiful plant grow for you as has everything you want, and will let my only wee blossom always go on crutches just because I—"

He did not finish the sentence, but asked in an eager, almost defiant tone, "Do you think He will?"

"No, I don't believe He will," replied Mrs. Wells, anxious to quiet and reassure the man.

"Thank you, ma'am, for saying it," replied the stranger.

A vision of the poor little girl in the hospital, doomed, perhaps, to a life of suffering, flashed before Mae's eyes. There was too much earnestness in the man's look and words to doubt his sincerity. With hardly a moment's hesitation she did what an hour before she would have thought impossible.

"Would you like to take my Easter lily to your little girl?" she asked.

"What'd you say?" asked the man. It had been so long since

anyone had offered to give him anything he could hardly believe that he heard correctly.

"You don't mean that you would cut off them blossoms for me?" he said.

Mae had already brought the scissors and was cutting the crisp, green stem. Then she brought a box and gently laid them on some soft, white paper.

"I never shall forget you, miss, never," said the man. "And some day I'll pay you for them. I won't forget it. Somehow it seems now as if she would surely get well."

When Joe Barker reached the hospital he was obliged to wait nearly an hour before Dr. Berrell came to him and said, kindly, "I have news for you, Mr. Barker. With very, very good care little Ida will be as well as ever. But," he added, almost sternly, "you will have to take good care of her for a long time."

"Thank you, sir," was all the poor man could say.

"You'll let me see her to-day, won't you, doctor?" he asked, after a minute. "I've got something a lady gave me for her."

"I'm sorry," replied Dr. Berrell, really touched by the man's pleading, "but I can't let you see her to-day. I will take a message to her from you, and I will promise to let you see her Tuesday. That's the best I can do."

"It's kind of hard," said Joe Barker, "when I've come all the way from Cary's Corner, and like's not I can't get off again before next Saturday."

"I am sorry for you, but I can't let you see her to-day," replied Dr. Berrell, moved by the man's look more than by his words.

Joe shifted uneasily for a minute and then said, "Perhaps you'd take these to her, and tell her an angel gave 'em to me for her. And when she gets well I'm going to make a lady of her just like the one I saw in Northfield this morning."

Dr. Berrell was a frequent visitor at the Wells's. When he came Easter Sunday he did not ask Mae to show him her lily as he had said he should. Instead he began to tell her about a little girl at the hospital, in whom he was much interested.

"I don't believe that a bunch of Easter lilies ever did more good than the one I saw this morning," he said. "Four weeks ago a little girl was brought to the hospital by her father, who had pushed her down stairs in one of his drunken brawls. No one believed that she would live, and if she did, we feared she would always be a cripple. In spite of all the pain and suffering she has been obliged to endure, she has been so patient and cheerful that she has won the love of every one who has seen her.

"Her father seems to have changed since the accident. I don't believe he has been intoxicated since. He has gone out of the city to work. Every week he has been to the hospital to ask for her. Yesterday he brought some Easter lilies. I was sorry afterward that I didn't let him see her. He ought to have seen her when I gave the lilies to her. If the sight hadn't touched his heart nothing would.

"She couldn't believe at first that they were for her. When at last she did realize it she took them in her thin little hands and laid them against her face. After a minute she said, 'Oh, Dr. Berrell, I am almost glad now, that I fell; 'cause if I hadn't come here I don't believe I'd ever had an Easter lily all my own.'

"Then the generous little thing, always ready to think of some one else, remembered her father and wished I had let him come up. 'Because,' she said, 'I don't believe he ever had a real live Easter lily in his hand.' "

"She thought of some one else, too," said Dr. Berrell, looking intently at Mae. "She wished she could see the lady who sent them to her and thank her."

"Why, Dr. Berrell," exclaimed Mae, "how did you know I sent them?"

But instead of answering her he said, "And how did you know the man really had a daughter in the hospital and would not sell the flowers on the street?" —ELF.




### HOW FRED WAS HAZED.

It was Fred Eaton's first year in the academy. His ambition had always been to attend college, and now, after years of hard toil upon the farm, he was filled with joy at the prospect of being able to enter upon his preparatory course.

A sense of his own awkward appearance, together with his natural shyness, caused him to shun the companionship of his fellow-students, who very readily misconstrued his attitude toward them into a desire to slight their acquaintance.

The little leaven of dislike which had been set to work at the very beginning of the term increased its influence until it began to take shape in the minds of some of the rougher and more boisterous students in the form of a definite plan to "haze" Fred at their earliest opportunity.

Their plan was no sooner formed than they immediately began to put it into execution. Accordingly a crowd of nearly twenty boys tip-toed quietly up the stairs to the little attic where Fred's room was located. It was late in the evening, and it was their expectation to surprise their victim in bed. Pausing a moment before the door they listened intently, and were surprised to hear Fred's voice within. He was reading a chapter from his Bible, and after he had finished reading, they distinctly heard his earnest words of prayer as he lifted up his heart to the Divine Teacher for guidance and help. All thoughts of hazing quickly vanished from the minds of even the roughest of the boys, and a feeling of inferiority to this humble youth took possession of them. "Let's go in and see him, anyhow," said one of the boys. They rapped on the door, and upon hearing a cheery "Come in" from within, they entered. What a room! A small iron bedstead, a straw mattress, a blanket and quilt, a chair, and a table; these comprised nearly all the furniture.

It was a sober company of boys that walked home from Fred's little attic that night after a few moments of pleasant chat, and it was good, solid thinking and quite a good deal of it, that those same boys did for several days afterward.

They discovered, after all, that there was not a pleasanter or more interesting fellow in the whole school than Fred, and always afterward endeavored to show their good-will toward him in every way possible. The seeds of kindness thus sown ripened into the deepest of friendship as the days went by until everybody *wondered* how they had ever been able to so misinterpret Fred's earlier attitude toward them. Nobody seemed to know how it happened, but a set of new furniture and many other comforts found their way into Fred's room; and this is the way he was hazed. —'04.

## THE FATE OF THE GOLDEN STAR.

The following sketch is founded on a true incident which happened to an uncle of mine forty years ago.

It was a bright December day. The sky was of a tender and serene blue. The Golden Star, a graceful ship of noble proportions, had been lying all day in New York harbor, rolling heavily about at the sport of the round billows, which swelled up, and spread, and tumbled over so lazily that their glassy surface was not broken by a ripple.

Her commander, Captain Staples, a young man of nearly thirty years, was walking to and fro on deck. He was tall and firmly built. His face revealed signs of his proud and impetuous nature. His commands were given distinctly and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession.

The time of departure had come. The ship carried full cargo, and on board there were twenty-three souls, all told. Gallantly the huge ship bore up against the wind which had arisen, and dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the eye of the wind and then yielded gracefully to its power. Day by day the Golden Star sailed steadily on with the wind and waves propitious. To the seamen this was only an ordinary voyage. But to the Captain's wife, who was making her first voyage at sea, every day seemed more wonderful. It must have been a pleasant picture to see her each morning, her slight form leaning against the rail; her fair hair tossed by the wind, and her beautiful face with big, blue, questioning eyes as she was trying to learn of the depth and greatness of the sea—God's work. I can imagine that at these times her feelings might have been something like those of Byron, which he expresses thus:

> "There is a society, where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
> I love not man the less, but nature more,
> From these our interviews, in which I steal
> From all I may be, or have been before,
> To mingle with the universe, and feel
> What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

The ship moved with stately progress through the water until it reached the English Channel. Then the sea became more agitated and the violence of the wind gradually increased. A terrible storm arose. Before it the ship yielded more and more. Driven

about by the wind, the Golden Star soon found itself among some other ships which made up a large fleet.

Captain Staples hailed the captains of several of them and learned that, overtaken by the terrible storm, they had not dared that night to enter the channel; for they knew that within it there were dangerous reefs.

Captain Staples was advised not to advance that night, but to wait with them for the morning. But he had always had the reputation of being a remarkably skilful manager of a ship and he wished to make this daring attempt.

The ship moved slowly before the gale and bowed its yards nearly to the water as it felt the fury of the blast. Deep darkness prevailed, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by in foam. The hardy and experienced sailors strove to hold the ship to its course. For more than an hour the Golden Star was driven onward before the tempest and exposed to its fiercest wrath. Suddenly it was taken up by a prodigious wave. In an instant it was dashed upon the fatal reefs and broken into two parts.

The captain called all his sailors about him. "God has so willed it," he said, "let each one save himself." Rockets were thrown up from the ship and the life-lines were cast out; but all attempts to save themselves were vain. Then the captain said to his wife, "You are the only Christian on board, pray for us all." At his feet she knelt, her arms raised above her. Imagine those few moments in which the captain stood on the deck, his wife clinging to him, praying, while he knew that they must perish.

. . . . . .

The next morning the sky was as bright and clear as if it had never been deformed with clouds, and the atmosphere was bland and pleasant. When the fleet sailed into the channel the sad scene of the wreck met their eyes; and among the broken pieces of the ship, Captain Staples and his wife were found dead, locked in each other's arms.

Two sailors only remained alive to tell the story. One of them never went again on the sea. He became silent and moody; and it is with difficulty that one can persuade him to talk of the shipwreck.

—G. L., 1902.

# Alumni Round-Table.

## PERSONAL.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin, pastor of the Trinity Church, East Orange, N. J., G. E. Gay, superintendent of schools in Malden, Mass., and E. J. Goodwin, principal of the Mixed High School, New York City, recently dined together at the home of Dr. Baldwin. This was the first time that these classmates have met since their graduation.

'73.—E. R. Angell of Derry, N. H., has been one of the expert chemists in the celebrated beer cases just tried in Portland.

'73.—G. E. Smith, Esq., was recently appointed chairman of the board of Harbor Commissioners of Massachusetts.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is still in the service of the University Extension Society of Chicago.

'74.—C. S. Frost, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Somerville, Mass., has been very successful in securing money for the erection of a new church edifice.

'75.—J. H. Hoffman has just accepted a call from the Congregational Church, North Reading, Mass.

'75.—Rev. N. S. Palmeter is pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Loudon Center, N. H.

'75.—G. L. White is successfully pushing the movement for the endowment of the New Hampton Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy of Saco gave an address before a large body of students at Roger Williams Hall on March 20th.

'78.—Dr. F. H. Bartlett is one of the physicians of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Infirmary of New York.

'79.—M. C. Smart is principal of the high school at Claremont, N. H.

'79.—R. E. Tuttle, principal of the high school at Haverhill, Mass., has a son who intends to enter Bates next fall.

'81.—W. P. Foster, attorney-at-law at 23 Court Street, Boston, has just published a very beautiful and interesting poem in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs is superintendent of schools in Whitman, Mass.

'81.—J. H. Parsons, whose untimely death occurred about two years ago, has a son who will enter Bates next fall. The family are at present residing in Dixville, P. Q.

'82.—Eleanor B. Forbes, after several years of ill health, has again regained her strength and is now acting as pastor of the Universalist Churches of Gray and New Gloucester.

'82.—W. S. Hoyt is practicing medicine in Waltham, Mass.

'82.—I. M. Norcross is teaching in the Eliott School, Boston, Mass.

'83.—F. E. Manson is located at Williamsport, Penn., as editor of *The Grit.*

'83.—Fred E. Foss, Professor of Civil Engineering at the Pennsylvania State College, lost his father, Uriah Foss of Lewiston, on March 18th.

'83.—R. W. Nutter is principal of the grammer school in Malden, Mass.

'83.—The college library has recently received a pamphlet which contains an address on "Civil Puritanism" delivered by Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton, Oregon, before the Congregational Club of Oregon City. This is a very interesting and instructive discussion of the historic origin and character of puritanism, tracing its development down to the present time, and pointing out how those, struggling for cleaner politics and better living, should profit by the worthy example set by their puritan forefathers.

'85.—W. W. Jenness has again resumed his practice of law at 87 Milk Street, Boston, having just recovered from a very severe illness. Mr. Jenness also has a law office at his home in Quincy, Mass.

'86.—F. E. Parlin is superintendent of schools in Quincy, Mass.

'87.—John R. Dunton recently delivered a lecture on "Teaching as a Profession for Young Men and Women," in the Universalist Church at Belfast, Me.

'87.—P. R. Howe, while still continuing his practice in Lewiston, has opened some dental rooms in the Warren Chambers Building on Boylston Street, Boston.

'88.—W. S. Dunn is pastor of the Methodist Church in Isle La Motte, N. H.

'88.—Martha H. Pinkham is teaching in the high school in Weymouth, Mass.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, who has been pastor of the Hope Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., since 1898, preached the historical sermon at the celebration of their twenty-fifth anniversary on March 17-19. A beautifully illustrated pamphlet has been issued as a souvenir of the occasion.

'88.—C. C. Smith is the recorder of the Massachusetts board of registration. Their offices are in the new Pemberton Building, Pemberton Square, Boston.

'89.—C. J. Emerson, principal of the high school of Stoneham, Mass., has recently been bereaved of his father.

'90.—Twins have recently been born to the wife of Professor Herbert V. Neal of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee, assistant rector of the Trinity Church in Cambridge, Mass., is abroad at present for a year's study in Germany and in the Oxford University.

'90.—Jennie L. Pratt is acting as missionary for the Shawmut Congregational Church of Boston, Mass.

'90.—Mabel V. Wood is teacher of Mathematics in the Quincy Mansion School.

'91.—G. F. Babb is an instructor in the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst.

'91.—Principal H. J. Chase of the Holten High School, Danvers, Mass., was elected president of the Eastern Association of Physic Teachers at its twenty-ninth meeting held in Boston, March 10, 1901. This association was the first in the country organized by specialists for the promotion of the teaching of a particular subject. It is regarded as a most potent factor in the development of the laboratory method of science teaching. Its members are the teachers of physics in the leading secondary and normal schools of New England and New York. Mr. Chase is vice-president of the New England Association of Chemistry Teachers.

'93.—The wedding of Ralph A. Sturges and Miss Edith Masury, daughter of the late John W. Masury of New York City, took place on April 10th at "Beaurivage," the country residence of the bride's parents, at Center Moriches, Long Island. Mr. Sturges, after leaving Bates, entered the Columbia University Law School, from which he graduated in '98. He has since then

been connected with the law firm of Bowers & Sands, in New York City.

'93.—D. B. Lothrop will graduate from the Yale Divinity School next June.

'93.—A. C. Yeaton, teacher of physics and chemistry in Westbrook Academy, has a brother who intends to enter Bates College next fall.

'94.—Bessie W. Gerrish, teacher of the modern languages in the Cony High School, Augusta, Me., recently lost her father, Edwin H. Gerrish of this city.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell of Bennington, Vt., has recently invented "The Russell Carbureter," an instantaneous generator of heating and illuminating gas for use in domestic, laboratory, and dental work. It is simple, safe, free from odor, and economical, and is receiving a hearty recommendation from many of our leading men.

'96.—O. E. Hanscom, M.D., is superintendent of schools in Greene, Me.

'97.—P. W. Brackett is principal of the grammar school in Westport, Mass.

'97.—Everett Skillings is acting principal of the Methodist Conference Seminary at Montpelier, Vt. The advancement of Mr. Skillings in this school has been very marked indeed.

'98.—E. L. Collins is sub-master of the high school in Winchester, Mass.

'98.—Professor A. T. Hinkley of Farmington, formerly principal of the Lisbon High School, has gone to New York to resume his studies in pedagogy.

'98.—A. A. Knowlton is reported by President Strong of Carlton College, Northfield, Minn, as remarkably successful in his work as teacher of physics and director of the gymnasium.

'98.—Julia F. Leader is a teacher in the Laughton School of Expression, Copley Square, Boston.

'98.—J. P. Sprague has received a most desirable appointment in the Oxford School, Chicago, Ill., and will spend the coming summer at the home of Mrs. Philip D. Armour, Jr.

'99.—C. S. Calhoun and A. B. Hyde will graduate from the Yale Divinity School next June.

'99.—Miss Agnes Finn, who has been acting as secretary for

Superintendent Phillips of Lewiston this winter, has resumed her supplementary work in the Lewiston Training School.

'99.—Marion S. Coan, teacher of Latin and French in the Bar Harbor High School, will enter the Teachers' College of Columbia University next year for the study of pedagogy.

'99.—Lora V. King is teaching in Fort Fairfield, Me.

'99.—T. H. Scammon will graduate from the Cobb Divinity School next June.

'99.—H. C. Small, who is attending the New Church Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., preached recently before the New Church congregation in Newton, Mass.

1900.—C. P. Dennison has been elected principal of the high school at Scituate, Mass.

1900.—E. P. Chase has just entered upon an engagement with a company in Nogales, Arizona, which deals in mining supplies and has charge of the water works and electric light plants.

1900.—Mabel A. Ludwig has secured a very enviable position in the New York schools.

1900.—J. S. McCann, principal of the Andover Academy, Andover, N. H., had the misfortune of losing his school buildings by fire recently.

1900.—G. E. Healey has been taking special work in electricity for a few weeks at Bates College.

# Around the Editors' Table.

SYSTEM is the fundamental law of nature. To be natural one must be systematic. The truly happy life is the life that is following out a plan. The truly happy and successful student is the one who has his studying, his reading, his recreation planned out beforehand, and the one who follows that plan. We all of us feel that we are not getting out of college what we want to, what we ought to. If all who feel this way should very carefully look over their work and amusement, and their time, and establish a fixed relation between the two demands, hard though it might be at first not to run one into the other, we should soon find that things are running more smoothly and that we are accomplishing more and accomplishing it more easily. The natural method will be found much easier and more satisfactory than the "hit-or-miss" method we carelessly practice.

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IT has never been the custom at Bates to sacrifice any one part of her work for another. Her growth has been systematic in every way. Her foot-ball and base-ball have never flourished at the expense of the intellectual part, but all her athletics have gone hand in hand with her debating and college work. The records we have made on every side need no repeating. They show that we have not suffered by keeping our forces together.

At the present time, however, we seem in danger of neglecting one of the most important parts in our college course, the literary societies. In all three societies, during the past two terms, there has been a great falling off both in numbers and excellence of work. Few have been willing to take part at all, and even many of the parts promised have failed to be present when due. As a result, the societies have several times been compelled to unite their programmes or give up their meeting.

The cause of this cannot be traced to any one thing in particular. There appears to be simply a lack of interest on the part of many, and possibly a lack of energy on the part of others. Too many are inclined to shift their own responsibility on others. They plead as an excuse their own littleness and unimportance. They think that there will be enough others there and so they will not be missed. Others, from one pretext or another, stay away entirely or go to other places of amusement. Thus when Friday night comes, the number of those who attend their society

meeting is very small. The work, therefore, has to be done by a certain faithful few as best it can.

Certainly this is not as it should be. There is no part of our college work where a student can get so much good as in Society, if he will only enter into the work for all there is in it. It gives him practice in debating and public speaking that cannot but be of service into whatever profession he may enter. It may not make us all orators or great debaters, but it will help us to use the knowledge we possess when we come to mix with the world outside.

Let us, then, one and all, take hold of this work and make our society all that it has been in the past, and even more. At least we can encourage it by our presence. It means only a little effort on the part of each one of us, and is well worth our time.

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THIS is our out-of-doors term, for botany, ornithology, base-ball, tennis, field day, etc., are surely a large part of our regular employment. It is the pleasantest term of the year, and let us treat it accordingly, by working hard while we work and taking as much time as we honestly can take to enjoy ourselves.

While everything about us is so fresh and beautiful, let us take more pains than we sometimes do in keeping our campus neat. No part of the college is more delightful; and likewise no part shows neglect and untidiness more quickly. Let us try to keep our own and other people's belongings in their proper places instead of about the campus, which surely is not their place at all.

---

"TRIFLES make perfection; but perfection is no trifle" is a proverbial saying so time-worn that we fail to value its philosophy. To the student whose watchwords are Progress and Perfection, the significance of little things becomes more meaningful and their importance more appreciable every day. This spring term offers us many opportunities for being very thoughtful of others, and we may advance rapidly toward our ideal of perfection, provided each of us makes the most of these little opportunities. Let us be prompt in entering the class-room. This thoughtfulness will be appreciated by the professors. They are obliged to be in their respective places on time, and have they not a right to regard promptness an obligation which binds the student also? Springtime, the joyful season "when every clod feels a stir of might," slyly tempts us to substitute for the brisk and lively gait of winter, a leisurely, strolling pace. There is a

certain fascination in trying to catch a glimpse of a new songster; in staying to gather just a few more violets; in trying to reach another link in golf; in finishing a set in tennis; even after the bell has tolled. We console ourselves by the thought that we are just a minute or two late, though we have exceeded our five minutes' license. The tardiness of a few will disturb a recitation. Professors are human; their patience has a limit; this virtue is sufficiently tried in the spring term by recitations which prove that lessons were hastily and superficially prepared on account of some ball-game, or other attraction. Let us then give heed to prompt attendance. The seats in chapel will keep their new appearance longer if we are careful about keeping our mischief-working pencils and pen-knives out of our nervous hands, which seem wont to leave artistic (?) autographs and sketches behind them. Let us guard these furnishings as if they were our own property. Carelessness in manners and politeness seems to follow in the train of spring inertia. May we suggest that the boys are in no danger of taking cold or in any way injuring their delicate mental structure by *lifting,* not touching the hat. The boys also would doubtless appreciate a more cheery and cordial greeting from the girls in preference to the chilly reserve of winter days. Let sociability increase. These are mere trifles in themselves, but they indicate a growing spirit of thoughtlessness, which must be guarded against before it matures into a habit.

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THE summer term is a time of numerous contests—base-ball, tennis, track athletics, the debate, etc., and to the student body it rests to a great extent to say whether these contests shall end in victory or defeat. It is the support which is given a team, whether that team be a base-ball team, a track team, or any other team, that gives it the incentive, the determination to win. Noth ing can be more discouraging to a team than to feel that no one has interest enough in the result to come and see the contest. Let us all turn out and attend the base-ball games, giving our support and encouragement not only in victory but also in defeat. There is never a time when a cheering word is more needed; it is easy to slap a man on the back and tell him he has done well when everything has gone well, but to refrain from finding fault with him when he has been unsuccessful is thrice as laudable, to encourage him ten times as valuable. Remember, then, our teams need our support in defeat as well as in victory; rest assured that every man will do his best, and even in defeat reflect credit upon the Garnet.

# Local Department.

### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

What does the Easter season mean to us? It *should* mean that we, as men of the association, should try to carry out the commands of Jesus Christ. We have a responsibility. Let us not shirk it. Of the more than 160 men in our college, only 50 are members of the Y. M. C. A., while in Williams 300 out of the 350 students are members of the association. Why this difference?

The annual election of officers was held the last Wednesday of the spring term, March 27th. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Ivan I. Felker, '02; Vice-President, George E. Ramsdell, '03; Recording Secretary, A. K. Baldwin, '03; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Kelley, '03; Treasurer, Arthur L. Dexter, '02. Only the Missionary Committee has been appointed. George A. Senter, '04, chairman; Clarence L. Jordan, '03; Ernest M. Holman, '04; and Augustine D. Ohol, '02.

We were favored the first week of this term by having Mr. Gilbert, the Secretary of the Volunteer Movement, with us for a few days. He spoke Wednesday and Thursday evenings in the interest of missions. These talks were very helpful and much enjoyed by those present.

### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The following officers and committees have been chosen for the coming year: President, Miss Richmond, '02; Vice-President, Miss Merriman, '03; Recording Secretary, Miss White, '04; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Clara Williams, '03; Treasurer, Miss Anella Wheeler, '04. Committees: Missionary, Misses Tucker, '02; Clara Williams, '03; Billings, '04. Membership, Misses Babcock, '02; Norton, '03; Frost, '04. Devotional and Bible Study, Misses Chase and Wheeler, '02; Smith, '03; Cooper and Milliken, '04. Social, Misses Kimball, '02; Donham, '03; Walker, '04; Hospital and Home, Misses Allen, '02; Freeman, '03; Turner, '04. Settlement, Misses Truell and Pettingill, '02; Green, '04. Finance, Misses Wheeler, '04; Watts, '02; Thompson, '04. Correspondence, Misses Williams, '03; Ames, '02; Cornforth, '03.

## BASE-BALL.

The base-ball season is upon us, and to say that the outlook is encouraging is putting it mildly. Coach Slattery, a graduate of Bates in '97 and captain of the team during his senior year, is very much pleased with the material at his command and has no doubts at all of turning out a winning team. The boys are showing up finely at practice and the positions are being well contested for. Stone, '03, will be found at his old position behind the bat; Towne, '03, the old stand-by, is back from teaching, and together with Allen, '03, and Bucknam, '03, and the two Freshmen, Lewis and Edgecomb, who will be given a trial, will do the pitching; for the first base there are three candidates, Lang, '02, Munro, '03, and Cole, '04; the candidates for third base are Clason, '02, and Maerz, '03, the unsuccessful one probably playing in the outfield; the remaining infield positions will be filled by Captain Deane, '02, and by Allen, '03; the candidates for the outfield are Smith, '01, Clason, '02, Bucknam, '03, Murphy, '03, Hunt, '03, Hayes, '04, and Rounds, '04.

The schedule is not yet complete, but we give below that part which is:

April 27—University of Maine at Orono.
May 8—Lewiston Athletics at Lewiston.
May 11—University of Maine at Lewiston.
May 15—Colby at Waterville.
May 25—Colby at Lewiston.
May 29—Bowdoin at Lewiston.
May 30—Tufts at Portland, A.M.
May 30—Tufts at Lewiston, P.M.
June 7—Columbia University at Lewiston.
June 14—Bowdoin at Brunswick.

Manager Wilson tried hard to arrange a game with Brown, but they refused to play us. A game will probably be played with the Lewiston New England League Team. About the middle of May the team will make a trip through Massachusetts.

Two new grand-stands, to accommodate five hundred (500) persons each, are to be built, one on each side of the diamond, and the bleachers are to be moved further up the field. So, take it all in all, Bates is assured a very prosperous season in base-ball in every way.

## ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

The tenth annual Athletic Exhibition was held at City Hall, Thursday evening, March 21st, and was in every way a great success. The large audience, in spite of the storm, shows that our athletic exhibitions are well appreciated.

The program varied from that of last year in that pyramids were substituted for the hurdle races and the dash. This proved a happy change, the substitute being greatly enjoyed by the audience. The class drills were well executed, and reflected much credit upon the participants. The prize, a shield, was awarded to the Class of 1903. The class relay race was won by 1902, and in the interscholastic race the silver cup was forfeited to the Edward Little High School through failure of Hebron to appear. The fancy club swinging by Mitchell received its share of the applause.

The basket-ball game between Bates and Hebron was very interesting, the teams being well matched. Two halves were played, a fifteen and a twenty-minute; in the first half Bates won ten points to Hebron's two, in the second half eight points to her twelve. But two fouls were called during the game. The final score was 18 to 14 in favor of Bates.

We give below the program:

| | |
|---|---|
| Selection. | Orchestra. |
| Indian-Club Drill. | Class of 1904, Briggs, leader. |
| Boxing. | Lang vs. Stuart; Hayes vs. Briggs. |
| Dumb-Bell Drill. | Class of 1903, Ramsdell, leader. |
| Fancy Club Swinging. | Mitchell. |
| Broad-Sword Drill. | Class of 1902, Harrington, leader. |
| Horizontal Bars. | Merry, leader. |
| Swedish Horse. | Moody, leader. |
| Parallel Bars. | Densmore, leader. |
| Pyramids. | |
| Class Relay Race. | Won by 1902. |
| Interscholastic Relay Race. | Forfeited to E. L. H. S. |

The basket-ball game:

BATES VS. HEBRON ACADEMY.

*Score*—Bates 18, Hebron 14.

| BATES. | HEBRON. |
|---|---|
| Clason, r. f. | r. f., Teague. |
| Jordan, r. f. | |
| Hamlin, l. f. | l. f., Richardson. |
| Ramsdell, r. b. | r. b., Bryant. |
| Clason, l. b. | l. b., Rawley. |
| Allen, l. b. | |
| Moody, c. | c., Wadsworth. |

## IN REMEMBRANCE.

ETHEL GRACE FILES.

THE heading, with its significance, so fresh in the minds of the student body, will stir the hearts of many among the younger alumni of the college, to whom this may be the first intimation of what has befallen within a few weeks. It will recall to them a sunny, thoughtful kindliness, an unflinching loyalty to the right, an unfailing happy courage, and an earnestness and purity that in the last few years have been springs of help and inspiration to many more than can be known.

Ethel Grace Files, daughter of Professor George B. Files (Bates, 1869), was born in Augusta, Maine, October 4, 1878. In 1889 the family removed to Lewiston where, in the same year, Miss Files united with the Main Street Free Baptist Church. In 1896 she graduated from the Lewiston High School, and the following fall entered Bates with the Class of 1900. During the second year of her course ill health made necessary a prolonged absence from college. But in spite of weakness and suffering, Miss Files returned to her studies in the fall of 1898, entering upon the work of the Sophomore year with the Class of 1901. After four terms, however, her increasing ill health made further attendance at college impossible.

No unmeaning phrase is used when it is said that Miss Files' record as a student was characterized by marked natural ability and steady faithfulness. Had she completed her course in college she would have graduated among the highest honors. But it was love of learning, not of rank, that kept her interest on her studies in the midst of pain and weakness.

The earnest nature that shone out in the class-room was again manifest in her work in the literary societies, where her musical ability won her high standing. At the opening of her college course, Miss Files became a member of Polymnian Society, but in her Freshman winter she gave her strength and aid to the struggling "new society," the Piærian, then organizing. Of the new society she was a charter member, and was always eager in its interests.

But it was to the college Christian Association that Miss Files gave herself most unreservedly. Recognizing the earnestness and faithfulness of her rare spirit the Y. W. C. A. claimed her for the most responsible posts in the Christian work of the college,

both on the cabinet, as Treasurer, and Vice-President, and as Northfield delegate and leader of the Personal Workers' Class, and found her true in all, and her unofficial service and her daily life were no less true.

Held by illness away from the activities of the college and the church, into the midst of her desire to live and work came the knowledge that her lingering malady had proved a fatal consumption. But not the least of her service was the tender thoughtfulness and trust of the last weeks. When the end came, Sunday morning, the twenty-fourth of March, no one could say but that her brief life had been filled with as true, and perhaps as far-reaching a service, as that for which in her unconsciousness of attainment, she had desired added years.

—MABEL E. MARR, 1900.

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**GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.**

Of all the good the year can boast,
The very best is spring, you know.
It is the best because it sows
The seeds for all the year, you know.

Of all the good that life can boast,
The very best is youth, you know.
It is the best because it plants
The deeds for all of life, you know.

So all the good the world can give
Is at its height for you and me;
Since spring is here, and youth is ours,
The world belongs to you and me.

Hamlin, '02, is teaching at Lincoln.

Hicks and Kelly of the Sophomore Class are absent teaching.

The members of 1902 were much pained to learn of the death of Miss Sadie Bangs, their former classmate.

The death of Miss Ethel Files was to a great many of the students the direct loss of a dear personal friend.

Have you noticed the anxious wrinkles on the Seniors' brows? They're thinking about what they will do next year.

Eurosophia held a town meeting on Friday, April 12th. The town turned out in full force and succeeded in transacting some important (?) business. Certain rising young politicians were in evidence.

Dr. Geer has recently been elected president of the Lewiston Y. M. C. A. We would congratulate the Association on its choice.

Travelling Secretary Gilbert recently visited Bates and spoke to the students about foreign mission work. His earnest words were impressive, and ought to cause much thought.

The Sophomore girls celebrated the close of last term by spending a pleasant evening at Miss Norton's. Some of the features were a musical and literary program, a game of progressive carroms, and a pea-nut race.

The chapel, or rather the new chapel, for certainly it can be called *new* with painted and frescoed ceiling, tinted striped walls, varnished seats and woodwork, and a new stage—is a great surprise to us all. We did not think it could be made to look so well. None can now complain that it is impossible to enter into the spirit of the exercise in the surroundings. 1902, we thank you; you could not have made a better gift to the college.

Both Eurosophia and Piæria enjoyed a departure from their regular programs at the last meeting of the spring term. In the former, Frank A. Morey, Esq., gave some very vivid word-pictures of Naples and its surroundings. He was given the closest of attention and all were reluctant to have him stop. In the latter, Professor Anthony gave a very interesting talk on his travels, tracing his course through southern Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

The Sophomore debates were held in six divisions the latter part of last term. The prizes were awarded to Miss Prince, Lothrop, Lord, Miss Merriman, Wardwell, and Miss Donham. Miss Prince, Miss Donham, Miss Jordan, Miss Norton, Lothrop, Lord, Sawyer, Elkins, Wardwell, and Beedy were chosen to take part in the Champion Debate, Monday afternoon of commencement week. They have chosen the question,—*Resolved,* That American political life is improving.

Work on the New Library Building was renewed during the first part of the vacation and is now going merrily on. As the building assumes a definite shape and its beauties begin to display themselves, we look anxiously forward to the time when we shall be able to enjoy the greatly increased value which it will give to the library, catalogued and systematically arranged as the books will be—an impossibility, crowded as the present quarters now are.

The Senior Exhibition occurred March 29th at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The parts were well written and excellently rendered. The following is the program:

| | |
|---|---|
| Music. | Mr. Demack. |
| Prayer. | Dr. Salley. |
| Music. | Aeolian Quartet. |
| Present Status of the Monroe Doctrine. | Mr. Clark. |
| Tennyson—The Representative of His Age. | Miss Dow. |
| The Need of Trade Schools in the United States. | Mr. Ellingwood. |
| Macbeth—The Man. | Miss G. B. Libby. |
| Solo. | Mr. Horne. |
| The Nineteenth Century. | Mr. Moore. |
| Substitutes for the Saloons. | Miss C. E. Libby. |
| The Cost of Progress. | Mr. Wilson. |
| The Scale of Pleasure. | Miss Neal. |
| Music. | Quartet. |
| Conscience and Law. | Mr. Rand. |
| When Knighthood Was in Flower. | Miss Towle. |
| Gladstone—The Grand Old Man. | Mr. Bachelder. |
| Individualism in Education. | Miss Noyes. |
| Music. | Quartet. |

The STUDENT has received the following communication which will be of interest to all:

"At the annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Association in New York in February a resolution was adopted indorsing the Pan-American Intercollegiate games to be held in Buffalo in the spring. These games are to be under the direction of the Committee on Sports, whose members are all college men, and will take place in the Stadium on the Exposition grounds on Friday, May 31st, and Saturday, June 1st. Following, as it does by a week, the regular Intercollegiate Meet in New York and several of the Western track meets, the Pan-American Meet is sure to draw competitors from all sections of the country. Such an opportunity for a thoroughly national meet of college athletes is rarely offered, and it is to be hoped and expected that college men generally will show the interest and give the support that the occasion demands. The meet will be conducted under the rules of the Intercollegiate Association, and all of the judges and officials will be college men of well-known reputation and experience. Handsome medals will be given to the first three men in each event, and to the two colleges scoring the highest number of points trophies will be awarded. The Committee on Sports wishes to have the colleges fully represented."

The Freshmen have chosen the questions for their Sophomore debates as follows:

Is England doing more for civilization than is Germany? Affirmative, Ross, Hayes, Day, Baldwin, Luce, Cole, Cheney. Negative, Smith, Crocker, M. W. Weymouth, Miss Hodgson, David Flanders.

Do the evil results of our war with Spain outweigh the good ones? Affirmative, Plant, Miss Lugrin, Harmon, Casey, Swan, Dunfield, Maxim. Negative, Curtis, Miss Bradford, Miss Goddard, Senter, McKusick, Miss Reynolds.

Will Queen Victoria be as great an historical character as Queen Elizabeth? Affirmative, Miss Edith Thompson, Rounds, Miss Bessie Bray, Lane, Robbins, Miss Frost, Sinclair. Negative, Misses Phillips, Russell, Wardwell, Barker, Mason, Sands.

Ought the United States to build and own the Nicaragua Canal? Affirmative, Wallace, Miss White, Miss Parker, Walker, Miss Davis, Holman, Spofford. Negative, Luckenbach, Miss Milliken, Miss Cooper, Lewis, Miss Morison, Allen, Mitchell.

Ought trusts to be prohibited by legislation? Affirmative, G. L. Weymouth, Shaw, Miss Turner, Miss Walker, Miss Preston, Dennett. Negative, Miss Emma Bray, Miss Carrow, Miss Billings, Briggs, Miss Moriarty, Miss Parlin, Miss Parkin.

Will Bismarck be a greater historical character than Cavour? Affirmative, Miss Green, Miss Wallace, Fortier, Miss Wheeler, Miss Hanson, Sweeney. Negative, Sturgis, Miss North, Miss Grace Thompson, Bryant, Miss Skinner, Gay, Edgcomb.

We would advise them to begin work early, if they have not begun it already.

## College Exchanges.

AS the exchanges collect from north, south, east, and west, from co-educational as well as from men's and women's colleges, it is but natural that the tendency to compare one magazine with another in points of literary value, originality, vitality, snap, and department excellence is very great. This comparison is likely to lead to a spirit of criticism. However often we may assume the dignity of a critic, we purpose to follow Addison's suggestions that "a true critic" ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections." For we believe that a word of encouragement does more to promote literary excellence than finding fault, and it is seldom that the principle that there is good in

everything does not apply to productions of the brain-directed pen.

It may prove interesting to those who notice educational tendencies of the present age to share with us the results of some of our observations, as we have read the various magazines from month to month. These magazines are supposed to be fair representatives of the ability and enthusiasm of the colleges; yet we must bear in mind the probability that the scholars of most ability do not form the majority of contributors.

The articles in magazines from co-educational institutions have greater breadth and depth of thought, are more exhaustive in their treatment of any subject, and are more wide-awake than articles found in monthlies from non-co-educational institutions. Poetry is not abundant; the tendency is toward articles on literature and science rather than on fiction and poetry; though some of the best fiction in plot, intensity, and nobility of thought, occurs in these magazines. Finer tastes and a better proportion of serious and light reading matter is to be found here. Shall not these statements make us wonder whether or not man's and woman's minds are complemental, and that best results are obtained from co-operation?

Boys' magazines are full of life; they contain a large proportion of fiction, which treats of love principally, but sometimes of adventure. The fiction impresses one with the idea that it was written to court public favor and attention. Their poetry is plentiful; but it is sadly lacking, oftentimes, in technical accuracy and grace. The athletic and alumni departments are always admirably kept.

The girls' magazines are characterized by carefulness and thought. No suggestion of haste ever mars. The quantity of verse does not equal that of the boys; but the quality excels in spontaneity of thought, in the delicacy of conception, and in the perfection of form. The editorials in these magazines contain most practical suggestions and the diction is refined and cultured, in marked contrast to the loose and even vulgar language so frequently used by the boys. Literary articles are generally written upon intellectual subjects.

We make these few statements for those who may be interested in college work but who have not the time to become familiar with our numerous exchanges. We regret that the material this month is below the average excellence; on account of this, we will make mention of but few magazines.

The *Miami Student* presents a good argument in "The Classics in Modern Education" for the retention of Latin and Greek in the curriculum. The classics are worth mastering; they form, as it were, the foundations of mental culture. "A Fairy Story," though very insignificant in style and thought, conceals a profitable moral. The heart and finer sensibilities of one's nature must not be overruled by head knowledge. It reminds us slightly of Tennyson's Princess. A sketch of the late ex-President Harrison, who was an alumnus of Miami University, pays him many a worthy tribute.

The *Haverfordian* discusses the psychology and philosophy of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." It is worth thinking about.

We admire those authors who have the ability to write so skilfully as to create a perceptible atmosphere in their articles. "The Lady of the Lake," in the *Mountaineer,* taks us to the picturesque lake regions of Scotland and artfully makes us feel the beauty of nature and the ardor of the lovers.

We would like to quote this trite saying for the benefit of the *Occident:* "Satire is the art of stepping on a man's toes without spoiling the polish on his shoes." We fail to see where the addition of the new department called the "Axe" will in any way benefit the magazine. Though evidently intended to create mirth and fun, those who get cut and whose shoe-polish is removed will probably not see the funny side. There seems to be a good deal of satire, and the "Axe" apparently grinds hard. Could not the desire for fun find a better channel for its superfluous energy and the expression of its wit? Misdirected genius is a great loss.

POETRY.

In the spring, with buttercups and grasses,
Come long walks and cutting classes.

—*Peabody Record.*

---

ON THE CHARLES.

You and I, love, in our light canoe
  On the river grey in the morning's mist,
'Tween the drooping willows drenched with dew,
  That sparkle and the glint where the sun hath kissed—

How the joy of life fills every vein
  As we push our frail little craft along,
For we're free, for a time, from the world and its pain,
  And our hearts give thanks in a burst of song!

But the song dies on your lips and mine,
  And we share in the hush of the river's mood;
Stillness profound—save the lisp divine
  Of bashful reeds by the soft breeze wooed.

Senses and thoughts melt into one,
  Fuse in a lyric of silent rhyme—
A gossamer thread by light fancy spun,
  With the swinging paddles keeping time.

Then, where the river loses its way
  Amongst the rushes, and stops to rest,
Lured by the sunny sky to stay
  And dream awhile on the meadow's breast,

We linger, too, you and I,
  Cheek on cheek—just to let slip
Youth's golden hours—while we try
  How sweet love is, lip on lip. —*Grose, Brunonian.*

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SPRING SONG.

Up from the South I hear a sound—
  I wonder what it is.
I bend my ear—
'Tis clear
I hear
The soda-fountain's fizz.

—*University Cynic.*

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## Our Book-Shelf.

To students and teachers of Greek any new Greek book of worth, whether grammar or beginner's book, or a reading book, is interesting. One which will be found to satisfy a very real want of teachers is Professor Gleason's "*Story of Cyrus.*"[1] It is adapted for two uses. It may be taken up as a reading book, supplementary to the beginner's book, about the middle of the first year's work and carried along with it the remainder of the year. Or, it may be used as a text-book, after the foundation year of grammar is completed, in place of the "Anabasis" which always becomes so wearisome to the teacher and pupil with its endless "ententhen exclaunei's," and its tiresome descriptions. Its text is taken from Xenophon's Cyropædia"—The Training of Cyrus. It gives in really interesting, lively style the story of Cyrus' boyhood, his boyish amusements, his Spartan training, his first military attempts, his expeditions, his victories, and his death, interspersed with anecdotes of other men and races, tales of Cyrus' friends, and descriptions of his battles. Mr. Gleason has changed and remodelled the text in many places in order to free the book from the tiresome repetition of the Greek, giving us the simple story only. Scattered through the book are pertinent illustrations on Persian subjects, which help to lodge the Persian customs in the student's mind.

The book has about two hundred pages. Eighty of them are taken up with the text. The remainder is made up of notes and vocabulary and, most welcome of all to teachers, a complete course in Greek composition.

We can hope for this little book all the success which it deserves.

[1]The Story of Cyrus. American Book Co., Boston.

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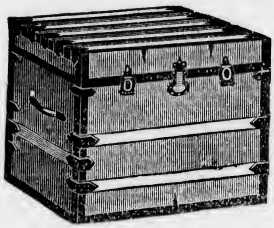
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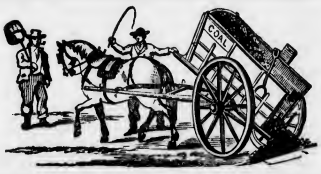
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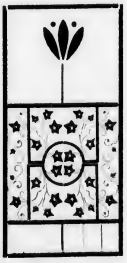
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## CONTENTS.


May-Time . . . . . 123
Deep-Sea Fishing . . . . . 124
The Tricky Automobile . . . . . 126
Indian River . . . . . 129
Myrtle's Temptation . . . . . 130

CARBONETTES:
The Result . . . . . 134
Dawn and Twilight . . . . . 136

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Alumni Day . . . . . 137
Personal . . . . . 137
In Memoriam . . . . . 139

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 141
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Intercollegiate Debate . . . . . 144
Base-Ball . . . . . 146
Y. M. C. A. Notes . . . . . 146
Y. W. C. A. Notes . . . . . 147
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 147
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 149
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 152


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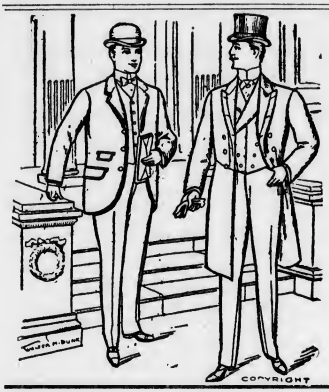
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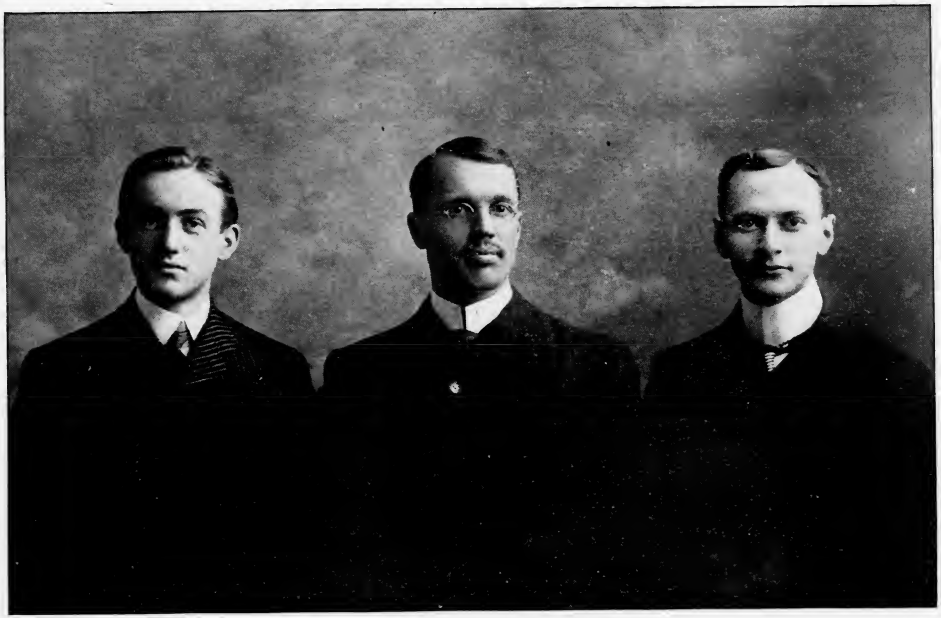
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BATES COLLEGE DEBATING TEAM.

Carrol L. Beedy. Frank P. Wagg. Leo C. Demack.

THE

# BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXIX. MAY, 1901. NO. 5.

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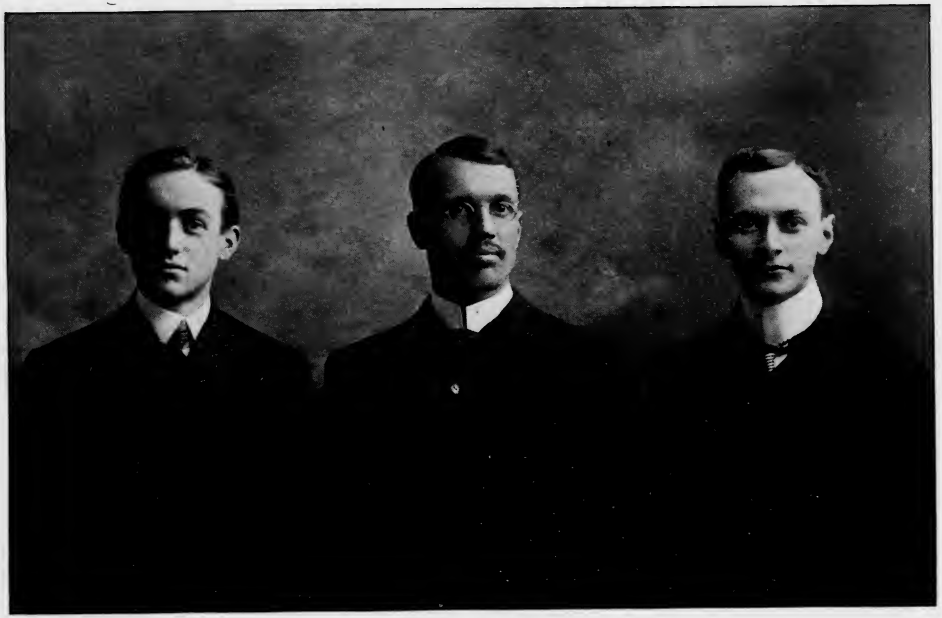
JOHN A. HUNNEWELL. ERNEST F. CLASON.

## MAY-TIME.

There is one happy time of all the year,
One time when every heart is satisfied,
One time in which it never looks ahead
To long for other seasons, other days.
When each with quiet pleasure says to each,
"That it might always be with us as now,"
Fair skies above, fresh, throbbing earth beneath,
A joyous present, full of perfect trust,
While we can think of days beyond to come
When June is here, when spring to summer slips,
And youth begins to ripen.
. . . . . .

May days so perfect are that it were sin
To look beyond or dream of future time.
'Tis then, and only then, that even Youth
Dares whisper, half afraid,—
"Yes. Perfect happiness. I wish not
For a greater. Pray Heaven! Let it linger long.
The Past—how cold beside it seems to me.
The Future—I cannot think. This is enough!"
. . . . . .

Some lives there are, I wonder did they, too,
A May-time have when everything was peace,
Was joy, was hope of summer days to come?
Ah! If they did, so long ago it was
'Tis hard to think it could have been at all.
So long ago that faintly perfumed breaths



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Of breezes blowing then ne'er reach them now.
They have forgot. All happiness is dead,
They live in cold November days of life.
. . . . . .
Thank God for days of May! They come to all,
But some they linger longer with than all.
Without them, Life would lose its Beauty, Hope,
Its highest Joy, most perfect Happiness. —1902.

## DEEP-SEA FISHING.

IT was primarily a yachting trip, planned by a company of young people in honor of the birthday of one of their number; but the three male members of the party quietly decided that their sport should lie chiefly in a little side trip, deep-sea fishing. Grace, in whose honor the excursion was made, prevailed upon the boys to let her go with them,—and go she did.

It was about the last of July. The day was warm and sultry. Hardly a breath filled the mainsail as it swung out to catch the breeze. The jib hung listlessly on its halyard. Not a sound could be heard except the constant thumping of a distant steamer as it ploughed its way from island to island, with its throng of summer pleasure-seekers.

The yacht moved along slowly with the tide, which chanced to be going out. Although the air was warm and oppressive we enjoyed looking down into the deep, green water. Now and then we floated by a bit of sea-weed, showing that we were making a little headway. The weary moments went by. The sun in all his glory, bent on making matters as comfortable for all as he could, shone forth, scattering the mists in every direction. One after the other the girls sought the solitude of the cabin; but Grace with admirable courage remained on deck.

The boat neared the tapering point of Long Island and would soon be outside where the wind might fill the limp, dejected sails. But such was not to be, for just as we entered the narrow channel the tide turned, wafting us slowly but surely homeward. The boys drew out one of the yacht's long oars and prepared to attempt to "hold their own," the captain, meantime, with one hand on the tiller calmly and thoughtfully gazing upon the effect of their exertions.

We looked across to a distant island. Down on the shore was a small, white cottage. On the piazza the man of the house was taking his ease, tilting back in an old straight-backed chair, lazily smoking his pipe. Under the trees children were playing.

Into the minds of all came the familiar words of the beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home." With renewed energy we pulled on the oar, and were soon rewarded by feeling the gentle south wind blow on our faces. The oar was drawn in and we lay down on the deck to rest. As the wind grew stronger the yacht sped along through the choppy waves, dashing the fine spray upon us; and the girls with whitened faces ventured forth from the cabin.

Soon a landing was made; girls and lunch were put ashore, and away we started in the dory—for fish. We rowed far outside the island, then anchored. Lines baited with numerous clams were thrown in, and results awaited. Two minutes passed by. Some one gave a jerk that came near upsetting the boat. The line was drawn up slowly at first, with a steady pull, then, as the excitement grew, more quickly, with short, sharp jerks. In breathless silence we saw a streak of light, struggling with all its might to get free, and the next second there landed—a sculpin, which in open-mouthed terror, lay gaping at us in the bottom of the boat.

We changed our fishing grounds, for it seemed that we had anchored over a whole family of sculpins.

Grace had the next bite of importance. She had been kept busy the greater part of the time rebaiting her hooks. At last, with one desperate effort, she threw her line far out, and was almost instantly rewarded with what she thought to be an enormous bite. She pulled with all her strength, but the line didn't come up. She tried again, and the rest of us tried—but the fish was too heavy; the captain said it was a rock and cut her cord, while she sat back to enjoy the good catch of the others.

For an hour fishing was the order of the day; but not one demurred when the captain suggested that we go ashore. Seasickness was plainly visible on every countenance. The slow rising up and up over a long swell, and then the tipping of the prow down over the top of the wave,—the slow sinking down and down is something not easily forgotten.

The catch was large. The fish were divided among the neighbors at home, who envied us not at all our trip after them.

—GB., 19—.

## THE TRICKY AUTOMOBILE.

JESSE HAWTHORNE had enjoyed "that tired feeling" for nearly three years of his college life. He had taken almost everything, from patent medicines to miscellaneous compounds of all the unpronounceable herbs found in a drug-store. One day, he even went so far as to take a five-mile spin on his wheel, and he had been known to bring in an armful of wood for his boarding mistress, that is, in the summer vacation.

In spite of medicine and exercise, the disease increased and we find him, on this particular October afternoon, lounging on his couch, indulging in his seventh short nap since morning. Presently, there is a noisy rush up the stairs, a loud thump on the door, and a shaggy head is thrust through the opening.

"All powerful Zeus! What a picture! What species of snoring phenomena is this? Ho, Jesse! Wake up! Jesse, I say—I say—my! He sleeps so much he'll wake up dead some day. I say, Jesse—Pie!!"

"Well, well, Swipes, is that you?" Jesse suddenly rises to a sitting posture and rubs his eyes.

"Ha, I knew pie would do it. Sorry I disturbed your dream, but you can fabricate the rest of it, some other time. Say, old fellow, I want to talk to you, if you haven't got to study,—er—d'-d'-don't look daggers at me that way; really I didn't mean to insult you that way."

"All right, Swipes, go ahead."

"Well, you know I am in trouble, real, serious trouble, and I want you to help me out."

"O, sure! Well, y-y-yes, that is, have I got to work hard?"

"O, no, Jesse. Your pickled energy shall remain in as perfect a state of preservation as ever, but I noticed you have a large stock of fine horse-flesh on hand, and as I am somewhat rushed in work, just now,—well, how much will you take for them all? That is, of course, if you don't want them."

"Want them! No!! It's too much work to drive the things."

"You don't mean you are going to abstain and organize an anti-translation club among the students?"

"Oh, no, never, Swipes. But, like the drunkard who swore off drinking in a measure and took a pail, I have sworn off on horses and want an automobile, and you must act automobile for me!"

"Zounds, man! I? But I—"

"Oh, yes, you can; you may have the free use of my Greek and Latin high-bloods if you will, besides regular pay."

"Well, old man, I told Satan to get behind me and he pushed me right in, that time. I'll do it. What is to be my first duty?"

"Well, there is that prize article on 'Ancient and Modern Mural Decoration.' It is due to-morrow and I haven't touched it."

"By the gates of yonder athletic field!! What am I to do?—Let me see, they used to have pictures of heroes driving Greek horses; I wonder if they could compete with you? Good-bye, Jesse," and Swipes beat a hasty retreat, closing the door just in time to escape the blow of a well-aimed sofa-pillow.

. . . . . .

The next morning Jesse walked into English recitation with the precious manuscript under his arm. Swipes had handed it to him, on his way to chapel, with a hurried whisper to read it well, because it was oratorical in the extreme. One by one, the essays were read. At last Jesse's turn came; confident that he would win, he smiled inwardly at the big "pull" he would get with the English professor; stretched himself to his full height, gazed with a commanding air around the room and began in a loud voice:

"Ye who love ancient art, permit me to remind you of a feature of modern mural decoration found in every city and town of America." Here he paused to remark the effect of his introduction, and then began to soar again, this time a little higher. "Because it is so common we do not notice it unless reminded of it, in the dead of night, by the howling and spitting of the artists themselves. Then you crawl stealthily to the window, with a boot in your hand and murder in your heart; and there on the back-yard wall are the 'mew'-ral decorations, with bushy tails and camel-backs cannonading at each other in active siege This decoration is doubly 'mew'-ral because—"

Here the professor informed Mr. Hawthorne that this was not a contest of ability in composing the burlesque. Poor Jesse, his waxen wings had melted and now he fluttered to the ground with a faint feeling at his heart and a burning sensation at his throat, vainly wishing he could feel himself "descending down, below" somewhere. The game was up and his "pull" with the English professor was down,—flat. "Ye Fates!" he muttered, "another one of Swipes' practical jokes." But he carefully checked his

temper and contented himself with a vow of vengeance on the tricky Swipes, in the near future.

Nothing was said about the "mewing" essay, and Swipes continued to furnish Jesse with creditable English articles for the rest of the term. Jesse had also employed him to write letters, "for it is so much work to run the type-writer," he said. One day, when he was thus occupied, he noticed a new photograph on the desk.

"My, Jesse, where did you get that? Isn't she a beauty?"

"Yes, it is my sister," said Jesse, from the depths of fluffy pillows on the couch. Here, at last, was the longed-for opportunity to pay up that old score on the "mewing" essay. The picture was really that of his particular young lady friend. "What a joke to get Swipes to write to her, and what a cutting reply she would make for such impudence." Thus the villain planned.

"You may write to her, if you wish, after you have finished my writing. She would like to know some of my college friends."

"I'll do it," said Swipes, and proceeded to carry out the resolution, while Jesse resorted to his favorite sport, napping.

"I say, Jesse, wake up. Where do I direct this epistle?"

"Oh, I'll back them all and mail them as I go to supper, Swipes, thanks. I won't need you to-night. No English for to-morrow."

But Swipes stepped in, after supper, to ask anxiously if Jesse forgot to mail his letter.

"Oh, no, Swipes. But you're in it, now. She isn't my sister at all, she is somebody else's sister, which is all the better, and she will just freeze you for such boldness."

Swipes shivered, buttoned his coat, turned up his collar and looked straight at Jesse, who said nothing but enjoyed an extremely self-satisfied grin.

"Goodness, man! 'To be or not to be, that is the question,' whether it is better to freeze up or, or—burn up. I'll try playing with fire, this time, anyway." With this, he seized the pen; wrote hastily a short note, begging the return of the letter unopened; snatched an old hat of Jesse's and rushed wildly from the room, down the street, in the direction of the post-office.

The next morning he received a note, saying she had opened the letter before the note came and excused the mistake. He then carefully copied the backing on the envelope and, every

week, took care that Jesse should see one or two envelopes addressed in the familiar handwriting of his beloved.

Jesse grew impatient as the days went by and he received no word from her. At last he sat down and wrote a very "frigid" letter. He felt that the affair was all over between them, and all on account of a lower-class substitute, too. After two months of bad temper and increased laziness, Swipes, one day, brought him a letter. It was from "her," saying she had been ill and could not write.

"Hang you, Swipes! I believe I'll turn you off and begin to work myself. Horses are balky, and automobiles are tricky," said Jesse, throwing himself on to the couch by way of a good beginning. "My mind has been an irregular verb of the sleepy mood and decidedly passive voice, ever since I have been in college. I guess I'll reform."

"Ha, ha, Swipes, going to give up riding altogether and go a-foot? I don't believe it."

—X. Y. Z., 1904.

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## INDIAN RIVER.

FAR within the shadows of the vast Pemigewasset wilderness, through sequestered haunts seldom trodden by man, quietly flows a stream known as Indian River. In the days of pleasant summer the atmosphere surrounding these solitudes is the most dreamy environment imaginable. The sky above the tree-boughs is a tinting of delicate blue, and a suspicion of a haze always pervades the air. Innumerable birds inhabit the forest and grey squirrels, grouse, and thousands of chirping insects live here unmolested; but the chirp of the insect, or the chatter of the squirrel is never harsh, and the bird-notes are always sung softly as if attuned to the general harmony of the place.

Indian River is a place to be felt and seen, but it is one of those beautiful scenes of nature that baffle the imagination of the poet, the brush of the artist, the sentences of the describer. No description can impart the sleepy entrancement of the region. The waters, though often deep, are clear and flow on without a ripple, unless broken, perchance, by the flap of a speckled trout, while the sun-rays, subdued a little by the foliage of the trees, play upon them in various forms and hues. There is no real sparkle, but an indescribable penetration more subtle by far and half suggestive of a quiet, lazy dream.

In places the banks are old and mossy, suggestive of the lapse of many ages. In other places the stream flows between newer

borders of pebbles and sand. Little willow stems reach out towards the water and larger willows stretch over it in confusion.

Here, says tradition, mile-striding Hiawatha, while hunting, stopped, and lying upon the ground drank from the refreshing waters; and again he sat on the river's brink, gazing meditatively into the limpid depths as he smoked the peace-pipe with the chief of the Pemigewassets. Here for six months of the year plays the smile of the Great Spirit. Here the Indian fears to linger long, lest, entranced, he shall be unable to leave this secluded Elysium of the forest. And here in perfect contentment the idealist could wait forever. Here to this day lurks the otter, and the beaver, unmolested by the hunter, builds his dam in the strong, smooth-flowing current. Here the black bear in the light of day as well as when shrouded by the welcome darkness, travels in utmost security in his migrations from mountain peak to mountain peak.

Thus quietly, smoothly, strongly, in perfect unison with all around and about it, flows Indian River; now in shadow beneath interminable branches of the spruce-trees it shapes its course, now threads its way into the quiet light amid smiling hillsides and higher hills wooded with birch, bass-wood, and poplar.

O, peaceful Indian River, remote from civilization and the walks of men; thou stream of the deep forest, river of brightest sunshine and deepest shadow! How many years hast thou glided on so mysteriously? What wast thou before the Indian came? What secrets of mystery and struggle are locked within thy imperturbable bosom?

Dreamy, happy, beautiful Indian River! —'03.

---

## MYRTLE'S TEMPTATION.

"WELL, Myrtle, what do you think of the summer boarder?" "Oh, John! He is perfectly splendid! So kind and polite, and mindful of my every wish! He has even asked me to go out driving with him."

"I am glad of it," the husband replied kindly. "Perhaps he will bring back to you in some measure the life that you left for me. I have feared lately that you were drooping. You do not seem so gay and happy as you did when you first came here. Now you will soon be my old Myrtle again."

He kissed his wife as he spoke, and her face lighted up with a tender smile.

"Dear old John," she murmured.

They had been married just a year, and during that time not a

cloud had cast its shadow across their pathway. They were living a simple, quiet life in their country home, happy in the thought that each was all in all to the other. John had, perhaps, in the press of work which came at that season, left his wife a little too much to herself, and this may account for the lack of gaiety which he noticed.

Their story was a simple one. Myrtle had come from the city to spend the summer on a farm with her uncle and aunt. In the course of the summer she met a stalwart young farmer who called quite frequently to see her uncle on business. At first, these were purely business calls, but as the days went by, he found himself calling altogether more frequently than business demanded. Hardly an evening passed when he could not be found at the home of Myrtle's uncle.

Gradually, as they became better acquainted, they became accustomed to take long walks and drives on pleasant evenings. All too quickly the summer passed and the time arrived for Myrtle to go back to her home. But what was it that made John's face so eager and animated as he saw her alone for the last time? Can we guess from her reply?

"No, John. We have known each other but a short time. I shall come again next summer and then—well, we shall see."

She did come again and this time John won from her the promise which she had refused a year before. The next spring they were married. John bought a small farm and there they lived happily for a year.

A week before the opening of our story a comparatively young man by the name of Richard Harvey, drove up to the door and said that he would like to find a boarding place for the summer. He had come to the country for his health and wanted a good place to stop, in which he could recover his strength. At first, John said that they could not board him, thinking that the work would be too hard for his wife; but she, seeing that the stranger was amply able to pay for all the trouble he might make, said that she would like to try it. So John consented.

The stranger seemed to be a man of polished manners and one who knew how to make himself agreeable. He was impressed by the beauty and grace of the young wife. "Too pretty for a farmer's wife," thought he. "If she were only single what larks we could have together."

This thought did not seem to disturb him, however, for Richard Harvey was a man who meant to have a good time at

whatever cost. He had plenty of money and spent it freely. Myrtle's manners pleased him, and he seized every opportunity to be with her. He bought many little dainties and luxuries for the household—simply for the pleasure they gave Myrtle.

After she did her housework in the afternoon, she would take her sewing and sit out under the trees in the yard. Mr. Harvey would take a book and read aloud, and thus they spent many pleasant afternoons. He was fond of driving and frequently was accompanied by Myrtle.

Myrtle, innocent girl that she was, never dreamed that their relations were other than they should have been. She seemed to feel a strange fascination for the company of this man, so different from the people with whom she came in contact daily. As for him, he called it a "summer flirtation." His mind was bent on one object—the selfish gratification of his own pleasure. He saw that they were becoming more and more intimate and merely smiled to himself. What did it matter to him so long as he was having a pleasant time?

One afternoon he said to her, "There is going to be an excellent theatre in the city to-night. Wouldn't you like to go?" Their home was only a few miles out of the city. Myrtle hesitated. She knew that John did not approve of the class of theatres that they had in the city, and she hardly liked to promise without his consent.

"I will ask my husband," she said, finally.

Before night her husband came to the house and she mentioned the matter to him. A pained look came into his face. "You know, Myrtle, that the plays which are now being given in the city are not at all elevating or instructive. But you may use your own judgment about going."

He was unable on account of his work to spend as much time with his wife as he wished, and so he did not object to her going out occasionally with Mr. Harvey.

When Myrtle told Mr. Harvey what her husband said, he urged her to go. She hesitated at first, but soon yielded.

They went that evening and arrived home at a late hour. As Myrtle had given her consent once, it was easier for her to give it again. They went several times during the summer, and Myrtle's head became completely turned.

Thus the summer passed in a continual round of gaiety.

One afternoon as they were out driving, Mr. Harvey said to

her, "Myrtle, do you realize that the summer is so nearly gone? I leave to-night on the five o'clock train."

"Oh, Mr. Harvey, must you go so soon? It will be very dull here after you go."

"Myrtle," he answered, "we have spent a very pleasant summer. I believe that you have enjoyed it as well as I. You are too pretty to spend your life away out here in the country so far from the world. Why not leave it for a gayer life? I have money enough for both. There will be no limit to our happiness."

He fixed his glittering eyes steadily upon her, and took her hand in his.

There was a power in those eyes which from the first of their acquaintance had made her obey his will. She was yielding. It was impossible for her to tear herself away from the bonds which she felt were tightening around her.

"But my husband," she faltered.

"He will take care of himself. Come, you have just time enough to return, take what you will want, and catch the train."

All her will power was gone. Like one in a dream she returned to the house, while he waited a few rods away.

She was about to step into the house when she happened to glance at the lawn beside the steps. Her husband had returned from the field for a drink of cool water, and had lain down in the shade to rest. He had fallen asleep and his hair fell in curls over his high forehead. What a manly look he had! Suddenly he opened his eyes. She stopped spell-bound. A dazed look came into her face, but a glance into his clear, blue eyes brought her back to her senses. The thought of what she was about to do came over her with all its force. The events of the whole summer came up clearly before her, and she fell sobbing upon his breast.

"Oh, John! John! How could I—could I do it! Can you ever forgive me? You are so noble—so pure and true."

"What is it, dear?" he asked. Then she sobbed out the whole story. John listened intently.

"My own Myrtle," he said as she finished, "what a narrow escape you have had! But you shall never have cause to regret the choice you have made."

And she never did regret it. She found that true happiness did not consist in riches and gaiety alone. She became a woman of stronger character, and never ceased to feel proud of the noble husband who had forgiven her so freely.

—C. E. H., '03.




### THE RESULT.

"Brom," the fellows called him. Short for Abram, you see, but he was used to answering to almost anything,—"Brommie," "Brownie," it made no difference. In fact not anything made any appreciable difference now-a-days. Life had opened so differently. A father in comfortable circumstances had given him a collegiate course and he would have been a Cornell man, '96, only he did not go his fourth year; the exact reason is seldom spoken of, but two years abroad more than compensated for the loss of his sheepskin. This indeed would have been of little benefit to him when his father put him upon his own resources for an income and he allied himself with a great chemical laboratory outside of New York. This was not the cause, but the loss of his mother darkened his horizon; when the light of the mother-love died the light went out of his life. To be sure, outward things were just the same,—the new club-house as beautiful, the fellows as jovial, his work as agreeable—he must fight it out by himself, and fight he did.

The Germans say that Kriegesgötten decides the victory of a battle. In this battle of inward strife a Liebesgöttin winged her way from Heaven on a heavenly mission bent. If the battle is not always to the strong, neither is it always that this holy messenger comes to a battle-field. Although she was a veritable goddess Brom said nothing. A year went on. If they would they might have read the sweet secret in the changed manner, in the deeper, quieter personality of their former mischief leader. There is a blindness not born of love.

All sat around the breakfast table one dull Sunday morning, each intent on the morning paper. There was nothing exciting in the way of news, nothing interesting in the world in general just

then. The mantle of fog and rain took away the brightness. As they were mentally asking themselves how the day could be worn away, Brom abruptly broke the silence by asking who was going to morning service. No one seemed intent on that purpose; one or two ventured to excuse themselves because of the inclement weather. In the old academy days Brom used to be a leader, and it occurred to him that there was no reason why he should not now exert his power. Determination usually wins. A rainy morning in one's room is not very cheerful, to say the least, and at last five fellows decided to accompany Brom.

But where was he going? Brom, fastidious, particular to the extreme, fond of the best music, why was he taking them to the lower part of the city by the water, to a small but newly built chapel?

The service proved to be good, the English service always is. It was in better taste not to remark upon the music, still the earnest, brief sermon compensated, in a degree, for what the choir boys lacked. Each Sunday the same thing took place until it grew to be quite the thing for certain ones to attend Sunday service at the chapel, and the number was sometimes increased by those whose curiosity or lack of other means of passing away the time, led them to go also. The service was the same each morning. At a certain time the small silver plate was passed from pew to pew, so often unheeded. But when it came to where Brom was sitting, he had a way of dropping in a tightly rolled bill with a perfectly unconscious air which made the others feel uncomfortable about their nickels and dimes. Example is always powerful, and somehow it was not long before other bills made their way beside Brom's into the little silver plate, and the choir boy's face would light up as he came to that pew, and his hesitating air left him when he reached out the plate to that crowd of young fellows.

It was not long before it was remarked at Sunday dinner at the club that the choir had improved almost beyond past recognition. Brom smiled to himself. Almost any choir would improve under an efficient salaried leader, and he, for one, noted that the preacher's face was more peaceful, his brow had lost its wrinkles, and his countenance its tired expression. Flowers bloomed at the altar at every service now, and somehow as Brom sat in his seat on a Sunday morning his soul grew quiet, he knew the storm had passed over it and there remained the peace which always follows.

But somehow the fellows were still blind when on a May morning they opened a small, square envelope by the plate and

learned for the first time of the Liebesgöttin who had lived in Brom's heart for these two years. They heaped good wishes upon him, they entertained him as only the occasion demanded, and finally enjoyed his customary stag party a few nights before the ceremony and never thought to connect with the cause of all this merriment the changes in the little chapel by the river, never thought that the result of the Liebesgöttin's victory over a heart could be found in a little, unpretentious chapel and that there could be found not only the result of the new and joyous Liebesgöttin, but also an undying memorial to the mutterherz, the first a growth, a result of the second. —L. —. —., '02.

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## DAWN AND TWILIGHT.

"And what is so fair as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

The fragrance of roses fills the air; the mists of the morning vanish. The clouds are fleecy white against the background of blue. In a few moments the eastern sky takes on a faint tinge of yellow. Slowly the yellow changes to a soft pink, then a sudden flush of rosy red sweeps from the horizon to the zenith and the sun rises in glory over the hill-tops, and entering upon its day's journey seems to breathe a morning blessing upon the world below. All is quiet Even the birds which have long since ceased their wakening twitterings are silent. A hush rests upon mountain and valley. Then suddenly, as if waking from a trance, the birds burst forth with their morning songs as if they would send their whole souls up in a carol to their Maker. The farm-houses below show signs of life. The day has begun.

. . . . . .

Then comes the time

"Between the dark and the daylight
When the night is beginning to lower."

The world seems held in a deep hush, silence which can be felt, and so sweetly felt after the noisy activity of the day. One by one the birds cease their singing, and with sleepy twitter they seek the leafy branches. The lazy droning of the bees is hushed. Silently the tiny petals close, and even the flowers have gone to sleep. The merry voices of the happy children have grown tired, and they, like the bird, the bee, and the flower, are still. Only a twinkling, as it were; the quiet is profound, for the *night* has a thousand voices. The stars have dotted the heavens. From a

meadow marsh comes the peep of the frog. An answer! Then the whole chorus is awake. The whip-poor-will calls from the woods, and from the distance comes a faint reply. The night-hawk soaring above adds his note, and the owl sends forth his ominous to-whit-to-whoo! The cricket and the katydid chirp and sing from field and hillside. The low wind moans and sighs and the trees wave their mighty branches to and fro as if to say, "Be silent, ye children of the night." Again comes the intense hush just before the dawn.

—A. T., '02.

## Alumni Round-Table.

### ALUMNI DAY.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26th.

Great preparations are being made to make Alumni Day a real success. More classes than usual are planning reunions in the forenoon. Captain O. B. Clason, '77, is already boasting of the base-ball victory which his team of the seventies is to win from the team of the eighties, managed by I. N. Cox, '89.

The regular game between the college team and the younger alumni promises to be an interesting one.

Several athletic contests for alumni are slated to occur.

Probably lunch will be served on the campus for alumni.

In the evening a special celebration will take the place of the usual alumni exercises. Probably there will be a dinner with no set speeches, but lots of college stories and much college music.

### PERSONAL.

'70.—Professor L. G. Jordan delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on the "Physiological Effects of Alcohol," at the Free Baptist Church in Sabattus, Sunday evening, May 12th.

'79.—"A New Gradatim," with materials for prose composition, has recently been edited by M. C. Smart, A.M., Principal of the Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H. It is published by Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. in the Students' Series of Latin Classics, and appears to be a very excellent and helpful work.

'79.—W. E. Ranger, State Superintendent of Education, Vermont, is preparing a series of pamphlets on "Educational Information," which are to be distributed among the teachers and school

officers throughout the State. The first of these circulars has just been issued and contains many very interesting suggestions in regard to "Nature Study" and the various "Improvements of the School-Homes."

'83.—William Watters, M.D., of Lynn, Mass., has just published, in the *Daily Evening Item* of that city, a very entertaining article concerning his recent visit to Mount Vesuvius. In this he very graphically portrays the various incidents of his journey from Naples to the crater of Vesuvius, outlining for us the many difficulties of such an undertaking, and spreading before us some of the many beautiful landscapes which can be observed by the traveller at various points along his route.

'86.—F. W. Sandford, who is at the head of "The Holy Ghost and Us" school in Durham, held a series of revival meetings in Lewiston during the latter part of April. This was the completion of his so-called evangelization of Maine; and now he intends to send out his workers through the other states and countries until his gospel has been carried to all the different parts of the world, and everyone has had the opportunity of accepting his religion.

'97.—Rev. Mabel C. Andrews, who graduates from Cobb Divinity School this month, preached in the Free Baptist Church at Sabattus, Sunday morning, May 12th.

'97.—J. H. Slattery, who is practicing law in Auburn, is doing fine work in coaching our base-ball team. Judging from the work that the boys are now doing, we expect to have a successful season this year.

'99.—F. E. Pomeroy is to deliver a lecture on the "Nutrition in Plants," at the Chautauqua Assembly at Ocean Park next summer.

'99.—T. A. Roberts, who is principal of the High School in Madison, spent a few days at the college recently.

1900.—F. H. Miller is studying law with his father in Camden, Me.

1900.—Ferris Summerbell has recently started on an expedition to Klondike.

1900.—W. A. Robbins, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Gardiner, preached a very interesting sermon at the Free Baptist Church in Auburn Sunday morning, April 28th.

1900.—R. D. Purinton is studying the art of manufacturing paper at the Lisbon Falls Paper Mills.

## IN MEMORIAM.

PERLEY C. ELDER.

As we left college a year ago, 1900 would have said, "He is what the world needs and will hold." For we knew his spirit and judged that his body was as well fitted to ride life's storms. Had not all the strength and love in every member of two generations of two names been given him? The Pilot had allowed many families to train but one competitor; and we did not feel that when first he dipped his oar in the stream he would be called to cross that other river.

Manifestly it was the divine plan. Earthly wisdom would have held him because he had faith in the world and wished it well. A buoyant and hopeful nature saw content here and a measure of honesty in its people. But why should his spirit betray unrest—it had ever been taught peace. His whole life had been spent in a very realm of Love where every affection labored for him. If, then, Fate had given him such boons should he not go steadily on, developing himself into just what seemed planned for him? An unsatisfied soul might narrowly say that his ambitions were not so spurring as some spirits feel. Ah—characterize it otherwise.

> "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
> Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

His soul bade him not wander afar from his loved ones, to ever spend himself for a selfish uplift; from childhood his spirit urged him to make their road smoother and happier. Therein is nobility. To fill the place where we have been stationed,—is it not as worthy, more demanding of steadfastness, than to be ever seeking to groove a road in a new resistant matter?

Few had met him intimately; probably no one, even in 1900, may say he *knew* him. He had no sympathy to seek; his relations in the home were so strong and tender, the understanding between mother and son so clear and sweet, that every plan had two minds in its solving; every pain, small or great, had its sting bathed in the mother's tears. We can't know such a fellow; he does not show us his nature—it is closed to all but one who satisfies. But a bit of the overflow of love dropped into the hearts of a few; and we felt that his regard would never waver and that the hand of fellowship given us would never be withdrawn to be

placed in the palm of some new acquaintance. We were certain that whatever the place, whenever the moment, under whatever circumstances, approaching our friend we would be greeted with the same sunny smile, and that the bonds of friendship would be drawn the closer by some happy greeting.

The relation of the actual events of a friend's life give little peace; and pardon will be granted for the omission of the comfortless task of numbering his successes. In death we love to think of the spirit of the life. And as we think of the ways in which his nature was manifest we remember his loyalty and pride in the college which helped him. Here, as always, when honest regard was extended to him, it was never turned away, but was met with a spirit as true as that in which it was given.

And now what his last days revealed let each of us personally judge. On Sunday for hours he struggled with the Destroyer. Although his life had been spent as it had—in which everything was known to the mother—as he came to the river there was darkness. And he would not leap, he would not. He came back, and that evening some Power showed him where heaven begins, and when again he came to the stream on Wednesday, he found that the waters had rolled away and that earthly life and heavenly eternity are continuous. God was before and behind him, and though he knew he wanted to go, he felt that could he stay, heaven would have begun the same.

—F. H. STINCHFIELD, 1900.

# Around the Editors' Table.

WE see all about us to-day the tendency toward and ambition to amuse and entertain rather than to inspire and instruct. This is evident in common conversation of literature, art, or music. It is an ambition which is going to make American young men and women witty and entertaining on "small talk," excellent critics on the newest book or the last opera. But it is not going to make deep and original thinkers of them; men and women who can help toward settling some of the knotty problems of our life.

How does this apply to our college life? In just this way. Most of the students here are serious-minded, more or less thoughtful men and women, who are at college to get all they can out of it, who have high ideals and deep convictions. But does our conversation in every-day contact with one another show it? We strive to be "jolly" and entertaining at the expense of showing our true selves. We lean, in our social life, toward the popular trend of entertainment first and instruction afterward. Of course light, witty talk has its place, but it ought not to be indulged in to the exclusion of all interchange of noble ideals and convictions which play so important a part in the broadening of a life; to the cultivation of the idea that to be a witty and a bright conversationalist on any subject that comes along is all one needs to be accepted in any circle.

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A COMMON and frequent criticism passed by uninterested yet observant people on college students is that their language lacks refinement. Considering the educational privileges and advantages which we enjoy, this condition, apparently chronic, is a great mystery to them. If we are frank with ourselves we must admit that their criticism is true. If you doubt it, watch closely your own conversation for a few hours, and determine what per cent. is choice diction or even good language, and what per cent. is slang. You will find the result astounding. The trouble is that we are thoughtless; but is not the aim of an education to train the mind to think? Are we willing to admit that we have time to reason out a problem in sociology or ethics and that we have no time to take heed to purify our speech? "These things ought not so to be." Enjoying as we do the opportunity to read the "best that has been thought and said in the

world," we should be constantly increasing our vocabulary; now adding a homely, forceful Anglo-Saxon word, and now a Latin word, with its depth and nicety of significance. If we are so disposed, we can find refined language as expressive as slang. Let us start now, and gain a purchase on our conquest of a subtle habit.

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WE are glad to notice an attempt, on the part of some of the students, to arouse a more vigorous college spirit. Certainly we have need of more vigor, for we have allowed ourselves in the past to lose some of our enthusiasm. We have, perhaps, felt no less glad at every victory in foot-ball or base-ball, but we have not allowed ourselves to express our pleasure and appreciation. Success has come to us often, and it may be that we have come to accept it almost as a matter of course. Or from various other reasons many students fail to show that spirit and enthusiasm which is so essential to the true college life.

By this college spirit we do not mean simply the making of a great noise after every victory on the ball field. It is something more than this. Certainly it is the right thing to celebrate in the proper way, and indeed perhaps this is one of the best ways of showing our appreciation to those who have won the victory for us. But there is something beyond this. We have need of that spirit that can accept a defeat with the courage which only makes us more determined to win the next time. Many a battle has been won through sheer courage. And it depends on every student in college with what courage our teams go on the field. The men who represent us on the diamond and in debate can do their best only when they feel that the student body are supporting them whether they win or lose. For every victory let us crown the victors, and for every defeat let us extend the hand of encouragement and good cheer. Such a spirit helps both the one who receives and the one who gives.

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THE summer term is a time when most of us find that twenty-four hours is not time enough to do all we have to do, and when we are constantly getting behind in our work and do not see how we shall ever get caught up again. In nine cases out of ten, if we stop to think, we shall find that the accumulation of work is due to procrastination. We are not given more work than we can do if we manage rightly.

That "procrastination is the thief of time" is a truth that needs

no impressing upon us—we have learned its truth from experience. But still we put off. Can we never learn from experience? We are forming a habit that will last with us through life and cause us many inconveniences. Is it not better to reform now before these inconveniences come than to wait until we are compelled to?

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SOMETIMES we feel that the college needs one thing, sometimes another, and occasionally, when we are especially proud, we think it is nearly perfect. Yet there are some things that it *always* needs more of.

It does not lack loyal students, nor the greatest good-will among them. It does and always will need more earnestness, for the most earnest and faithful student of us all fails often in many things. It needs more loyalty to society work. It needs more the spirit of charity for each other's shortcomings, for sometimes they are very plain to see. It needs more real friendship and sympathy, since college life brings trials enough to all of us. It needs more enthusiastic religious life: Christian Associations, class prayer-meetings, Bible study, reverence at chapel—all these can hardly have too much attention.

Our college stands for us, since we are what it is made up of. If each one of us lives up to his best, it will continue to be a noble college.

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AT this time we intend to call the attention of our students to the Press Club, which has done such efficient service in the past. Now, however, the interest in this work seems to have disappeared; and few, if any, of the members are still reporting for the various papers. We know that, if the students were willing to spend a little time each day in writing up the college items, it would prove to be a great drill for them which would be esepecially helpful to those who intend to take up journalism in the future. Then, too, it would also benefit the college to have its news brought before the people in this way, since it would make them better acquainted with the valuable work which is being carried on here. Again, if the students do not individually care for these papers, we are sure that they would make a most acceptable addition to our reading-room, and do much toward bringing it up to its proper standard. Let us see if we cannot awaken a greater interest in such work, so that none of the opportunities of our course shall be neglected.

# Local Department.

## INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

The sixth annual debate between Bates and Colby took place at City Hall, Lewiston, Thursday evening, May 9th. The debate had been postponed from April 26th, and at one time it looked as though no debate would occur, but greatly to the satisfaction of all, arrangements were at length made to have it occur. The audience was large and the speakers of both sides were generously applauded as they stepped to the front, and again on retiring. The enthusiasm was marked and the closest attention was given. Music was furnished by Gifford's Orchestra.

Following is the program:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

DISCUSSION.

*Resolved,* That the permanent retention of the Philippines by the United States is desirable.

| Affirmative—Colby. | Negative—Bates. |
|---|---|
| Cecil Maurice Daggett, | Leo Charles Demack, |
| Arthur Davenport Cox, | Frank Perley Wagg, |
| Robert Atherton Bakeman. | Carrol Linwood Beedy. |

MUSIC.

Chairman, Hon. G. W. Furbush; Time-keeper, Hon. J. S. P. H. Wilson.

Committee of Award—Hon. Herbert M. Heath of Augusta; Mr. Henry B. Huntington of Harvard University; John H. Bartlett, Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H.

The Colby men had a good delivery and their arguments were well connected. But Colby erred in her interpretation of the question and thereby lost the debate. She argued as to the right of the United States to permanently possess the Philippines, whereas Bates got down to business and to the question when she discussed the desirability of this. The arguments of Bates were extremely logical and followed one another without a break in continuity; they were delivered with an earnestness and conviction that carried weight. Bates was especially strong in rebuttal, her work in this respect being her best for years. The decision of the judges was given by Hon. Herbert M. Heath of Augusta, and was unanimous. To say that the decision was greeted with enthusiasm is well within the truth.

The following is an abstract of the negative:

The first speaker on the negative, Leo C. Demack, 1901, opened by stating that the three important words of the question were—retention,

permanent, and desirable. He said that it was as absurd now to prescribe irrevocable conditions for coming generations as it would have been a thousand years ago. It was the task of the first speaker to show that permanent retention of the islands by the United States would be undesirable to the Filipinos. This he did by showing that the Filipinos and Japanese are of the same stock. He closed by advancing as a remedy, temporary for permanent retention, and by showing the advantages of this.

The second speaker for the negative, Frank P. Wagg, 1901, opened with a few words of telling rebuttal. His task was to prove that permanent retention was undesirable from a business point of view. He arranged the benefits and injuries as assets and liabilities. Among the assets he placed the natural resources of the islands, and showed that our appropriation of these was wrong from both a moral and a business standpoint. From a business standpoint because of competition. He admitted the soundness of an increased Asiatic commerce, a commercial base, and a naval station, as assets, but took issue with the method of obtaining them. Among the liabilities, he placed a navy to protect our distant colonies; an army to keep them in subjection; a permanent pension appropriation subject to indefinite increase; the loss to American commerce in the future because of the building of cotton mills, tool factories, steel foundries, etc., in the Philippines; the neglect of our commercial interests and markets at home; the permanent injury to American industries; and the injury to American labor. The account does not balance.

C. Linwood Beedy, 1903, was the last speaker. He spoke for five minutes in rebuttal, and as he proceeded point after point of the affirmative fell before his attacks. He was repeatedly interrupted by applause, although this was a thing forbidden. His task was to prove that permanent retention was undesirable morally and politically. He said that Congress may acquire territory only with a view to future statehood. "I will admit that the Filipinos are fit to govern themselves, but I will not say that they are fit to come over here and govern us." He said that permanent retention establishes one code of morals there and another here. "We deny Brigham Roberts a seat in Congress because he has three wives, and yet sign a treaty in the Philippines taking into the employ of our government, at a salary of $250 a month, the slave-holding Sultan of Sulu, with three hundred wives."

He asked how we could expect to teach the Filipinos self-government when we do not enforce our own laws, when we are not teaching the disfranchised negro self-government. He spoke of the evils of a standing army and denied that the United States had not been a world power for a hundred years. He denied the strategic value of the Philippines, and maintained that their permanent retention would invalidate the Monroe Doctrine and destroy our influence with other nations.

He closed by a very terse and pointed review of the main points of the negative and with the presentation of the remedy, the substitution of the word Temporary for the word Permanent.

## BASE-BALL.

The base-ball season opened at Orono, April 27th, when Bates was defeated by the University of Maine. Bates had had very little outdoor practice, and her defeat was undoubtedly due to this.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| University of Maine | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —7 |
| Bates | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | —4 |

Runs made—by Holmes, Carr, Chase, Whitney, Bachelder 2, Ross, Smith 2, Deane, Munro. Hits—Bates 10, U. of M. 7. Two-base-hits—Smith, Bucknam 2, Clason, Carr. Double plays—U. of M. 2. Base on balls—by Webber 5, by Allen 4, by Towne 1. Struck out—by Webber 7, by Allen 1, by Towne 4. Errors—Bates 5, U. of M. 1. Batteries—Allen, Towne, and Cole; Webber and Chase.

A series of three games have been played with the Lewiston League Team, the outcome of which is very gratifying and shows that our team has improved much since the University of Maine game. Bates won the first by a score of 12 to 3; lost the second by a score of 3 to 5; and won the last by a score of 13 to 7.

The game scheduled for May 11th with University of Maine, at Lewiston, was postponed on account of rain.

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## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The regular meetings of the past month have been well attended and helpful. There have been a few special features which it might be well to mention. The last meeting in April was devoted to Missions. At this meeting Professor Purinton gave a short but very interesting talk on our relation and responsibility to our brothers in India.

F. Boyd Edwards visited our association the fourth and fifth of May. He spoke at the regular Sunday morning meeting and at a special meeting of the two associations in the afternoon. These were two very strong and practical talks and left a deep impression on those who heard them.

A list of the committees of the Y. M. C. A. can now be given in full. They are as follows: Bible Study, Childs, '02, chairman; Keyes, '03, Mitchell, '04. Membership, Kelley, '03, chairman; Lord, '03, Rounds. Missionary, Senter, '04, chairman; Jordan, '03, Holman, '04, Ohol, '02. Religious Meetings, Ramsdell, '03, chairman; Smith, '04, Sanderson, '03. Intercollegiate Relations, Holman, '02, chairman; Stebbens, '03, Dunfield, '04. Finance, Dexter, '02, chairman; Bragg, '02, Bryant, '03. Work for New Students, Felker, '02, chairman; Ramsdell, '03, Merry, '02, Holman '02, Dunfield, '04. Hand-Book, Lodge, '02, chairman; Stebbens, '03, McCleary, '02, Rounds, '04. Information Bureau,

Sanderson, '03, chairman; Harrington, '02, Keyes, '03, McLean, '02, Mitchell, '04. Reception, Blake, '02, chairman; Luce '04, Bragg, '02, Kelley, '03, Merry, '02. Train, McLean, '02, chairman; Blake, '02, Harrington, '02, McCleary, '02, Senter, '04. Visiting, Baldwin, '03, chairman; Childs, '02, Felker, '02, Ramsdell, '03, Holman, '02, Holman, '04. Northfield, Jordan, '01, chairman; Wilson, '01, Ellingwood, '01, Bragg, 01.

—F. I. I., '02.

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### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

This has been a good month for the Y. W. C. A. Miss Crane, the travelling secretary of the student department, was with us one week from Tuesday till Friday. She is a steady worker. She spoke every evening either to the union meeting or to the girls. At other times she met the different committees and consulted with and advised them. It was well to be compared with other like societies. She encouraged us with words of praise for present methods and gave us new ideas for work. She left with us also pleasant memories of a personal friend to each and of a noble Christian womanhood.

The new officers and committees are getting used to their work. The meetings, too, are well attended.

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### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

1902 is delighted to welcome Donnocker back again.

Park, 1902, is acting as correspondent for the *Kennebec Journal.*

Some of the Seniors went on a May-flowering expedition, May 3d.

Did you go to the fire? It was a strong temptation to cut recitations.

Professor Clark has been giving a course of lectures on Meteorology.

1902 is sorry that Roys is obliged to leave college temporarily, through ill health.

The many college friends of Mr. Perley C. Elder, Bates, 1900, will feel his loss deeply.

Another term nearly over and Ivy Day, examinations, and Commencement approaching! Are you ready?

We have been waiting a long time for the Library to get done; but we think our anticipations will be fully realized.

Mr. Harry Myers, Secretary of the Free Baptist Young People's Societies, conducted chapel exercises recently.

We were glad to have present at chapel, May 10th, John H. Bartlett, Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H., one of the judges in the debate.

Aren't there more engagements and weddings than usual among the alumni this year? What a fine way to begin the new century!

The Juniors have learned of two new acids—"hydric" and "nitrochloric." But they have not succeeded in finding them in the laboratory.

The good wishes of the whole college go with Bachelder and Wagg, 1900, for their work in the Philippines. We feel confident that they will succeed.

Keep in mind June 6th, when a musical and strawberry festival will be given to the students in a unique manner and in a new place. Keep that date open.

Many of the students attended the lecture by Dean Briggs of Harvard at City Hall, May 6th. The Professors kindly made it possible for us to go by shortening our lessons for Tuesday.

Some of the students are enjoying the delights of teaching this term—among them Misses Leggett, Richmond, and Russell, '02, H. A. Brown and Kelley, Misses Cornforth and Sharp, '03, and Miss Billings, '04.

W. F. Garcelon, Bates, '90, was in town April 19th and gave the boys some good advice on track athletics and instilled into them some of his limitless enthusiasm. There is a good number of men out almost every day.

The foot-ball outlook for next fall is very encouraging. The team suffers but few losses, for which there will be numerous candidates. Mr. Hoag, whose work is already well known to Bates, will coach the team. Games have been arranged with Harvard and Yale.

Unusual interest has been shown in Ornithology this spring, and no doubt all who have risen early enough have become very wise in bird lore. One morning thirty bird hunters were out, and another morning, forty-nine. Surely no part of the college work is pleasanter than bird study.

After the society meetings, May 10th, Piæria invited Polymnia and Eurosophia to join her in an informal reception to our cham-

pion debaters. Refreshments were served in the Y. M. C. A. Room. Bouquets were presented to the champions, Roberts, '01, making the presentation speech. Beedy responded. Then followed nine 'rahs for each debater, college and class yells. It was a pleasant occasion, and we hope that we showed the debaters our appreciation of their faithful work and their great success.

Eurosophia has elected her officers and committees for the coming year as follows: President, Childs, '02; Vice-President, Lothrop, '03; Secretary, Miss Russell, '04; Assistant Secretary, Miss Hodgson, '04; Treasurer, Bryant, '04; Librarian, Holman, '04; Executive Committee, Hunnewell, '02, Ramsdell, '03, Miss Sands, '04; Musical Committee, Donnocker, '02, Miss Norton, '03, Wallace, '04; Decorating Committee, Miss Babcock, '02, Ohol, '02, Miss Clark, '03, Miss Billings, '04, Holman, '04.

The Divinity School celebrated its sixty-first anniversary, beginning Sunday, May 11th, with the anniversary sermon by Rev. Edwin Crowell of Yarmouth, N. S. Monday evening Rev. John M. Lowden of Olneyville, R. I., addressed the Y. M. C. A. Tuesday and Wednesday came the public examinations; Wednesday afternoon, the graduating exercises and address before the Alumni Association by Rev. Hibbert Lockhart of Chelsea, Mass. The reception to the graduating class and the alumni was given Wednesday evening, at the house of Professor Anthony. This is the list of graduates: Divinity School, Mabel Caroline Andrews, Wilmot Flat, N. H.; Samuel Holden, Fall River, Mass.; Thomas Harmon Scammon, Madison, N. H. Biblical Training School, Joel Phinney Barrett, West Farmington; George H. Grey, Burnham; Abram Elkanah Saunders, Peticodiac, N. B.

## College Exchanges.

IT is human nature to enjoy diverging from stern routine occasionally, and so we beg leave to comment on articles in the *Education,* a monthly magazine whose title will give you a key to its contents. We suggest that if favored with a leisure moment, you drop into the library and read it. It presents great thoughts of great minds on vital educational problems of the day. "The Doctrine of Election" is a scholarly article on the danger of uniformity and the need of elasticity "in the choice of books, in courses of study, and in general arrangements of the school sys-

tem." It affords excellent advice to those who contemplate teaching. "The Voice—A Revealer," is a keen, pithy exposition of the fact that one's voice is as correct an index to one's character as one's face or actions. "Lessons From a Beautiful Life" reveal Blanche Fearing as "a lawyer, a poet, and a woman." Our hearts are hushed into silent adoration as we read of her powers of intellect and heart, of her charms, and of her loveliness. Bessie Putnam says "her brief life was an embodiment of her words:"

> "Let our chiefest mission be
> To make ourselves the noblest that we may;
> And second, to ennoble other men;
> Because the great Christ-passion to redeem
> Burns in our hearts; and life is but half lived
> Unless we feel that men have touched our robes,
> And virtue has gone out from us."

The *Red and Blue,* from University of Pennsylvania, is the Relay Carnival Number. There is so much spirit and enthusiasm in the accounts of their notable successes, won by pluck and hard work, that the reader's blood waxes warmer, and we can but wish them success as they enter their candidates in the Mott-Haven games, in which Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania will vie for the laurels. The Sketch Book and poetry in this issue are very commendable.

College men have a great tendency to write on theoretical subjects and matters of mere speculation, where their trained intellects and vivid imaginations can build and people Utopias at their will. The *Doane Owl* from Nebraska gives us a pleasant change in two practical and common-sense talks; one on "Birds," and the other on "Slang." The latter article advises that an attempt be made to eradicate the slang habit among educated people; while a Senior Essay in the *Arms Student* from Massachusetts sanctions a moderate use of slang. Though easterners, shall we not adopt the western sentiment. The new editors of the *Doane Owl* are to be congratulated for the interesting articles in their first issue.

The *New Collegian* from Hillsdale, though a small paper and largely devoted to items of local interest, always contains at least one carefully written and thoughtful article. This month it is a prize oration entitled "The Future of the Anglo-Saxon." We would suggest that contributions of poetry and fiction would do much to make this magazine more attractive.

So many interests claim the attention of the reading public in the present age that we have developed a taste for knowledge in a nutshell: concise, clear, and definite. "A Respiration Calorimeter"

in the *Tiltonian* meets this demand in a very satisfactory way and shows us the construction, accuracy, and nicety of this new scientific mechanism.

We are glad to welcome to our table *Laselle Leaves.* To be sure it contains no literary work of merit, but its pages are so full of pleasant local reminiscences, and girls' pranks told in verse, and what might be termed cultured fun, that it is interesting even to a stranger. Would that many other institutions could take a righteous pride in the extent of their influence as can Laselle. She is represented in Boston, Georgia, South Carolina, India, Turkey, Germany, and Spain, not by the personal efficiency of her alumnæ, but by her financial support of educational and philanthropic institutions.

## Poetry.

### Say It.

If another's efforts please you, say it;
Silence does not make it understood.
We can make another's work much lighter,
We can make the day for others brighter,
By our approbation, if we would
Say it.

If, for favors, you are grateful, say it;
Do not let the loving giver go,
Thinking you have no consideration,
Thinking that you lack appreciation
For the gifts his love and thought bestow.
Say it.

If you have a friend and love him, say it;
Do not wait and praise him when he's dead.
Many a loyal heart is weary, waiting,
Many a lonely heart is longing, aching,
For the word of love we might have said.
Say it.

—*The Buff and Blue.*

---

### The Quail.

[Prize Poem.]

Down in the swale I hear him call,
Down in the swale, 'mid the grasses tall,
Where cat-tails are growing,
And mallows are blowing,
And shy summer asters their pale flowers are showing,
He's piping his clear "Bob White! Bob White!"

For whom, shy bird, do you vainly sigh?
For whom, I wonder, your eager cry
With tenderness freighted
And longing unsated,
O tell me, wee Blondel, for whom have you waited
To answer your lone "Bob White, Bob White?"

All the long day his pipe sounds clear,
All the long day, now far, now near
As plaintively singing,

Wild, limpid notes flinging,
Afloat on the breezes with echoes a-ringing.
He whistles his sweet "Bob White, Bob White!"

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

---

"He laugheth best who laugheth last,"
Is a truth that none gainsay;
But he *smileth* best who smileth *first,*
For the last man has to pay.

—*Southern Collegian.*

---

CELLO AND I.

I went to call the other night
And, as she wished, I took my 'cello;
Her mother liked to hear me play,
So in the room she had to stay;
I played till ten, then came away—
Nothing doing.

I then bethought me of a plan
How, when I went the week ensuing,
There might, perchance,—Oh! crafty man—
Be something doing.

I went again, this time supplied
With a trusty pen-knife by my side.
Then just as I began to play,
She chanced to turn her head away,
I cut the string—
Snap! "That's too bad,
It was the only A I had."
And so that night I couldn't play,
And mother didn't care to stay—
Plenty doing.

—*Brunonian.*

---

## Our Book-Shelf.

To insure that a book be read, and be read with pleasure and appreciation, it need only to have the magic name "Elizabeth Stuart Phelps" printed on its cover. Its success is immediately assured. Her latest story, somewhat of a departure from her other work, is called *The Successors of Mary the First*[1]. It is doubtless already familiar to a number of readers, as it appeared as a serial in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* It is a satire bubbling with mirth and wit, yet withal, tinged with a great deal of truth and actuality, on the servant-girl problem. To many a man, to call this question a problem of American life seems but a sample of feminine foolishness. But both Charles Sheldon and Mrs. Ward think otherwise. To them and to many others the question of the servant is one of the greatest with which America has to deal because it signifies a total eruption and upheaval of the older American life.

The characters of Mrs. Ward's story are Mr. Hollis, the principal of the High School at Sweet Home, Mrs. Hollis, and a thirteen-year "Irrepressible"—Hazel Hollis. The thirteen servants whom Mrs. Hollis engages during the year of her life which we study furnish various and

amusing side characters to fill out the story. Mrs. Hollis is a gentle, refined, delicate lady, little used to toil and care. Mr. Hollis is a thoughtful, philosophic gentleman. He loves his books, his wife, his home with all its pleasant comforts, his daughter, and his friends. Both he and his wife are "high-strung" and intensely susceptible to any lack of harmony in their lives. Hazel is the unusual one of the family. Wild, impulsive, disobedient, "tomboyish," she is a unique invention and adds variety and life to the book which would otherwise be little more than a series of character studies with more or less action thrown in.

Mary the First was indeed a kitchen treasure. Under her supervision the Hollis household, for the first thirteen years of its existence, ran smoothly and silently. She was as much a lady as was her mistress, and the sympathy between them was very real. But the unforeseen happened to Mary. She fell in love and her love for her plumber was victor over her love for her mistress. A long year of dissatisfaction, unrest, and annoyance as far as the kitchen was concerned, came to this heretofore ideally happy and harmonious family. Servant followed servant in rapid succession. First, there was the married woman whose reign was never begun because her husband promised to reform. Then came an emergency woman whose reign lasted till Mary the Fourth came on the stage. But Mary the Fourth was run over by a train, as she was returning from confession,—a catastrophe which, enlarged upon, worked future ravages for Mrs. Hollis. Then followed Edda who soon developed diphtheria and was removed to the hospital. After Edda, Mr. Hollis took affairs into his hands and introduced Ellen Somebody, who was dismissed, with the aid of the patrol, because of her bibulous habits and companions. A sweet German girl then took charge of the household. All went merrily till Lottchen's mother demanded her return to Germany. Thus this household, so used to quiet and harmony, went from one servant to another, some funny, some arrogant, some foolish, some passable, to all of whom some disaster happened. In the gaps between their terms of office Mrs. Hollis took affairs into her own hands. But she was a delicate woman on whom arduous toil told heavily, and with each new assumption of the headship of her household affairs she lost something of her former sweetness and calmness. At last her toils ended in an attack of nervous prostration and a slight estrangement from her husband who, to be just, had borne all their troubles patiently and uncomplainingly. During her convalescence, spent at her mother's, Mr. Hollis and Hazel tried what they could do in securing competent and agreeable service, but, much to their disappointment, they succeeded no better, until at last, by mere luck, they stumbled upon just the right person. She was a quiet, lady-like, but thoroughly competent servant who did not feel demeaned to be doing a lady's housework. When Mrs. Hollis returned it was to a peaceful home, managed by skilful hands, and rest, health, and happiness came to fill up the heart which had been so long aching for them.

The story is written in Mrs. Ward's inimitable style, which is so full of vitality, movement and wit. Hazel's funny ways, her slang, and her superior airs lend interest to the story. But one feels that Mrs. Ward would not want this book to be called exactly true to the American woman. For it seems strange that a woman possessing even Mrs. Hollis' strength of body

and mind could not endure carrying on a simple household for three without becoming such a worn-out, changed being. We should not like to have foreigners say of us that the average American women are not capable of looking after their homes without immediately giving way under it.

Everybody loves a good story, written or spoken. Nobody loves any stories better than those of that peerless story-teller, Charles G. D. Roberts, poet, novelist, and historian. *By the Marshes of Minas*[2] is a volume of twelve of the most delightful stories to be found anywhere. They deal with French, English, and Indian characters at the period when Nova Scotia was passing from the French to the English rule. Every tale is a complete conception, perfect in its way. They are written in a vivid, forceful, vehement, often passionate style which captivates the reader from start to finish and holds his mind to the tale. Among the more original and delightful are: "The Bewitchment of Lieutenant Hanworthy," "Brown Witch and Black Abbe," "A Tragedy of the Tides," "The Blue Dwarf of Belle Mare," "By the Thickness of a Door," "How Viardeau Obeyed," and "The Eye of Gluskap."

"The Bewitchment of Lieutenant Hanworthy" is the story of the lieutenant's adventure with Renee De Belleisle on his way to Port Royal to eat his Thanksgiving dinner. As he passed by the De Belleisle place, suddenly thoughts of the beautiful mademoiselle of whom he had heard but never seen, came flying about him. A vision of her face and the thought of her name, Renee, were suddenly revealed to him. As he rode along he heard a little cry of distress. Renee was lying in the hedge with a sprained ankle with no available help, for all her family had gone on a hostile expedition to Port Royal. Hanworthy carried her to the house and ate his Thanksgiving dinner with her. It all turned out to be but a ruse on her part to save his life and—was it? to win his love. In "Brown Witch and Black Abbe," the Black Abbe is pitted against a woman's wit. Madame acts so well and has such surprising remedies at every turn that the wicked, overbearing priest is outdone completely, and the woman's side is gained. "A Tragedy of the Tides" is a cruel tale of the deed of the Indians toward Henry Crewe and his betrothed, Margaret Neville. "By the Thickness of a Door" is another story of the shrewdness of a woman versus the cruel power of the priest, and again the woman wins her point. Mr. Roberts seems fond of making strong characters of his women. "How Viardeau Obeyed" tells how Jean Viardeau's heart was filled with vengeance and hatred toward the English, but how his manhood revolted against the task which La Garne assigned to him with Sacobi, of murdering the family of an English settler in their beds. How, after he had saved the little boy of the family from a frightful death, his heart was softened toward them all and he found himself accepting their hospitality and their guest instead of being their murderer. There are other strong and absorbing stories in the book, all of which will be widely read and very popular.

[1]The Successors of Mary the First. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[2]By the Marshes of Minas. Charles G. D. Roberts. Silver, Burdette & Co., Boston.

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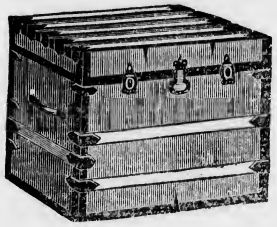
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# CONTENTS.

VOL. XXIX. JUNE, 1901. No. 6.

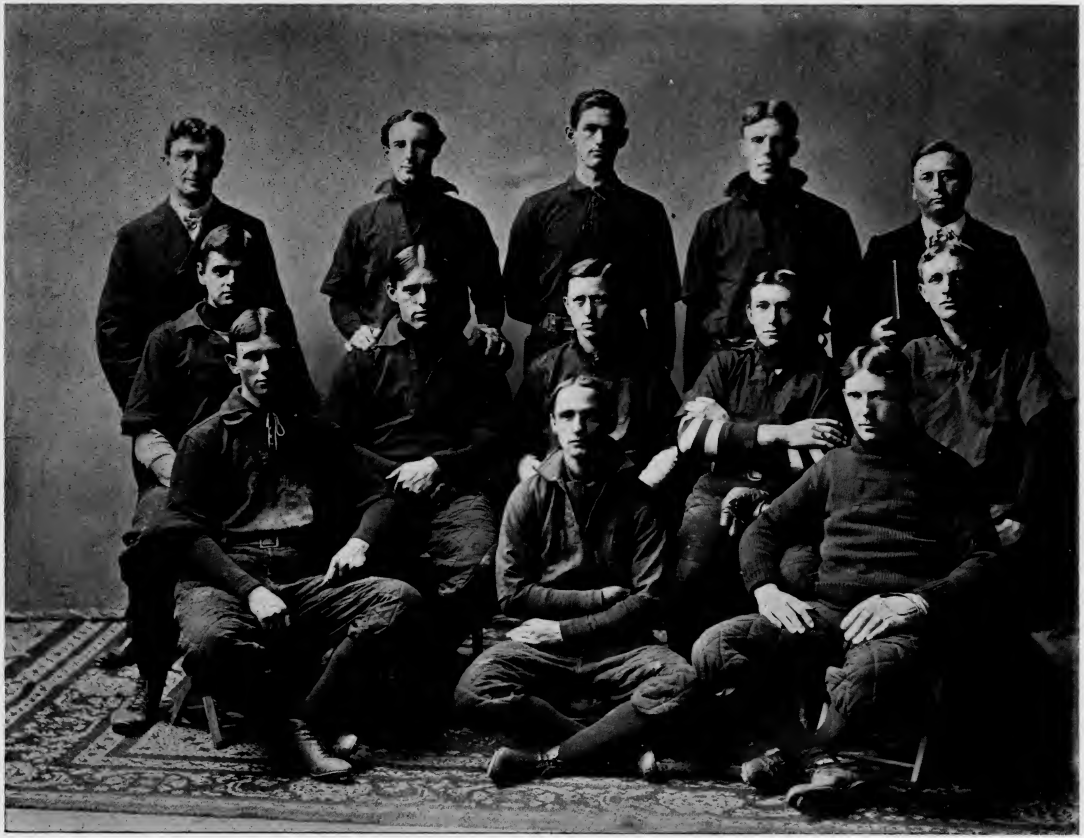
Baccalaureate Hymn . . . . . 155
Class Ode—1901 . . . . . 155
The Nineteenth Century . . . . . 156
Hooliganism in Literature . . . . . 158
Class Poem—1901 . . . . . 160
The Scale of Pleasure . . . . . 162
John Brown of Osawatomie . . . . . 164
The Ivy's Message . . . . . 166
Class Ode—1902 . . . . . 169
Ivy Ode—1902 . . . . . 169

CARBONETTES:
A City Thanksgiving . . . . . 170
A New England Village in Summer . . . . . 171

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Personal . . . . . 173

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 176
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Commencement Week . . . . . 178
Sophomore Champion Debate . . . . . 178
Junior Exhibition . . . . . 178
Class Day . . . . . 179
Commencement Day—Order of Exercises . . . . 179
Class of 1901 . . . . . 180
Ivy Day . . . . . 184
Y. M. C. A. Notes . . . . . 184
Class Ride of 1902 . . . . . 185
Class Ride of 1901 . . . . . 186
The Freshman Bird Ride . . . . . 186
Senior Meeting . . . . . 187
Base-Ball . . . . . 187
Field Day . . . . . 191
M. I. C. A. A. Meet . . . . . 191
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 192
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 195
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 198



# CONTENTS.

VOL. XXIX. JUNE, 1901. No. 6.

Baccalaureate Hymn . . . . . 155
Class Ode—1901 . . . . . 155
The Nineteenth Century . . . . . 156
Hooliganism in Literature . . . . . 158
Class Poem—1901 . . . . . 160
The Scale of Pleasure . . . . . 162
John Brown of Osawatomie . . . . . 164
The Ivy's Message . . . . . 166
Class Ode—1902 . . . . . 169
Ivy Ode—1902 . . . . . 169

CARBONETTES:
A City Thanksgiving . . . . . 170
A New England Village in Summer . . . . . 171

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Personal . . . . . 173

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 176
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Commencement Week . . . . . 178
Sophomore Champion Debate . . . . . 178
Junior Exhibition . . . . . 178
Class Day . . . . . 179
Commencement Day—Order of Exercises . . . . 179
Class of 1901 . . . . . 180
Ivy Day . . . . . 184
Y. M. C. A. Notes . . . . . 184
Class Ride of 1902 . . . . . 185
Class Ride of 1901 . . . . . 186
The Freshman Bird Ride . . . . . 186
Senior Meeting . . . . . 187
Base-Ball . . . . . 187
Field Day . . . . . 191
M. I. C. A. A. Meet . . . . . 191
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 192
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 195
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 198

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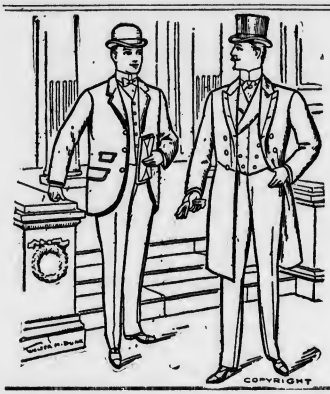
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Saviour, grant Thy special blessing
As our parting hymn we raise,
And with hearts in Thee united
Sing Thy wondrous love and praise.
Thoughts of God among us rising
Kindled by this sacred hour,
Strengthen yet the tie that binds us,
Thrill us with Thy holy power.

Through the years we've spent together
Thou hast been a faithful guide,
Both in sunshine and in shadow
We have known Thee at our side;
And though now our class is broken,
Those we loved we meet no more,
Faith and Hope e'er bringing comfort
Whisper, "Only gone before."

Thus forever go Thou with us,
May our souls Thy temple be,
Love divine each purpose shaping
Keep our trust firm fixed in Thee.
And where'er our paths may wander,
Precious Jesus be our light,
By Thy mercy all enfolding
Nineteen-one again unite.

## CLASS ODE—1901.

While summer is gaily adorning
All nature in garments of light,
Oh! fair is the smile of the sunshine
And fair are the flowers so bright.
We list to the strains of sweet anthems

As birds sing their merriest lays,
And join in the clear ringing chorus
Our voices of gladness and praise.

Yet tinged must our hearts be with sadness,
We join in our last parting song,
So soon must the tie now be broken,
The tie that has bound us so long;
In fancy e'en now we hear faintly
Soft tones of our dear chapel bell.
To work it will ne'er again call us,
'Tis chiming a last fond farewell.

But Hope beckons on to the future,
The future with mysteries new,
So forward we'll go in our striving
For whate'er is noble and true.
And oft will come memories tender
Of fair college days that are past,
Which always in joy or in sorrow
We'll cherish in thought to the last.

—BERTHA BRETT.

---

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE nineteenth century has passed. That mighty epoch, most remarkable of all history, the marvel of mankind, glided off into the realm of ages and was gone. Naturally but reverently we turn and, looking back over those years, stand transfixed in wonder, in admiration. As by a magic wand, life simple, individual, with customs and ideas that prevailed for centuries before, has been transformed like a dream to the complex, liberal life of to-day. Previous ages had been devoted to preparing the earth for man's work, the nineteenth century witnessed the beginning of his own individual development.

The century opened with war in Europe. Napoleon was at his height. France was rising from the chaos of revolution; England from the bonds of mediævalism; while the American states were struggling with their infant republic. The world was small. Lands still lay in darkness, isolated, unknown. No railways bound their parts together, no steamers joined them in mutual interests, no telegraphs made them one. Each was a world in itself.

The century closed with Europe a federation of powerful nations at peace with each other, the American republic the leading nation of the globe. The whole world has become known, heathen nations civilized and all united, bound together with common bonds. Time and space have been overcome. Isolation is no more.

And what a change in man! Awakened to a larger consciousness of himself and his social sphere, life has assumed a new meaning. Too long had the old idea prevailed and he arose to demand his rights. Liberty was for him and the state but his servant. With a mighty bound the chains of mediævalism burst and a vast nothingness between old and new met the dawn of the

nineteenth century. No tyrant could prevent, no power could check this vast democratic spirit, and for one hundred years, finding root in every land and clime, it has developed and become to-day the dominating factor of civilization. It loosed the bonds of slavery throughout the civilized world, forced despotism to bow to freedom and democracy, made the names of Lincoln and Gladstone immortal.

With the humanitarian came the religious movement. Puritanism is no more. With new light upon religious truth form and belief have died away, supplanted by that nobler, truer conception that life in its being, living, acting, is the true basis of religion. From the egoistic, selfish life has come the broadened altruism of to-day. The increased contact of man with man has developed a greater feeling of brotherhood, a greater sympathy, philanthropy, love. Human life has become a sacred thing. There was a time when Christianity seemed to waver before the marvellous advance of science and doubt reigned supreme. But the two must harmonize or one must go. A deeper study, a clearer insight and Truth was declared. What man discovered was but what God revealed.

The spirit of investigation just awakening at the dawn of the century dealt the death-blow to authority and with marvellous rapidity stimulated human thought to scientific research. In geology, astronomy, biology, chemistry, physics, ideas established for ages were found untrue. The theory of evolution and nebular hypothesis startled the world. Lyell viewed the earth, La Place the heavens, and beheld wonders never dreamed of before. To them, to Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, we point with reverence as the champions of investigation; men who drew the veil of ignorance and let the light of knowledge to shine upon the world.

And with the purely scientific came its application to human needs. Stevenson, Morse, Edison are immortal names in the realm of invention, which has become a science in itself. Numberless are the agencies by which life is broadened, lifted, where formerly there were none. Steam and electricity have revolutionized industry to the betterment of all mankind. Medical science has achieved incredible results. So with every phase of material growth, moulding man's every thought and act, making possible his true development.

Thus the nineteenth century will shine forth from the pages of history eclipsing all others; not in its wealth of literature and art; the age of Greece's triumph excelled in that: not in mighty revolutions, the part of the eighteenth century; not in great religious movements; the crusades and inquisition are still unequalled. But it will shine forth in the vast development of all things pertaining to human welfare, social and individual; in the vast strides of science and its application to human needs; and in the change of religious thought. Not by revolution, as the movements of previous ages, but by evolution, the gradual, harmonious, natural change.

We look upon these mighty movements through which the world has been so changed and ask: "Whither do they tend?" The answer ever comes from the movements themselves: "You have witnessed an age of preparation." These movements are but beginnings. Not yet has man reached his proper sphere to judge from the evil, the social unrest of to-day; nor has science reached its limit; but in its infancy it presents on every hand innumerable problems yet unsolved; the influence, the scope of religious thought is but beginning to be understood. Truly, humanity has but begun to work out its destiny in the proper development of its material, social, spiritual self. Its limit is eternity.

—HARRY L. MOORE, '01.

---

## HOOLIGANISM IN LITERATURE.

GOD-EMPLANTED in man's nature, rooted in the inmost fibers of his being, is a perfecting principle, manifest in all he does, all he thinks, all he is; without which progress were not; by the aid of which he may, with the increase of the ages, attain to the uttermost heights of heaven. Deep-founded is man's belief that in each succeeding century he lifts himself to higher levels, breathes a purer atmosphere, sees farther into the heart of God which is Truth. Yet, as the nautilus, in-borne on the billow-bosom, oft is tossed seaward by a brother-billow; so does man's momentum towards higher and more spiritual things seem at times suspended, and he appears to be swept, as by a great back-wave, from civilization away to barbarism, from the ideal to the real, from the spiritual to the material.

On such a back-wave humanity, during the last decade or two, has seemed to be drifting; and the force of the undertow is felt in religion, in politics, in art, but especially in literature, which portrays *all* of life, which fluctuates like a delicately-hung pendulum, now this way, now that, with every changing phase of human experience. With a glance at the ideals of yesterday comes conviction that this is true: the same generation which did erstwhile glory in Scott, now revels in Doyle; which cherished Dickens now gloats over Haggard; which worshiped at the shrine of Tennyson, now all but deifies Kipling. From Tennyson to Kipling! Can we have drifted so far? Have we bartered our star-crowned ideals for idols of clay?

"The life of every good man is an indubitable gospel and so preaches that devils even must believe and tremble thereat," says Carlyle. Plato thought fair sights, beautiful sounds—and he might have added *noble literature,* for that is the highest form of art—would serve more than anything else to teach moral lessons, not merely to the individual but to the whole social organism. But suppose art presents ideals that are morally defective? Suppose it portrays evil, with never a glimpse at the "soul of goodness" hid therein? Suppose it pictures commonest facts of ordi-

nary experience and shows no "ideal significance shining through?" Realism fashions a hero in clay and, lest he lose of his essence by abrasion, makes him wallow in sloughs of mire till he sinks in the quicksands. Someone has said: "It is characteristic of our age that the accurate and skilful representation of things and facts which are not beautiful is called art." And, indeed, from the knighthood and chivalry of Scott, from the philanthropy and humanitarianism of Dickens, from Thackeray's enthusiasm and love for the best in man, from Tennyson's sympathy, sincerity, spirituality, with all the portrayals of patriotism, liberty, home-love, noble womanhood, sublimest faith in God's great plan for man, with which these writers have endowed the world for all time,—from all this, the back-wave has borne us away to the torture and bloodshed of Haggard; the materialism and militarism of Doyle; the piracy, the athleticism of Stevenson; the fatalism, the brute force, the hooliganism of Kipling, with all the ignoble details of military and civilian life, mess-room gossip and boudoir scandal, cockneyism and vulgarities of language, brawling soldiers and tippling seamen, frisky wives and widows, barbarous escapades, bestial amusements and social intrigues which these writers have imposed upon their brother man.

But how is it that the same generation which followed with unwavering feet to the sun-steeped heights Tennyson loved, now turns its face to the lowlands, listening enraptured to the voice of the hooligan? This is an effect: the cause is not far to seek.

England, the fountain-head of the world's literature, has latterly been stirred to her lowest depths, as great waves have passed over her,—waves of trade-extension and activity, of colonization and territorial acquisition, of applied science, of dread of Russian rivalry, of unrest in Ireland and South Africa, of Indian warfare, of treasure-seeking in orient and occident. The spirit of the times, whose name is Action, has borne no peace-wand in his hand to still these tossing waves; rather has he piled them higher, as he swept on with shield and sword, filling every English heart with military enthusiasm, with glorification of strength and muscle and physical might. "Not reflexion, but action," has been England's watchword for a quarter of a century. Her historians have chronicled wars; her scientists have sought to apply the old rather than search out the new; her story-writers have presented tales of war, adventure, and discovery; her poets have written "Songs of Action."

From such materialism to hooliganism is but a step. Kipling found the stage prepared, the foot-lamps lighted, the fair in full swing; and round upon round of applause greeted him, as he set out his panorama of moving pictures which, he affirmed, were genuine reproductions, true to life. Unquestioningly were his affirmations received; eagerly was the new and strange drunk in.

But is thirst at last quenched? Has the cup been drained to its dregs? Is England, satiated, ready to return, dizzied and staggering, to her springs of living water? Yes, we may hope the

play is played out: it is surely safe to turn out the lights and pack the pictures away in the lumber-room.

What is the function of true art? Does not its worth lie in the aid it renders man in his struggle to realize the highest self? "He derives a noble satisfaction from the contemplation of a good deed or an excellent character," says one. "True art points to higher ideals than those attainable in the actual world." It chooses the happy moment, the significant combination, the helpful environment. It does not crowd all the sordidness and crime and bestiality into one brief hour; it shows some beauty behind the ugliness. It leads to sun-lit heights and sweet waters. It sheds over all "the light that never was on sea or land," but beameth forth from the bright realms of heaven.

—CAROLINE E. LIBBY, 1901.

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### CLASS POEM—1901.

A summer day lay brooding o'er the hamlet of Carree,
A little fishing town of France upon a sheltered bay,
Looking towards the broad Atlantic dreaming in the noontide high,
Crooning, as it plashed the shore, a drowsy lullaby.
E'en the children felt the magic of the spell and left their play,
Wandered idly to the water and the shore of old Carree,
Watched the white gulls slowly circling far above the moss-grown pier,
While the fishermen's quaint stories fell like dream words on their ear.

Part way up the grassy hillside, out of reach of spray and foam,
Nestled many a fisher's cottage, small and thatched, but each a home.
And from out the sunny doorways, mingling with the aspen's stir
And the bird-songs, came the music of the flax-wheel's busy whirr.
Further up the grassy hillside where the winding path grew steep
Stood the little Gothic chapel like a shepherd o'er his sheep.
One priest dwelt alone within it, bent and grey but tried and true,
Soul as deep as skies by starlight and as pure as Heaven's own blue.
To Pere Andre those simple people brought each sorrow, pain or loss,
And the father's willing shoulders stooped still lower for each cross.

In the quiet of contentment thus the day was growing old
And the sunset touched the crosses on the church with burnished gold.
Fathers' welcome, children's laughter, songs of mothers filled the air,
While the people, listening, waited for the vesper's call to prayer.

Hark! Not the bell, but up from the bay
Rises a shout so hoarse and wild
Each mother's face grows white with fear,
Each to her bosom clasps her child.
Like serpent into a nest of doves,
Around a cliff and into the bay
Shoots the long, dark form of a Viking's ship,
Its thirsty oars churn the waves to spray.
The gilded dragon upon the prow
Wears a fiendish leer in the sunset glare,
And as cruelly gleam the Viking band
With glittering swords and streaming hair.
But ere they anchor and reach the shore,
The little chapel has done its part,
Has gathered its fleeing, trembling flock
Up to its loving, eager heart.

And whatever treasure each peasant has,
A silver candle or beads of pearl,
Or crucifix, the altar hides
Where they think no heathen a spear would hurl.

Ah! guileless peasants! How little ye know
The cruel lust for gold and gain,
Your foeman's scorn of holy things
Of tears of sorrow or cries of pain!
But ye were to learn from a cruel proof,
Your chapel pillaged, your loved ones slain.
Yet ere the darkness had settled down
The Vikings were gone for some richer gain.

But ah! the work wrought by their cruel hands!
'Twas meet that it should be concealed by night.
Yet overhead the stars still calmly blinked,
The morrow's sun shone on it warm and bright;
On something else the morning sun shone, too,
On something golden by the water's edge,
Something that danced like firefly o'er a marsh
Now on the rocks, now on the slippery sedge.
Two peasants saw this from far up the beach
And startled, hastened to the waterside;
But as they reached the shore a bright-haired boy
Sprang up and fled straight towards the rising tide.
Nor weed nor moss sent his sure feet astray;
But finally upon the farthest rock
Faced by the dashing surge, he turned at bay.
His scarlet kirtle fluttering 'round his limbs,
His feet firm-planted in the sea-weed's maze,
His head thrown back, he stood to meet his foes,
Beautiful even to their angry gaze.
They saw his wind-tossed hair, his blue eyes' fire,
His tight-drawn lips' despair but never fears,
A Viking boy, scarce ten short summers old,
A Viking warrior in all points but years.
And warrior, too, he proved himself to be
Ere they could seize and carry him away.
But finally they took him to the shore
And set him down before Pere Andre.
Embittered by their recent injuries
They would have killed him, but the loving priest
Silenced their angry murmurs with a word,
And took the wild-eyed boy upon his knees.

"Lost or abandoned by the Viking ship,
Poor frightened child!" he mused. His pitying eyes
Dwelt on the blue eyes of the Viking boy,
His looks of hopelessness became surprise;
His lips relaxed and quivered as with pain,
The bright eyes swam in tears. No longer proud
And fearless Viking but a lonely boy,
He clasped Pere Andre's neck and wept aloud.

Gently time had touched Carree
Soothed its pain until to-day,
Fifteen years from when the Vikings sacked the town,
To the old that pillage seemed
Like a strange and lurid dream,
To the young 'twas like a legend handed down.

But to prove the legend's truth,
In the church a bright-haired youth
Stayed the weak and faltering steps of Pere Andre,
Read to him the Holy Word,
All the wondrous story heard
Of the Child Divine that in the manger lay.

He had learned Pere Andre's speech
With a quickness love can teach,
But his Viking tongue he never could forget;
"If my people come again
Shall I go away with them?"
Was his troubled question to Pere Andre yet.

So the years of childhood ran
And the youth became a man,
But love for him had strengthened year by year;
He must live in old Carree,
Take the place of Pere Andre.
Not a Viking ship seen yet! Why should they fear?

In treacherous security the summer's peaceful days
Had glided over old Carree; the autumn's golden haze
Had welded sky and ocean on the far horizon's rim,
And cast a purple shadow on the hilltops vague and dim,
When that wild and frightful war-cry, half forgotten thro' the years,
Rising from the little harbor pierced the startled peasants' ears.
All the horror of that evening in the past was with them still,
And with one accord they hastened to the chapel on the hill;
And they wondered at Pere Andre, for they found him in his seat
With Adolph, the Viking foundling, kneeling at the father's feet.
One short moment and the Vikings hurled themselves against the door,
And Aldoph rose, with a bearing they had never seen before.
All at once the church grew silent as the people whispered, "See!
He is like Our Master walking on the waves of Galilee."
And with one hand on the crucifix he threw the church door wide,
And fearless met his countrymen and not one came inside,
For they knew him! Ah! they knew and a thrill shot through his frame,
As a gray-haired Viking warrior clasped his hand and spoke his name.
And Pere Andre watched them talking tho' he knew no word at all,
But the features of his loved one spoke to him like trumpet call.
He watched his bent face flushing as the elder Viking spoke,
He saw the light of eagerness that o'er his features broke,
He knew that they were speaking of their wild and care-free life,
He realized all the elements within that heart at strife.
He could not drive the tears back as he thought of years gone by,
But he schooled himself to whisper just a blessing with good-bye.
Then a change—could he believe it?—for he saw young Adolph's hand
Touch again the crucifix; he saw his brave boy stand
Head erect and calmly smiling, and he knew it was to show
Who had won the victory. Then he saw the Vikings go,
And the father's eyes were clouded with such tears of peace and joy
That he could not see the longing on the pale face of the boy,
As with arm on Adolph's shoulder, thro' his tears he tried to say,
"Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall not go astray."

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## THE SCALE OF PLEASURE.

"TELL me what you like," says Ruskin, "and I will tell you what you are." In spite of all affectation and pretension, what we really are is what we enjoy. A scale of pleasure, correctly divided, measures from the savage, whose chief pleasures

are eating and hunting, to the ascetic, whose chief pleasures are a sense of duty well performed and a heart pure and undefiled before God. You may take a street Arab into your home, teach him what is right and what is wrong. He may do right while your eye is upon him, but until he enjoys doing right you cannot trust him, you have in no way reformed him. The sociologist recognizes that when the (working) lower classes enjoy higher things they will live nobler lives, and so he endeavors to inspire a love of cleanly and artistic surroundings, of beautiful pictures and fine music.

A man may attend church from habit or from respect for the opinions of others. For obvious reasons he may even take an active part in the worship and contribute freely to the finances. But if his heart is not in the work, his so-called religion will not make him a more reliable business man, nor does the Bible promise him great reward. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. . . . And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

It is not enough that we should behave in a way that is good, and brave, and pure when we are seen of men,—we must enjoy and love goodness and courage and purity. And to what extent we truly love these virtues, so far can we be trusted, for in crucial moments the mantle of affection is torn away and we appear as we are and act as we feel. To quote from Ruskin: "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice."

It is evident that the man who enjoys his work will be successful and happy, for then work will be spontaneous, not forced; a means of self-expression, not merely a means of subsistence. Mabie says truly: "The slave toils, the freeman labors, the artist plays."

But when it is asserted that generally men are where they are and what they are from following pleasure, a storm of objections arises. Are there not many who fight successfully against temptations? Are there not multitudes even in our own free land toiling almost hopelessly at irksome labor? Are there not more than a few who voluntarily enter upon duties involving the utmost hardship and danger? Now pleasures are of three classes: physical, which mean much since the physical is obviously indicative of the mental and moral; intellectual, as the pleasure a mathematician takes in solving problems or a novelist in developing his plot; spiritual, a clear conscience, a pure heart, that beatific state of strength and peace, to which only the good attain. To every one each class of pleasures appeals more or less strongly, but one class rules. From lack of symmetry, it often happens

that a man of high intellectual and moral qualities, has also appetites entirely inharmonious. So while intellectual or spiritual pleasures may rule, there are rebellious subjects who would usurp the power. If the higher pleasures really rule, all is well; if not, we see a Byron or a Poe. This clash of the pleasures is a moral conflict,—and for many these conflicts are frequent and sharp before the whole nature is trained to the enjoyment of only right pleasures.

As to the multitudes engaged in uncongenial labor, we shall doubtless agree that in the lives of most men there are places where a choice is made between using leisure time and money for trivial pleasures and devoting time and resources untiringly to such studies and pursuits as will enable them to rise higher. We must say, then, that many of these men are where they are from following pleasure, since they preferred a little time and money for petty pleasures to the unceasing work and rigid self-denial necessary for advancement.

And as to those who voluntarily enter upon duties of hardship and danger,—the intellectual or spiritual pleasures rule their lives. To the explorer love of knowledge, of fame, or even of adventure, outweighs the physical dangers and discomforts. Monks and missionaries undergo great privations and dangers because their lives are propelled by higher forces than love of self and of physical comforts. We pity them as we pity all good people who do not apparently prosper, and we wish them great reward in a future world. How superficial is our conception of pleasure! Would we presume to reward the good by physical luxuries? These are, in a degree, desirable, but they have what they enjoy far more. The highest pleasures are theirs, for their lives are in harmony with divine laws. The storms of adversity may beat without, but within all is peace and light.

"A mind in its own place and in itself,
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

—JOSEPHINE B. NEAL, 1901.

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## JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

MORE beautiful than masterpiece of art, more delicate than image carven by hand of great master, more grand than the handiwork of Nature herself, is the purity of a great and noble character; some character which, living in the world, yet is not of the world; a character which, passing on, never dies.

Such a character was John Brown of Osawatomie, martyr to the sacred cause of Freedom. The influence of that God-inspired life shall never die; and, as men study his character more fully, its beauties will become far more distinct.

John Brown;—at mention of the name there passes before our eyes a panorama quickly shifting. It shows a fair country, strong and mighty; a nation Heaven-prospered, possessed of all that

which makes a nation great. Look again. The country is black with a terrible curse,—Slavery.

Had this country, our country, so soon forgotten the sweetness of freedom? What meant that prayer:

> Our fathers' God! to thee,
> Author of liberty,
> To Thee we sing:
> Long may our land be bright
> With freedom's holy light;
> Protect us by Thy might,
> Great God, our King!

This the national hymn of a country upholding Slavery?

The black man was crying out for freedom, freedom from a bondage worse than any our country had ever known. Was there none to care? None to rescue the helpless? They were so weak,—the oppressors so strong. Out in struggling Kansas God was raising up one who should stand forth to proclaim freedom for the Slave; one who should strike such a blow that its echoes would resound round the world. Though the attempt seemed failure, Harper's Ferry was the beginning of that great strife which ended in the emancipation of the Slave. John Brown made Abraham Lincoln possible. To John Brown, self-forgetful, self-sacrificing, the black race of the South owes its freedom.

Observe more closely the panorama before us. Here, in his warehouse, a merchant; upon his knee, not a ledger but a Bible; on the open page before him these words: "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hand to do it." Upon the face of the reader a wrapt expression,—in his eye the gleam of a fixed purpose. The scene changes. A little company crossing the wild prairie toward Kansas; in their wagon arms and ammunition; among them one erect, firm of countenance. Again: A host of Missourian ruffians contending with a few Abolitionists under the leadership of John Brown. Another and another battle. What is the meaning? A few brave men possessed of conscience and a knowledge of the Golden Rule determine, if possible, to keep out from newly settled Kansas the terrible curse of Slavery. Missourians determine that Slavery shall prevail in Kansas even at the cost of life. What did the Government do? Nothing. In a nation whose watchword was "Freedom," those in authority favored Slavery. No need to fear punishment by the Government. The Missourians kept on murdering. These were the battles of Pottawatomie, Black Jack, Osawatomie, Lawrence; stepping-stones to Harper's Ferry. Like the distant rumbling of approaching thunder were those days of early Kansas; like the storm-burst in all its fury was Harper's Ferry.

What was Harper's Ferry? The outcome of a plan long considered. In every life, at some time, will be made manifest the result of inward thinking. Every thought, every act, forms an inner man, and the inner man must gradually transform and

transfuse the outer. Twenty years John Brown had thought and planned and worked with but one end in view,—the Freedom of the Slave. Now the time was come. Every effort had failed. The South would not be persuaded that freedom belonged to the Slave. If the Slave was to be made free he must have freedom through force. John Brown planned for a general uprising of the slaves on a certain day. Had the original plans been carried out we must believe that they would have been successful, and John Brown would have been honored with the honor due the Liberator of the Slaves. It is a fact that Earth's noblest heroes have been least honored, least respected, even most despised of their own generation. Was it not true of Christ? Is it not true of John Brown? See him as he lies upon his cot within the prisoners' bar,—his head gashed with wounds, himself suffering intensely. The death of a criminal hovers over him. He denounces still the curse of Slavery. And, when he feels the people understand his purpose in instigating the uprising, he is willing to die, believing that his life sacrificed may rouse others to more earnest endeavors against Slavery.

A beautiful day in early December. The sun rising bright and clear scatters the last trace of a thin haze which has veiled the landscape. Not a cloud in the sky—all beautiful, serene. Outside the city of Charleston, on a gently rolling hillock, shine in the bright sunlight the ugly outlines of a newly-erected scaffold;—naught else to mar the beauty of the scene.

The hours pass. A distant bell tolls the hour—eleven. Forms of men appear in the doorway of the jail,—and one more erect, more calm than the others; his countenance fearless, a forgiving smile upon his lips. They move forward. A black woman holding a little babe stands near his way. He stoops for an instant, and the blessing of John Brown of Osawatomie, martyr to the sacred cause of human Freedom, has been ushered into Eternity. Could we have heard the Voice of Welcome there, it might have been; "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these, thou hast done it unto me."

—GERTRUDE B. LIBBEY, 1901.

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### THE IVY'S MESSAGE.

In our many views of nature,
We find what there we seek.
Of joy, of sorrow, and sadness
Each in its turn will speak.

The willow weeps with the mourners;
But when the sun shines bright
And the breezes stir its branches,
Sending out gleams of light,

Then it puts off its deep mourning,
Laughs at the gloomy pine,
And tells of a distant country
Where sunbeams ever shine.

But the pine heeds not the challenge,
  Heeds not the smiling sun.
It mourns with the same old accents,
  "Woe to the weary one."

The rose, the lily, and harebell
  Smile for the gay young maid,
Who lightly laughs at the trouble
  Beside her pathway laid.

But even the flowers seem sadder
  And slowly bend their heads,
While the clouds drop tears of pity
  When the last farewell is said

To some hope long kept and cherished,
  To some dream of future joy
Which a sudden blow has shattered
  Like a frail and useless toy.

As I wandered one day in autumn
  Where my idle fancy led,
I saw through the leafly branches
  Of trees all scarlet and red,

An old man, wearily climbing
  Up the rugged hill of life,
Now at every turn disclosing
  Marks of pain, of toil, and strife.

The sun in the west fast sinking,
  Casts a bright and ruddy glow
O'er the steep ascending pathway
  To the top now white with snow.

It had lost the warmth of noonday,
  It was far less clear and bright
Than the first glad ray of morning
  Which had filled his path with light.

On his white hair gently falling,
  Lighting up his faded face
It revealed the hope and courage
  Which were soon to win the race.

Alone he followed the pathway,
  Which but now was thronged with friends;
Alone he will meet the dangers
  Which approaching winter lends.

The leaves lay along the road-side
  Where, torn from their native trees,
And ruthlessly heaped 'neath the branches,
  They toss with each passing breeze.

The winds came sharp from the eastward,
  Chilled with a coming rain,
Speaking wherever it tarried
  Only of sorrow and pain.

The birds flying swiftly homeward,
The leaden, dull, gray sky,
All told of a dying summer,
Told of a winter nigh.

But now a turn in the pathway
Brings suddenly to his view
An old and vine-clad chapel
All bright with the sunset hue.

Years before in this old chapel
Dwelt a wise and sainted man,
Praying ever night and morning,
"May I do what good I can."

In the world stretched out before him,
He had viewed the busy strife,
And had sought to aid the conflict
With a true and noble life.

As he knelt to pray one evening
Close beside the chapel door
Faint, but clear he heard the message,
"You shall live forever more."

When he rose he saw an ivy
Forth from the earth had sprung
And raised its dark green branches
Where the deepest shadows hung.

In this vine he saw the promise
He had heard there whispered low,
That his acts and deeds of mercy
In eternity should show.

Day by day, he toiled and waited,
Cheering grief and lightening pain,
Strewing always joy and gladness,
Asking nothing back again.

At each deed the vine grew taller,
Thus it is the legend runs,
Spread its arms out wide and wider
As he helped the needy ones.

. . . . . .

The traveler paused at the chapel,
Weary and worn, with his guest.
He saw in those dark green branches
Something that whispered of rest.

As he studied the sacred ivy,
The worn look fled from his face.
In its place came peace and gladness
Which had brightened all the place

As he went on his way rejoicing
In the promise the ivy brings
Of the life of a light eternal
Where forever gladness sings.

—FLORA E. LONG, 1902.

## CLASS ODE—1902.

Words by JULIA E. BABCOCK. Music by FLORENCE S. AMES.

We hush awhile our cares, our pleasant strife,
Shut out the eager cries of youth and life,
To come apart, close-bound by friendship's ties,
And muse on what behind, before us, lies.

We see behind three happy years of youth,
The richest, fullest of our lives in sooth,
And yet we cannot tell where they have flown,
The only key—the friendships that have grown.

And still another year for us beyond
In which the months will tighten every bond
Which binds each heart so closely now to all,
Each heart to every landscape, hill and hall.

Ah! We are glad of this one year to be
While we can yet each others' faces see,
Make good the wrongs inflicted and can try
To nobler live and think as days slip by.

And after that? In word alone we'll part—
One dart of sorrow will pierce every heart,
One throb of joy to every spirit call,
One beam of hope give sunshine to us all!

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## IVY ODE—1902.

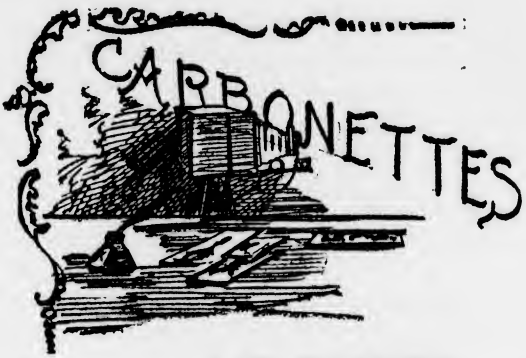
Words by JULIA E. BABCOCK. Music by FLORENCE S. AMES.

Thou ivy so tiny, so young,
With the whole of thy life on before,
Our hopes are all centered on thee
And we wish for thee, o'er and o'er,
That thou'lt climb from that lowness of thine
To the fullness of beauty.

Frail ivy, though small, thou'lt be true
In fulfilling the task which we place,
To cover each mar on this wall
With thy vines, thy freshness and grace.
Thou wilt grow in spring days or snow
To the heights still beyond.

Brave ivy, can'st thou tell to us
Will our class be as faithful as thou
To the duties which He sets before,
To the hopes, the ideals we have now?
But we'll share, thou and we, in His care,
And that is enough.

And now, ivy dear, a long life
Is the hope of our class, all, for thee.
A health from our hearts will we sing
To thy growth and prosperity.
May thy life be with sunshine all rife
And thy days—numberless!




### A CITY THANKSGIVING.

It was my first year away from home and I was, oh, so lonely. Every morning it seemed as if night would never come, and every night I hated the darkness and wanted the sun to shine again. Day after day the same round of work, night after night the same dull, homesick feeling in the dreary atmosphere of a boarding-house. Sundays were worst of all, for the people in the big city church were not cordial, and I longed for the pleasant smiles and cheery greetings of the country people at home.

It grew on to be about Thanksgiving time, and in our boarding-house we had poorer food than usual, either to get up our appetites for turkey or else to even up expenses, I have never known which.

The air grew colder every day; there was ice in my water-pitcher in the morning; my hands grew red and chapped; everybody came down late to breakfast and then scolded because the hash was cold or the muffins had grown poor with waiting. The wind roared so loudly and the leaves scurried so dismally along the frost-hardened road.

When I got to the office my employer was gruffer even than usual. He seemed to dictate faster than ever, and my typewriter made the worst mistakes, misspelling outrageously and mixing small letters up with capitals. It truly was a dismal November. And I was a disgrace to my Puritan ancestors, for I did not look forward to Thanksgiving with a thankful spirit.

But there was one thing that cheered me up a little. I know now that people do help or hinder us a great deal just by the way they look. If it had not been for this one little straw, I am sure I should have been wretched enough.

It was this. Almost every day on my way to the office, when I got near the corner of Washington and Summer streets I met the nicest-looking old gentleman, who looked real grandfatherly, as if he carried candy in his pockets, and pennies for beggars, and checks to help churches and colleges and hospitals with. His gold-headed cane, even, had a cheery sound as it tapped the side-

walk, and his pleasant blue eyes and benevolent smile helped me every time I saw him.

I wondered what he did on Thanksgiving, whether he gave dinners to poor people, filled his table with merry grandchildren, and delighted in carving turkey.

As that day, so dear to every true New England heart, came nearer, I thought he looked even nicer and more benevolent. I couldn't imagine how any one could look kinder, and comforted myself with thinking that even if I had to have a lonely Thanksgiving, this fine old grandfather would make some other people have a good time.

I never was much given to rejoicing in other people's good times when I wasn't in them. But this time I fairly couldn't help being glad for the people who would be made happy by this delightful old man.

As I began to eat my Thanksgiving dinner, I thought to myself what beaming faces were around his table, in contrast to the gloomy countenances at the boarding house; what games and stories they would have after dinner, in contrast to the yawns and gossip that I had grown so tired of; and as to the dinner itself, what a lordly turkey they had, in contrast to our lean and tough one, weakly supported by two meagre chickens. But then, I think our boarding mistress did the best she could. She usually did when she wasn't cross or tired or angry with the grocer or the milkman.

So when the dry goods clerk grumbled about the turkey's not being done and the law student told about his mother's wonderful mince pies, I kept from being disagreeable too by thinking how many poor families had dinners through the generosity of that nice old gentleman.

The next night after dinner the dry goods clerk told me how Colonel Jones (that was the name of this old gentleman) had celebrated Thanksgiving. He had made a big celebration, truly, by buying up a railroad, in this way ruining hundreds of people, by turning out some of his tenants on Mulligan's Alley because their rent wasn't paid, and by disinheriting his only daughter because she would not marry to suit him.

And yet, as I met him day after day, he did not look any the worse for it. His kind blue eyes looked all the more friendly; his smiling lips seemed ready to speak the noblest words; his cane thumped just as happily as he walked along.

Since then I have never been able to judge by appearances. I feel with Shakespeare that "a man may smile and smile and be a villain," and I have cruel suspicions of the most honest appearing people.

—BESSIE D. CHASE, 1902.

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### A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE IN SUMMER.

A typical New England village nestles among the hills and valleys of northern Maine.

It has nothing to distinguish it from many other country towns, except its native simplicity and virgin Puritanism.

A long, wide street,—white in summer with dust, and piled high in winter with heaps of crystal snow,—stretches between the houses, set each in its own little plot of ground. In summer the flowers along the way are many-hued, like Joseph's coat of old; and the little bees nestle among them with a busy hum, as if chiding the dreamy villagers for their sleepiness.

The calm of the mountains is here; and, unbroken by the cries of a locomotive, or by the rumble of traffic, the air is filled alone by the songs of birds and the music of running water.

A dreamy, hazy air is about the place, saturated with the odor of new-mown hay from the clover fields.

The stream, once in spring a roaring torrent clattering along its course, has been drunk by the thirsty sun until its thin thread of silver might be guided by the hand of a child.

Intoxicating fumes, like that from lotus, fill one's nostrils, and one half expects quietly to drift away from the rugged scene of a Puritan village, to the dreamland of the Orient, and to awaken 'neath stately palms amid flowers of a tropical clime.

—T., '03.

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'Tis the dreamy month of June! how sweet!
Sang the poet from his cool retreat,
While the swaying branches gently fanned
The manuscript beneath his hand.

A college student chanced to pass
A Junior girl, a weary lass.
She heard the words and saw the pen,
She frowned, then sighed and frowned again.

The dreamy month of June! Ah me!
The chance to dream I never see.
You lounge about the livelong day.
But college folks can't do that way.

Perhaps you think 'tis fun to go
To college when June breezes blow,
And daisy-buds begin to ope
Upon the orchard's grassy slope.

To study when you long for rest,
Recite when sleepy is no jest.
And think of test-week now most here,
The *awfullest* week of all the year!

Some "shindig" every other night,
Society part or essay to write,
A song to rehearse or a solo to play.
We begin to hurry at the dawn of day.

The dreamy month of June, ah me!
The chance to dream I never see.
For be June's skies however clear,
'Tis the weariest month of all the year.

—S. Bertha Field, 1902.

# Alumni Round-Table.

## PERSONAL.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood, pastor of the Free Baptist Church at China, Me., delivered the Memorial Day oration in that town.

'68.—President G. C. Chase delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the New Hampton Seminary, New Hampton, N. H.

'70.—Rev. A. J. Chick has accepted a second pastorate with the Baptist Church in Wallingford, Vt.

'72.—Civil Engineer J. A. Jones was employed in Lewiston by the Co-operative Association of America to survey the lot where their new public café will be erected.

'73.—James H. Baker, president of the University of Colorado, has recently issued a book, published by the Longmans Co., which is entitled *Education and Life.* It consists of a series of very interesting papers and addresses on the importance of the scholar in the advancement of civilization, tracing his influence from Plato down to the present time.

'74.—F. P. Moulton, teacher of Latin in the High School, Hartford, Conn., is the author of a very successful text-book in Latin composition, which is published by Ginn & Co.

'75.—Rev. A. T. Salley, pastor of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Me., preached the anniversary sermon before the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield on Sunday, June 9th.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Saco, Me., has recently published a very interesting and helpful little book on the *Conditions of Spiritual Life.*

'80.—I. F. Frisbee, principal of the High School, Milford, Mass, has recently presented to the Bates Library twenty-two valuable standard works which are especially helpful to the Greek department.

'81.—C. S. Cook, who is a member of the Governor's Council, delivered one of the principal addresses at the reunion of the Maine Legislature, which was held at Poland Spring, Saturday, June 8th.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout, of Norway, delivered the Memorial Day oration at Bethel, Me.

'82.—J. W. Douglass, member of the Department of Education, Washington, D. C., is secretary of the local committee for the international convention of associated charities which will soon be held in Washington.

'82.—Rev. Charles E. Mason of Colorado was recently bereaved by the loss of his wife.

'82.—Rev. J. C. Perkins, pastor of the First Parish Unitarian Church, Portland, Me., delivered an eloquent and interesting anniversary sermon at the recent celebration of the seventy-fifth birthday of the stone church.

'83.—H. H. Tucker has been elected superintendent of schools in Plympton, Halifax, Pembroke, and Kingston, Mass. He will reside in the latter place.

'85.—Rev. G. R. Downey, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Lyndonville, Vt., has a daughter who intends to enter Bates next fall.

'88.—C. L. Wallace is superintendent of schools and principal of the High School at Lisbon, N. H.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of the Hope Congregationalist Church, Springfield, Mass., delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class at Lisbon, N. H., this month.

'89.—Rev. H. W. Small is superintendent of schools in Weld, Me.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright of Livermore Falls, Me., delivered the Memorial sermon in the Universalist Church, Livermore, on Sunday, May 26th. Miss Wright also delivered an address on "How to Make the Most of Life" at the Maine Universalists' Convention held in Bangor June 3d-6th.

'90.—Ellen F. Snow, who is teaching in the North Yarmouth Academy, will attend the coming commencement exercises together with several of her students who intend to enter Bates next fall.

'90.—Rev. H. J. Piper, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Dexter, Me., preached the anniversary sermon before the members of the graduating class of the High School, Sunday morning, May 19th.

'92.—Hon. Cyrus N. Blanchard of Wilton delivered the Memorial Day address in East Dixfield, Me.

'92.—We are glad to see that W. B. Skelton, attorney for Androscoggin County, will not consent to make any compromise with the rumsellers.

'93.—G. M. Chase has been elected professor of Greek and Latin in the French-American College, Springfield, Mass.

'93.—Miss G. P. Conant has been advanced to the position of assistant professor of English in the Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.

'93.—D. B. Lothrop, having now completed his theological studies at Yale, has been married and has accepted the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Carolina Mills, R. I.

'93.—L. E. Moulton of Rockland delivered a paper on "Side Talks on Insects" at the Knox County Teachers' Convention held in Vinalhaven during the latter part of May.

'93.—The Class of Ninety-Three pay most loving tribute to Helen Brickett Sturgis, whose loyal devotion and gracious hospitality has been constant and unwavering since it was our great pleasure to welcome her as an honorary member of our class five years ago. Such was the beauty and lovableness of her life and personality that she won an enviable position in our affections. To know her was to love her, while each passing year increased our appreciation of her character and bound the ties of friendship

closer and firmer. With loving gratefulness for the example of her life we can but strive to make our own the better, in which noble endeavor may our kind Father help each one.

—Mary Josephine Hodgdon.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell, principal of the High School, Bennington, Vt., has been engaged for institute work by the state.

'95.—Miss Emily Cornish gave an interpretative lecture at the home of Mrs. Lyman Prescott, Auburn, on "Browning's Estimate of the Worth of Life."

'96.—As the result of a competitive examination Dr. R. L. Thompson has received the Pathological appointment at the Boston City Hospital and will enter upon his duties July 1st.

'96.—Principal H. R. Eaton of Paris spoke on "History in the Common Schools" at the recent Oxford County Teachers' Convention.

'96.—Mr. F. H. Purinton has succeeded H. J. Noble as Auburn editor of the *Lewiston Journal.*

'96.—A. L. Kavanaugh, Esq., of Auburn, has been appointed clerk for the Jamaica Printing Company with its office in Boston.

'96.—J. E. Roberts, who has been re-elected principal of the Presque Isle High School, is now working earnestly for the equipment of a physical and chemical laboratory. He has been very successful in upbuilding the school and has arranged the course of study so that this is now a fitting school for Bates College.

'97.—Everett Skillings has resigned the vice-presidency of Vermont Conference Academy, Montpelier, Vt.

'98.—R. H. Tukey will receive the degree of A.M. from Harvard University this spring for graduate work.

'99.—E. L. Palmer, principal of Bowdoinham High School, has several young men who intend to enter Bates next fall.

'99.—Annie M. Roberts has been advanced to the position of Lady Principal of Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

'99.—W. S. Bassett, who is now studying for the ministry at the Newton Theological School, preached recently in Vassalboro, Me.

1900.—Welbee Butterfield delivered the Memorial Day oration at Jay, Me.

1900.—The engagement of A. W. Wing and Miss Nina Herlihy of Lewiston has been announced. Mr. Wing is at present stenographer for Bisbee & Parker.

1900.—Emerson Whitman has secured an admirable position as electrical workman in Lynn, Mass.

# Around the Editors' Table.

WE say the days of hero-worship are past; but will not a few moments of deep, quiet meditation and introspection reveal that in every heart there is at least one person, if not more, who is our ideal in some sphere of work or in some trait of character; in short, who is *our* hero.

The term heroism has felt the influence of modern thought. Its meaning of physical valor, which it had in the days of knighthood and chivalry, has changed to that of moral courage. Heroism, formerly applicable to the strength of the arm, is now applied to strength of character. In modern thought, heroism has become synonymous with idealism.

The college man, in the estimation of the world, has had enviable advantages. In most places in life, the college man is looked upon as leader. The younger generations especially regard the college graduate worthy of being their pattern. It is human nature to be imitative, and the college man, whether he is conscious of it or not, becomes the model for some life which is still plastic.

Though space forbids anything but a mere suggestion on this theme, is not this thought of peculiar interest to those about to enter upon a new epoch in life and also to us who still remain in college halls? Let us ask and answer proudly the question, Are our lives such as we would have them if we realized that others were copying us? Will not the thought that we are somebody's hero be an incentive to more careful character building?

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AT this time we all very truly realize the evil effects of carelessness in our work and habits. If we have not been careful to learn every lesson as it was assigned, we now see how difficult it is to find the time in which to master these tasks before the examinations. Thoroughness in each day's work would save much time and worry at the end of the term, and secure much more satisfactory results for the individual student. But not only this, the same carelessness, if long indulged, will so affect our habits that this tendency will soon be very noticeable in our personal appearance, conversation, and writing. It will be the striking characteristic of all our words and actions. Indeed we cannot tell how seriously it may affect the whole future plan of our lives, for often it has destroyed that which would otherwise have been a most brilliant outlook. Let us, therefore, strive to do each day's task at the proper time, and never more leave undone that which it is our duty to perform.

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AS we lay aside our books for the longed-for summer vacation we breathe a sigh of satisfaction. Many of us will spend the weeks before us in work, others in rest and pleasure. To those who belong to the latter class, golden opportunities of broadening our lives will be given. In the long summer days our minds

may reach out and embrace new thoughts. We may become closer friends of the great writers. We may grow to be companions of our birds and lovers of the flowers and ferns. Days which may be richer even than those of the college year are before us. What shall we do with them?

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WE seem to find it a great temptation always to be doing something with our hands—twisting strings around our fingers, drumming on our chairs, and worst of all, writing our names and initials wherever we go. Perhaps we want to impress our own personality on everything else, doubtless a worthy ambition in many ways; but it may be there is some truth in the expression,

"Only fools and commonplaces
Write their names in public places."

Isn't it better to keep one's self a little choice, not letting every one know by the marks he leaves behind just where he has been?

If we could keep our hands quiet, or under proper control, the seats in the various recitation rooms would not be so disfigured with scrawls and cuts. We cannot erase all such traces left by other students. We still, however, have plenty of neat and nice surroundings and also plenty of opportunities to keep them so.

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AS the term comes to an end we are all making up our accounts for the college year, and considering what we shall do for the year to come.

While we consider the financial, let us not forget the other things equally as important. Let us look carefully at the social, moral, and intellectual columns and see how they foot up. In the free days of our summer vacation we shall have ample time to consider the past and profit by our mistakes. Time is going fast. Another class is about to leave us, and the parting should make us stop for a moment and think seriously. To the Freshman, four years seems a long time to look ahead; but they soon slip by, and all too quickly we stand at the close of our college course, looking backward. And it depends on what we do now whether that backward glance shall be one of pleasure or of regret. Our college course is a time of jollity and pleasure; but under all there is an influence growing out of four years of college that is deeper and more lasting. All through the future we shall live over again in our memories the years spent here at Bates. Shall those memories be sad and full of regret, or shall they be bright and helpful?

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PROBABLY most of us, after what we have gone through during the last few weeks, have become more firmly set in our conviction that examinations are a nuisance. Truly they are a nuisance, and not only a nuisance, but useless, too. We have

loaded and unloaded, and can expect in a few weeks to get our A, B, C, and Ds. This is about all it amounts to, we know nothing more than when we commenced to prepare for the examinations. Probably there is not a student in college but can pass them by a week's solid "cramming," even if he had done very little work during the term. Examinations are no test of what we know, they only show how much we can learn for one day.

It may be impossible to do away with examinations entirely, but it is surely a waste of time and energy for (at least) those students who have maintained a satisfactory rank during the term to take them. It seems as if it would be a much better plan to require only those who have fallen below a certain rank to take them. It would have at least one merit—it would not encourage us to do little studying during the term through knowledge of the fact that we can pass the "exams." by one week of "cramming."

# Local Department.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday, June 23d, at 10.30 A.M., President Chase delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class. Dr. Freeman of Portland gave the sermon before the Christian Associations on the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday.

### SOPHOMORE CHAMPION DEBATE.

The Sophomore Champion Debate was held Monday, June 24th, at 2.30 P.M. The question was: *Resolved,* That American political life is improving.

| AFF. | NEG. |
|---|---|
| Lothrop. | Miss Donham. |
| Elkins. | Miss Norton. |
| Wardwell. | Lord. |

### JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Junior Exhibition was held Monday evening, June 24th, with the following speakers:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

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| The Mission of Work. | Lucy Florence Kimball. |
| The Mogul Empire. | Augustine Deo Ohol. |
| Children's Literature. | Julia Emma Babcock. |
| The College Ideal. | John Frederick Hamlin. |

MUSIC.

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|---|---|
| The True Greatness of Wordsworth. | Edna Mae Gosline. |
| Party Spirit. | Arthur Edwin Darling. |

The Ruins of Time. Flora Estelle Long.
The Condition of the Laborer. Alfred Elwood McCleary.

MUSIC.

The Value of the Study of Greek. Ruth Eugenia Pettengill.
The Function of the Imagination. Arthur Lewis Dexter.
Heroism Among Scientists. Bessie Vera Watson.
When Peace Shall Reign. Earle Alfred Childs.

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## CLASS DAY.

Tuesday, June 25th, was Class Day. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Oration. Vernie Elmer Rand.
History. William Henry Swift Ellingwood.

MUSIC.

Address to Undergraduates. Harry Leroy Moore.
Poem. Annie Eugenia Bailey.
Address to Halls and Campus. William Ross Ham.

MUSIC.

Prophecy. Lena Belle Towle.
Parting Address. Gertrude Brown Libbey.

ODE.

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## COMMENCEMENT DAY.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. The Right. Elwyn Knowlton Jordan, Lewiston.
(Psychology—Second Honor.)
2. The Free Public Library of To-Day.
*Mame Seeley Bennet, Lubec.
(German—Second Honor.)
3. The Novelist: His Opportunity.
*Delia May Blanchard, Abbot Village.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)
4. The Friendship of Goethe and Schiller.
Blanche Belle Noyes, Lewiston.
(History and Economics—First Honor.)
5. The Beauties of Nature. *Charlotte Gertrude Towne, Auburn.
(Latin—Second Honor.)
6. The Poet's Mission. *William King Holmes, South Paris.
(Chemistry—Second Honor.)
7. Destiny. *Nina Theresa Estes, Lewiston.
(General Scholarship.)
8. Science in Education.
Carlon Eugene Wheeler, Berlin, Mass.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

9. Romanticism in Fiction. Mittie Anna Dow, East Newport.
(General Scholarship.)
10. Ethical Aims of American History.
*Harold Elmer Ellsworth Stevens, Lewiston.
(History and Economics—Second Honor.)

11. Art in Education. *Anna Hortense Fisher, Lewiston.
(French—Second Honor.)
12. The College and the Graduate.
Willard Kezer Bachelder, East Winthrop.
(Psychology—First Honor.)
13. A National Literature in America.
*Ethel May Vickery, Pittsfield.
(General Scholarship.)
14. The Influence of Culture.
*Walter Blake Pierce, Stoneham, Mass.
(Physics—Second Honor.)
15. John Brown. Gertrude Brown Libbey, Lewiston.
(Greek—First Honor.)
16. Hero Worship. *Bertha Mabelle Brett, Auburn.
(Latin—First Honor.)
17. American Leadership. Frank Perley Wagg, Lewiston.
(General Scholarship.)

MUSIC.

18. America, the Land of Romance.
Lucy Jane Small, Lisbon Falls.
(German—First Honor.)
19. Edmund Rostand.
*Harold Albert Mariner Trickey, Charleston.
(Greek—Second Honor.)
20. Professional Training of Teachers.
*Maleen Peabody Hicks, Westbrook.
(General Scholarship.)
21. Victor Hugo and the French Romanticism.
*Annie Eugenia Bailey, Gray.
(French—First Honor.)
22. The Spirit of the Age.
Harry Leroy Moore, Northborough, Mass.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)
23. Mysticism in Hawthorne's Romances.
*Lena Belle Towle, Lewiston.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)
24. Ideal Citizenship. *Herbert Samuel Guptill, Berwick.
(General Scholarship.)
25. True Idealism. *Josephine Bicknell Neal, Lewiston.
(Physics—First Honor.)
26. Hooliganism in Literature. Caroline Emily Libby, Pittsfield.
(Chemistry—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.

*Excused.

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**CLASS OF 1901.**

Bachelder, Willard Kezer; born at East Winthrop, Me., 1876; present residence, East Winthrop. Me.; fitted in Winthrop High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—prize in his division of the Sophmore Debate (2); Champion Debate (2); prize, Junior Team Debate (3); Junior Exhibition (3); Senior Exhibition (4).

Bailey, Annie Eugenia; born at Gray, Me., 1880; present residence, Gray, Me.; fitted at Pennell Institute; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—prize for winter sketch (1); Odist, Ivy Day (3); Poet, Class Day (4); Poem at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4).

Bennett, Mae Seeley; born at Lubec, Me.; present residence, Lubec, Me.; fitted at Colby Academy; intended occupation, librarian. Honors—prize, Bird List (1); Sophomore Declamations (2); part at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4); Class Executive Committee (4).

Besse, Bertha Amanda; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Blanchard, Delia Mae; born at Lewiston, Me., 1877; present residence, Abbot, Me.; fitted at Guilford High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Champion Debate (2).

Bragg, Jessie Sumner; born at St. Albans, Me., 1877; present residence, St. Albans, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Toast, Ivy Day (3); Class Chaplain (4).

Brett, Bertha Mabelle; born at Auburn, Me., 1878; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Junior Exhibition (3); Poet, Ivy Day (3); Ode at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4); Odist, Class Day (4).

Cartland, Alice Minnie; born at Cape Elizabeth, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Channell, Ralph Walter; born at Orrington, Me., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Treasurer (4); Chairman Class Devotional Committee (4).

Chick, Arthur Jesse; born at Madrid, Me., 1874; present residence, Madrid, Me.; fitted at Farmington State Normal School and Westbrook Seminary; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Director of Athletic Association (3).

Clark, Arthur Charles; born at Berwick, Me., 1878; present residence, Berwick, Me.; fitted at Sullivan High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Senior Exhibition (4); Part at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4).

Davis, Eben Frank; born at Auburn, Me., 1874; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School and Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

Demack, Leo Charles; born at Lowell, Mass., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, law. Honors—Prize, Sophomore Declamation (2); Prize, Champion Debate (2); Prize, Junior Exhibition (3); Business Manager of STUDENT (3); Bates-Colby Debate (3 and 4).

Dennison, Martha Ella; born at Freeport, Me., 1878; present residence, West Bethel, Me.; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Dow, Mittie Anna; born at Plymouth, Me., 1878; present residence, East Newport, Me; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Junior Exhibition (3); Hymns (4); Senior Exhibition (4).

Ellingwood, William Henry Swift; born at West Milan, N. H., 1871; present residence, Poland, Me.; fitted at Kents Hill and Farmington State Normal School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Senior Exhibition (4); Historian, Class Day (4); Class Executive Committee (4); Class Devotional Committee (4).

Estes, Mina Theresa; born at Lewiston, Me., 1880; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Fisher, Anna Hortense; born at Bowdoinham, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Prize, Bird List (1).

Goddard, Annette May; born at Deering, Me., 1877; present residence, Portland, Me.; fitted at Deering High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Sophomore Declamations (2); Prize, English Composition (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3).

Goss, Ralph Warren; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, medicine. Honor—Musician (4).

Guptill, Herbert Samuel; born at Berwick, Me., 1879; present residence, Berwick, Me.; fitted at Sullivan High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Class Treasurer (1 and 2); Champion Debate (2); Alumni Editor of STUDENT (3); Prize, General Scholarship (3).

Ham, William Ross; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Manager Track Team (3); Address to Hall and Campus, Class Day (4).

Hicks, Maleen Peabody; born at Gilead, Me., 1875; present residence, Westbrook; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Holmes, William King; born at South Paris, Me., 1879; present residence, South Paris, Me.; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, law. Honor—Director of Athletic Association (4).

Irving, Bertha Lorea; born at Lewiston, Me., 1877; present residence, Oakland, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Prize, Sophomore Declamations (2); Prize, Junior Exhibition (3).

Jordan, Elwyn Knowlton; born at Lewiston, Me., 1880; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation undecided. Honors—Sophomore Declamations (2); Champion Debate (2); Assistant Base-ball Manager (3); Junior Team Debate (3); Toast-Master Ivy Day (3); Junior Exhibition (3); President Athletic Association (4); Class President (4); Varsity Foot-ball Team (4).

Landman, Nina Floretta; born at South Londonderry, Vt., 1876; present residence, Townshend, Vt.; fitted at Leland and Gray Seminary; intended occupation, undecided. Honor—Class Devotional Committee (1).

Libby, Caroline Emily; born at Pittsfield, Me., 1878; present residence, Pittsfield, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Junior Exhibition (3); Senior Exhibition (4).

Libbey, Gertrude Brown; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, undecided. Honors—Prize, Freshman Declamations (1); Chairman Devotional Committee (2); Champion Debate (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Book Review Editor STUDENT (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3); Senior Exhibition (4); Parting Address, Class Day (4).

Marr, William Middleton; born at Westerly, R. I., 1876; present residence, Westerly, R. I.; fitted at Mt. Herman; intended occupation, law. Honors—Sophomore Declamations (2); Class Councillor (3); Vice-President Debating League (3); Director Athletic Association (3).

Mills, Harriet Bagnall; born at Lewiston, Me., 1874; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Moore, Harry Leroy; born at Wa-Keeney, Kan., 1880; present residence, Northborough, Mass.; fitted at Northborough High School; intended occupation, law. Honors—Class Vice-President (2); Prize in his division of Sophomore Debates (2); Champion Debate (2); Scholarship Prize (2); Treasurer Debating League (3); Class President (3); Prize, Junior Team Debate (3); Junior Exhibition (3) Editor-in-Chief of STUDENT (3); President Debating League (4); Senior Exhibition (4); Part at the laying of the corner-stone of Coram Library (4); Address to Undergraduates, Class Day (4).

Moulton, Percy Daniel; born at Lewiston, Me., 1881; present residence, Lewiston Me.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Intercollegiate Track Team (2); Assistant Manager, STUDENT (3); Leader in Junior Drill (3); Class Marshal (3) and (4).

Neal, Josephine Bicknell; born at Belmont, Me., 1880; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation,

teaching. Honors—Scholarship prize (1), (2) and (3); Prize in her division of Sophomore Debates (2); Champion Debate (2); Junior Exhibition (3); Senior Exhibition (4).

Noyes, Blanche Belle; born at Auburn, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Lynn High School; intended occupation, ————. Honor—Senior Exhibition (4).

Osborne, Florence Eldora; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Parker, Ezra Steeves; born at Moncton, N. B., 1867; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, ministry.

Parker, Louise Lester; born at Auburn, Me., 1880; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Prize Essay (2).

Pierce, Walter Blake; born at Kingston, N. H., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Stoneham High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Freshman Declamations (1); Junior Exhibition (3); Presentation, Ivy Day (3).

Rand, Vernie Elmer; born at St. Albans, Me., 1880; present residence, Dexter, Me.; fitted at Dexter High School; intended occupation, law. Honors—Scholarship Prize (1); Prize in his division of Sophomore Debates (2); Prize, Champion Debate (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Executive Committee, Debating League (3); Foot-ball Manager (4); Senior Exhibition (4); Orator, Class Day (4).

Roberts, Richard Sewall Woodbury; born at Newmarket, N. H., 1877; present residence, Dover, N. H.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, ministry. Honors—Foot-ball Manager (4); Chairman Class Executive Committee (4).

Roys, Lincoln; born at Livermore Falls, Me., 1877; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Norwood High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Musician (3).

Small, Flora Belle; born at Bowdoin, Me., 1880; present residence, Castine, Me.; fitted at Lisbon Falls High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Small, Lucy Jane; born at Lisbon Falls, Me., 1878; present residence, Lisbon Falls, Me.; fitted at Lisbon Falls High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Junior Exhibition (3).

Smith, Harry Ira; born at Palmyra, Me., 1877; present residence, Palmyra, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, law. Honors—Captain Class Base-ball Team (1), and (2); Varsity Base-ball Team (1), (2), (3) and (4).

Stevens, Harold Elmer Ellsworth; born at Lewiston, Me., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Intercollegiate Track Team (2); Class Track Team (3); Class Councillor (3).

Stuart, Herman Harry; born at South Paris, Me., 1880; present residence, South Paris, Me.; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Prize, Bird List (1); Treasurer Athletic Association (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3); Tennis Manager (4).

Swain, Edith Lillian; born at Meredith, N. H., 1862; present residence, Lakeport, N. H.; fitted at New Hampton Literary Institute; intended occupation, teaching.

Towle, Lena Belle; born at Lewiston, Me., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Vice-President (1); Champion Debate (2); Class Secretary (3); Exchange Editor of STUDENT (3); Senior Exhibition (4); Prophet, Class Day (4).

Towne, Charlotte Gertrude; born at Mansfield, Mass., 1877; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Portland (Conn.) High; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Devotional Committee (3) Class Secretary (4); Part at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4).

Trickey, Harold Albert Mariner; born at Dexter, Me., 1881; present

residence, Charleston, Me.; fitted at Higgins Classical Institute; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Track Team (2), (3) and (4).

Varney, Bertha May; born at Bowdoinham, Me., 1879; present residence, Bowdoinham, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Prize, Bird List (1).

Vickery, Ethel Belle; born at Pittsfield, Me., 1880; present residence, Pittsfield, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Freshman Declamations (1); Class Secretary (1) and (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Junior Exhibition (3); Local Editor of STUDENT (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3).

Wagg, Frank Perley; born at Lisbon, Me., 1873; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, law. Honor (took his first three years with the Class of '99)—Bates-Colby Debate (4).

Wheeler, Carleton Eugene; born at Berlin, Mass., 1880; present residence, Berlin, Mass.; fitted at Northboro High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Treasurer (3); Class Vice-President (4).

Williams, Leroy Everett; born at Bowdoinham, Me., 1878; present residence, Bowdoinham, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Vice-President Athletic Association (3); Class Councillor (3); Director Athletic Association (4).

Wilson, Joseph Edwards; born at Barrington, N. S.; present residence, Yarmouth, N. S.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, ministry. Honors—Class President (1) and (2); Prize in his division of the Sophomore Debates (2); Champion Debate (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Junior Team Debate (3); Executive Committee, Debating League (3); Junior Exhibition (3); Local Editor of STUDENT (3); Class Chaplain (3); Senior Exhibition (4); Base-ball Manager (4).

## IVY DAY.

Tuesday, June 18th, was observed by the Juniors as Ivy Day. After the exercises in the chapel the ivy was planted on the eastern side of Hathorn Hall. Following is the program:

MUSIC.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.

Oration. — John Frederick Hamlin.

MUSIC.

Poem. — Flora Estella Long.
Presentation. — Harry Alfred Blake.

MUSIC.

Toasts—Toastmaster: John Arthur Hunnewell.
The College Graduate an American Citizen. — Ernest Llewellyn McLean.
The Primary Obligations of the Student. — Edna Mae Gosline.
Views from Mt. David. — James Alexander Lodge.
Class Emblem. — Lucy Florence Kimball.
Advantages of Bates. — Samuel Ellison Sawyer.

CLASS ODE.
PLANTING THE IVY.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Faithfulness in what we undertake to do is a duty becoming to us all. Whatever our calling in life may be or whatever we are preparing ourselves for, during our school years, let us

remember that they who put forth the most faithful efforts are those who will be crowned with the greatest success. Those who meet any difficulties that may arise with a determination to overcome are they who wear the palm of conquerors.

But in preparing ourselves for life and its duties we must not forget that we are not to live for time alone, but for eternity also.

> "Dust thou are to dust returneth
> Was not spoken of the soul."

It is, therefore, the duty of everyone to be faithful to himself concerning his soul's welfare.

If life is worth living at all it is worth living well, and if it is worth our efforts to prepare ourselves for success and honor which is to be gained in this life, it is of greater importance that we prepare for the life which is to come, that we may gain the honor and reward of success here.

But in our college life, with so many duties pressing upon us, we are apt to forget the full importance of the great work of saving our fellow-students, which is left for us, as Christians, to do. We do not always fully appreciate what it is. We do not realize that we shall soon all be gone and that these great opportunities will never return. The trouble is, we get a little too far away to hear the voice of Him who said, "Go and work to-day in my vineyard," or we are too busy to notice how fast the sun of our day is sinking. We forget that night comes so soon.

Let us, then, arouse ourselves to the great opportunities for Christian work, and with lives fully consecrated in the service of Christ ever hold His banner high by our testimonies and our lives.

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## CLASS RIDE OF 1902.

With many cares and themes left behind, a perfect morning and a good-natured, congenial company promised a delightful time, as the Juniors started early on a June morning for Squirrel Island. The ride to Bath on the steam cars was spiced with close attention, on the part of many, to their English note-book, in consideration of what which was promised us in the future, "Providence willing." At Bath the Eastern Steamboat Company furnished passage to Squirrel Island, and a delightful trip of two hours down the river, through two natural gates, showed to many a panorama of beautiful scenery in what is usually "cold old Maine."

A search for lobsters began as soon as the island was reached; but although the island is large, and there was a diligent search, only three lobbys were found to satisfy the hungry crowd. However, the picnic dinner was ample and some kind soul had built an unusually large veranda on his cottage expressly for us.

After noon the various parties wandered over the island enjoying the ocean and taking pictures of the most beautiful places, until

the steamer left in the middle of the afternoon. Again at Bath, some availed themselves of the privilege kindly granted by the chaperon to return by electrics and stop at Merrymeeting Park. Cars leave the park at various hours; but finally everyone was back in Lewiston, satisfied with another happy class ride, with many pictures to hang on memory's wall for future pleasure, and with a deep conviction that the next time we want an ideal chaperon we will go at once for Dr. Geer.

—L. F. K., '02.

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Of all her successful class rides 1901 speaks with greatest enthusiasm and joy of the last one. Ocean Park, with its joint attractions of woods and ocean, and its inhabitants so much in sympathy with overflowing Bates and 1901 spirit, was an ideal spot for a gala day. No one can do justice to the happiness of the day, but an outsider would tell, perhaps, of the gatherings on the beautiful beach when joy found expression in singing college songs mingled with the gleeful voices of the bathers; or of the merry circle in Guild Park doing justice to such a good shore dinner and later making the woods echo as dignified Seniors forgot their dignity and renewed their youthful joys, exulting in childish games.

Not till eventide, as we strolled slowly along the beach at Old Orchard to take the train for Lewiston, did a realization that this was our last class ride overwhelm us. It was a saddened company that gathered in the station until one happily suggested a grand reunion at Ocean Park in 1902 and fifty-two voices made the motion a unanimous vote. Long, long, will the spirit of friendliness and good-will, of pride in 1901, and loyalty to Bates, which made the day one of perfect enjoyment and harmony, be remembered; often, oh, so often, will the happy faces and voices be recalled.

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### THE FRESHMAN BIRD RIDE.

Will wonders never cease? The sun really shone on the morning of June fifth, it being the fourth or fifth day appointed for the annual bird-ride of the Freshman Class with Professor Stanton.

The special car reached the corner of College and Skinner streets at eight o'clock and within a few moments was filled with the members of 1904, armed with lunch-boxes, peanuts, and beaming countenances. Said peanuts prevented very much noise on the way down, but did not disturb the happiness by any means.

We were soon at the corner where we left the car and were speedily *en route* for "No-Name Pond." A few halts were made for rest, and during these periods the class was entertained in various ways. Refreshments of bananas and good cold water were served at the first halt. During rest number two the class was highly entertained by an exhibition given by two of the boys

with a grain roller borrowed (?) from a farmer for the occasion. The other modes of entertainment were just as interesting, and we hardly realized that we could have come so far when about half-past ten we arrived at the head of the pond. The most enthusiastic *bird-ists* departed with Professor Stanton for the woods, returning about noon, the happy possessors of a real crested fly-catcher's nest containing the genuine snakeskin and some of the beautiful eggs.

Dinner was eaten under some shady apple trees in full bloom, and it tasted much better because of the great quantities of good, rich milk provided by our ever thoughtful Professor.

Many enjoyed boat rides in the afternoon and some of the party—mostly of the masculine persuasion—suddenly found that they had forgotten some important things about arithmetic and geography, and found it necessary to refresh their memories by visiting the rural school (or it might possibly have been the teacher).

The ride home was quiet because of anxiety felt for a certain few members of the class who were missing.

An exhilarating ride around the "figure eight" followed the ride home, and we quickly made ourselves known by good, hearty cries of, "Kemo, Kimo, Kero, Where," and "Boom-Bates-Boom."

At 4.30 we again reached the campus, weary and with voices somewhat impaired, but much delighted with the day's experience and with hearts full of love and gratitude for dear Professor Stanton.

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The Senior meeting of the three societies was held Friday evening, June 14th, being an unusually fine one. Mr. Roberts, last year's president of Piæria, presided. The program included piano solo, Mr. Demack; original part, Miss Towle; vocal solo, Mr. Marr; recitation, Miss Caroline Libby; solo, Miss Irving; piano duet, Miss Brett and Mr. Goss; mixed chorus; deeds of 1901, Mr. Wilson; story of *Winter's Tale*, Miss Goddard; statue scene from *"Winter's Tale"*—Hermione, Miss Vickery; Perdita, Miss Gertrude Libbey; Paulina, Miss Towne; Leontes, Mr. Jordan; Polixenes, Mr. Moulton; Florizel, Mr. Moore; Camillo, Mr. Holmes.

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**BASE-BALL.**

Our base-ball team has been greatly hampered through the lack of a trip south. It is to be regretted that, owing to the financial condition of the Athletic Association, this was impossible; however, although we have not been favored with a large number of victories, we can see that the team has improved greatly since the beginning of the season. The two games with Bowdoin were hard-fought battles, and our victory over Tufts was gratifying. But of the game with Columbia University, special mention should be made. "This was Bates' greatest game of the season, if not

in her history." The features were the catching of a difficult fly by Bucknam, and Towne's pitching—he striking out ten men. The impartial work of Umpire Hassett during the season has been greatly appreciated by the team.

We give below the score of the games played with college teams:

University of Maine vs. Bates, April 27th, at Orono.

| U. OF M. | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Holmes, cf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Carr, 2b | 5 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 0 |
| Chase, c | 3 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Davis, 3b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Webber, p | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Russell, 1b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Whitney, rf | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bachelder, lf | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Ross, ss | 4 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| | 34 | 7 | 7 | 27 | 12 | 1 |

| BATES. | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allen, p | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Smith, cf | 5 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bucknam, lf | 5 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Deane, 2b | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Clason, 3b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Munro, 1b | 3 | 1 | 1 | 11 | 0 | 1 |
| Maerz, ss | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Cole, c | 4 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 2 |
| Towne, rf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| | 4 | 10 | 24 | 10 | 6 | |

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U. of M. | 1 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | | —7 |
| Bates | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | —4 |

Two-base hits—Smith, Bucknam 2, Clason, Carr. Struck out—Allen, Smith, Bucknam, Maerz, Cole 2. Towne, Webber, Russell, Bachelder, Ross 2. Stolen bases—Smith, Deane, Clason, Munroe 2. Maerz, Carr 2, Webber, Whitney, Bachelder. Base on balls—Smith 2, Clason, Munro, Maerz, Holmes, Chase 2, Whitney, Bachelder.

Colby vs. Bates, May 15th, at Waterville.

| COLBY. | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rice, 3b | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Saunders, p | 6 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 1 |
| Newenham, lf | 6 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Meserve, cf | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Cowing, c | 5 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 2 | 0 |
| Teague, 1b | 5 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| Pike, 2b | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| E. Allen, ss | 5 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Leighton, rf | 5 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| | 47 | 14 | 13 | 27 | 9 | 1 |

| BATES. | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C. Allen, ss | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Smith, cf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Stone, c | 4 | 0 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 2 |
| Clason, 3b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Deane, 2b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Bucknam, lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Munro, 1b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 7 | 0 | 2 |
| Maerz, rf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Towne, p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| | 30 | 1 | 4 | 27 | 6 | 8 |

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Colby | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 2 | —14 |
| Bates | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | — 1 |

Two-base hit—Rice. Struck out—Rice, Newenham, Saunders, Meserve, Teague 2, Pike, E. Allen, Leighton, Deane 2, Bucknam, Munro, Maerz 2, Towne. Base on balls—C. Allen. Stolen bases—Cowing, E. Allen, C. Allen. Umpire—Hassett.

Colby vs. Bates, May 25, at Lewiston.

COLBY.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rice, 3b | 5 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Saunders, p | 5 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Newenham, lf | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Meserve, cf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Cowing, c | 5 | 1 | 2 | 8 | 3 | 0 |
| Teague, 1b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 1 |
| Pike, 2b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| E. Allen, ss | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Leighton, rf | 5 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| | 39 | 8 | 12 | 27 | 10 | 2 |

BATES.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| C. Allen, ss | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, 3b | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Stone, c | 5 | 2 | 2 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Bucknam, lf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Clason, cf | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Munro, 1b | 4 | 0 | 2 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Deane, 2b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Maerz, rf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Towne, p | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| | 35 | 4 | 9 | 27 | 11 | 1 |

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Colby | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | —8 |
| Bates | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | —4 |

Two-base hits—Saunders, Teague, Stone, Towne. Three-base hit—Munro. Base on balls—Newenham, Meserve, Teague, Pike, Allen. Hit by pitched ball—Newenham, E. Allen, Smith 2. Struck out—Smith, Stone, Bucknam, Munro, Deane, Maerz, Towne 2, Newenham, Teague 2, Rice, Pike 2, E. Allen 2, Leighton. Passed balls—Cowing. Time—1 h. 35 m. Umpire—Hassett.

Tufts vs. Bates, May 30th, at Lewiston.

TUFTS.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Solworthy, ss | 5 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 3 |
| Flemming, 2b | 5 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Chapman, 3b | 5 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Hazelton, 1b | 4 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 0 |
| Williams, cf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Flagg, rf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Cannel, lf | 5 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Fiske, c | 5 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Clay, p | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| | 40 | 3 | 8 | 24 | 12 | 9 |

BATES.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allen, ss | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 2 |
| Stone, c | 5 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Smith, 3b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Bucknam, p | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| Clason, cf | 4 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Munro, 1b | 4 | 2 | 0 | 11 | 1 | 0 |
| Deane, 2b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Maerz, lf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Lang, rf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | 39 | 10 | 11 | 27 | 15 | 5 |

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tufts | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | —3 |
| Bates | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | —10 |

Two-base hits—Fiske, Clay, Bucknam. Stolen bases—Stone, Clason, Lang. Base on balls—Hazelton, Williams 2, Clay, Flagg, Smith. Struck out—Flemming, Williams, Flagg, Cannel. Umpire—McManus.

Bowdoin vs. Bates, May 31st, at Lewiston.

BOWDOIN.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nevers, 1b | 4 | 0 | 3 | 10 | 1 | 0 |
| Stanwood, cf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Havey, ss | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Pratt, 2b | 5 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Parker, 3b | 4 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Coffin, lf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Greene, rf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Blanchard, c | 4 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Oakes, p | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| | 37 | 2 | 8*26 | | 11 | 2 |

BATES.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allen, ss | 5 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Stone, c | 3 | 1 | 1 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith, cf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bucknam, lf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Clason, 3b | 3 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Munro, 1b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Deane, 2b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Maerz, rf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Towne, p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| | 32 | 1 | 4 | 27 | 8 | 3 |

*Deane out for intentionally being hit by pitched ball.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bowdoin | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —2 |
| Bates | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 |

Stolen bases—Stanwood, Munro. Base on balls—Stanwood, Stone, Smith, Maerz, Towne. Struck out—Nevers, Stanwood, Havey 2, Coffin 7, Greene, Blanchard 2, Oakes, Pratt, Allen 2, Bucknam, Maerz, Towne 2, Smith. Hit by pitched ball—Nevers, Havey, Clason. Umpire—Hassett. Time—1h. 45m.

## Columbia University vs. Bates, June 7, at Lewiston.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Donohue, ss | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Wilke, 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Marcus, cf | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| O'Neil, rf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Wuncle, lf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Armstrong, 2b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 0 |
| Henriquez, 3b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Goodiman, c | 3 | 0 | 0 | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| Barton, p | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| | 30 | 0 | 4 | 24 | 9 | 2 |

BATES.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allen, ss | 3 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Stone, c | 5 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 | 1 |
| Smith, cf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Bucknam, lf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Clason, 3b | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Munro, 1b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 0 |
| Deane, 2b | 4 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| Cole, rf | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Towne, p | 3 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 0 |
| | 33 | 5 | 8 | 27 | 8 | 3 |

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Columbia University | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —0 |
| Bates | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | | —5 |

Stolen bases—O'Neil, Henriquez, Wilke, Barton. Struck out—Donohue, Wilke, Marcus, Wuncle, Armstrong, Henriquez 2, Goodiman 2, Barton, Stone, Bucknam, Munro, Towne 2. Three-base hit—Clason. Two-base hits—Allen, Clason, Cole. Base on balls—Wilke, Marcus 3, Goodiman, Allen 2, Smith, Cole, Towne. Umpire—Hassett.

## Bowdoin vs. Bates, June 14th, at Brunswick.

BOWDOIN.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nevers, 1b | 4 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 2 |
| Pratt, 2b | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Havey, ss | 5 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Parker, 3b | 5 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Greene, rf | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Stanwood, cf | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Blanchard, c | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Cloudman, lf | 4 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Oakes, p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Bly, rf | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| | 35 | 6 | 6 | 27 | 9 | 5 |

BATES.

| | AB | R | IB | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allen, ss | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 6 | 1 |
| Stone, c | 4 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Smith, cf | 4 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Bucknam, lf | 4 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Clason, 3b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Munro, 1b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Deane, 2b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Cole, rf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Towne, p | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| | 35 | 3 | 6 | 24 | 11 | 7 |

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bowdoin | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | | —6 |
| Bates | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | —3 |

Two-base hits—Parker, Bucknam. Stolen base—Nevers 2, Stanwood 2. Cloudman, Allen 3, Bucknam, Deane 2, Towne. Base on balls—Nevers, Pratt, Greene, Blanchard, Allen. Struck out—Nevers, Havey, Stanwood 2, Blanchard 2, Oakes, Allen 2, Stone, Munro, Towne 2. Hit by pitched ball—Smith 2. Umpire—Hassett. Time—1h. 40m.

## FIELD DAY.

The annual Bates Field Day was held Friday, May 24th, at Garcelon Field with the following results:

Half-mile run—First place won by Ham, 1901; second, Holmes, 1901; third, Trickey, 1901. Time, 2.17m.

Pole vault—First place won by Merry, 1902; second, Fuller, 1903; third, Allen, 1903. Height, 8 ft. 7 in.

100-yard dash—first place won by Munro, 1903; second, Piper, 1903; third, Flanders, 1904. Time, 11¼s.

Mile-run—First place won by Luce, 1904; second, Lane, 1904; third, Holmes, 1901. Time, 5m. 22s.

440-yard dash—First place won by Rounds, 1904; second, Ham, 1901; third, Munro, 1903. Time, 1m. 7½s.

Throwing discus—First place won by Hunt, 1903; second, Bucknam, 1903; third, Flanders, 1904. Distance, 83 ft. 3in.

Throwing hammer—First place won by Baldwin, 1903; second, Wallace, 1904; third, Hunt, 1903. Distance, 81 ft. 3 in.

Putting shot—First place won by Hunt, 1903; second, Bucknam, 1903; third, Wallace, 1904. Distance, 30 ft. 9 in.

220-yards hurdle—First place won by Munro, 1903; second, Moody, 1902; third, Dunfield, 1904. Time, 31½s.

Two-mile run—First place won by Robbins, 1904; second, Luce, 1904; third, Trickey, 1901. Time, 11m. 22s.

Running broad jump—First place won by Allen, 1903; second, Ham, 1901; third, Moody, 1902. Distance, 19 ft. 2 in.

220-yards dash—First place won by Flanders, 1904; second, Rounds, 1904; third, Piper, 1903. Time, 27¼s.

120-yards high hurdle—First place won by Munro, 1903; second, Moody, 1902; third, Fuller, 1903. Time 20s.

The summary by points:

| | 1901 | 1902 | 1903 | 1904 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Half-mile run | 9 | .. | .. | .. |
| Pole vault | .. | 5 | 4 | .. |
| 100-yard dash | .. | .. | 8 | 1 |
| Mile-run | 1 | .. | .. | 8 |
| 440-yard dash | 3 | .. | 1 | 5 |
| Throwing discus | .. | .. | 8 | 1 |
| Throwing hammer | .. | .. | 6 | 3 |
| Putting shot | .. | .. | 8 | 1 |
| 220-yard hurdle | .. | 3 | 5 | 1 |
| Two-mile run | 1 | .. | .. | 8 |
| Running broad jump | 3 | 1 | 5 | .. |
| 220-yard dash | .. | .. | .. | 8 |
| 220-yard dash | .. | .. | 1 | 8 |
| 120-yard hurdle | .. | 3 | 6 | .. |
| Totals | 17 | 12 | 52 | 36 |

## M. I. C. A. A. MEET.

The seventh annual meet of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held at Orono, June 1st. Bowdoin easily won first place, scoring 89 points; U. of M. was second, scoring 31 points; Bates third, scoring 10 points; Colby fourth, scoring 5 points.

The events were as follows:

Half-mile run—Won by Nutter, Bowdoin; second, Silver, U. of M.; third, Thompson, Bowdoin. Time, 2m. 4½s.

440-yard dash—Won by Gray, Bowdoin; second, Nutter, Bowdoin; third, French, U. of M. Time, 54⅘s.

Two-mile bicycle race—Won by Kelley, U. of M.; second, Small, Bowdoin; third, Davenport, U. of M. Time, 5m. 30s.

100-yard dash—Won by Cloudman, Bowdoin; second, Hunt, Bowdoin; third, Allen, Colby. Time, 10s.

One-mile run—Won by Luce, Bates; second, Wheeler, Bowdoin; third, Blaisdell, U. of M. Time, 4m. 59⅘s.

120-yard hurdle—Won by Hunt, Bowdoin; second, Thompson, U. of M.; third, Davis, U. of M. Time, 17⅕s.

220-yard hurdle—Won by Rowe, Bowdoin; Hunt, Bowdoin, and Davis, U. of M., tied for second place. Time, 27⅘s.

Two-mile run—Won by Trickey, Bates; second, Wheeler, Bowdoin; third, Blackburn, Colby. Time, 11m. 10⅘s.

220-yard dash—Won by Cloudman, Bowdoin; second, Soule, Bowdoin; third, Harris, U. of M. Time, 23s.

Pole vault—Tied by Hawes, Colby, Parker, U. of M., and Davis, U. of M. Height, 9 feet, 8¾ in.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Small, Bowdoin; second, Laferriere, Bowdoin; third, Elliot, U. of M. Distance, 35 ft. 10⅛ in.

Running high jump—Won by Hamilton, Bowdoin; Soderstrom, U. of M., and Moore, Bowdoin, tied for second place. Height, 5 ft. 7 in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by Dunlap, Bowdoin; second, Small, Bowdoin; third, Elliott, U. of M. Distance, 122 ft. 3 in

Running broad jump—Won by Cloudman, Bowdoin; second, Hunt, Bowdoin; third, Hamilton, Bowdoin. Distance, 20 ft. 10 in.

Throwing discus—Won by Dunlap, Bowdoin; second, Watson, U. of M.; third, Small, Bowdoin. Distance, 108 ft., 6¼ in.

SUMMARY OF POINTS WON.

| College. | Half-Mile Run. | 440 Yards Dash. | 2 Mile Bicycle Race. | 100 Yards Dash. | 1 Mile Run. | 120 Yards Hurdle. | 2 Mile Run. | 220 Yards Dash. | Pole Vault. | Putting Shot. | Running High. | Throwing Hammer. | Running Broad. | Throwing Discus. | 220 Yards Hurdle. | Totals. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bates . . | . | . | . | . | 5 | . | 5 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | 10 |
| Bowdoin . | 6 | 8 | 3 | 8 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 8 | . | 8 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 89 |
| Colby . . | . | . | . | 1 | . | . | 1 | . | 3 | . | . | . | . | . | . | 5 |
| U. of M. . | 3 | 1 | 6 | . | 1 | 4 | . | 1 | 6 | 1 | 2 | 1 | . | 3 | 2 | 31 |

First place counts 5; second, 3; third, 1.

## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Bates people all,
Both short and tall,
Both slow and spry,
Both fresh and dry,
Shut up your books,
Put by base-ball,
Don't stop, don't stay,
Come, haste away,
Vacation's here,
The college year
Is past and gone.

Can't something be done for the other ivies, to make them grow as well as 1902's is going to?

Dr. Freeman of Portland gave the sermon before the Christian Association on the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday.

The Sophomores celebrated our victory over Columbia by a reception at the home of Miss Miller in honor of their ball players.

1901, we wish you God-speed, we are sure you will reflect credit upon your *Alma Mater.* 1902 will try to be worthy of the place you leave for her.

The three societies chose their representatives at the Alumni Banquet as follows: Polymnia, Moore, 1901; Piæria, Beedy, 1903; Eurosophia, Jordan, 1901.

Both Mr. Knapp and Mr. Pomeroy are to study at Harvard next year. So the rest of us, as well as 1905, will have some teachers to get acquainted with.

Several members of our ball team are to play during the summer season. Towne has signed with the Lewistons, and Allen, Stone, and Bucknam are also to play.

The Commencement Concert was unusually good this year and 1901 deserves a great deal of credit. To hear the Kneisel and Temple Quartets was a great opportunity.

We have been almost as musical as the birds this summer, with our various clubs and practising of class odes. We hope, however, that the quality of tone has not been too marked.

A rather novel social was held in the gymnasium on the evening of Field Day for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The order of the entertainment was marching, an interesting entertainment by college talent, and tucker. Miss Shea, 1902, Sanderson, 1903, and David, 1904, acted as readers, while the Young Ladies' Glee Club and the Young Men's Mandolin and Guitar Club furnished music.

The STUDENT is much pleased at being able to publish at this time the foot-ball schedule for 1901. We feel the general sentiment is echoed when it is said that the schedule is an *excellent* one.

September 28—Exeter, at Exeter.
October 5—Harvard, at Cambridge.
October 15—University of Maine, at Lewiston.
October 19—University of Maine, at Orono.
October 22—Yale, at New Haven.
October 24—Massachusetts State College, at Amherst.
October 30—University of Vermont, at Lewiston.
November 2—Colby, at Lewiston.
November 9—Bowdoin, at Lewiston.

As announced in the last issue, Mr. Hoag will coach the team again this year. This is in itself enough to ensure a prosperous season.

This is the great term for electing officers. With so many, almost all of us ought to have some dignity.

Debating League: President, Dexter, '02; Vice-President, Beedy, '03; Secretary, Miss Ames, '02; Treasurer, Purinton, '03; Executive Committee, Felker, '02, Sanderson, '03, Spofford, '04.

Athletic Association: President, Childs, '02; Vice-President, Towne, '03; Secretary, Rounds, '04; Treasurer, Ramsdell, '03; Base-Ball Manager, Wall, '02; Assistant Manager, Catheron, '03; Tennis Manager, Lodge, '02; Assistant Manager, Purinton, '03; Track Manager, Clason, '02; Assistant Manager, Piper, '03; Directors, from 1902, Dexter, Blake; 1903, Bucknam, Munro; 1904, Briggs, Hayes; Advisory Board, W. F. Garcelon, W. W. Bolster.

Piæria: President, Felker, '02; Vice-President, Beedy, '03; Secretary, Miss White, '04; Assistant Secretary, Miss Preston, '04; Treasurer, Rounds, '04; Executive Committee, Bragg, '02, Kelly, '03, Miss Emma Bray, '04; Membership and Decorating Committee, Miss Dean, '02, Dexter, '02, Miss Felker, '03, Trufant, '03, Miss Green, '04; Librarian, Smith, '04.

Polymnia: President, Blake, '02; Vice-President, Purinton, '03; Secretary, Miss Frost, '04; Treasurer, Bailey, '03; Executive Committee, Merry, '02, Miss Cornforth, '03, Dunfield, '04; Librarian, Lord, '03.

1902: President, Dexter; Vice-President, Moody; Secretary, Miss Dean; Treasurer, Park; Chaplain, Holman; Marshal, Donnocker; Executive Committee, Clason, Miss Pettengill, Harrington; Devotional Committee, Ohol, Miss Wheeler, Miss Tucker.

For Class Day officers the following: Oration, Childs; Historian, Merry; Address to Halls and Campus, Blake; Address to Undergraduates, Hamlin; Prophecy, Miss Pettengill; Poet, Miss Long; Odist, Miss Field; Musician, Miss Ames.

1903: President, Towne; Vice-President, Sawyer; Secretary, Miss Felker; Treasurer, Lord; Chaplain, Kelly; Marshal, Baldwin; Executive Committee, Ramsdell, Miss Donham, Miss Norton, Miss Jordan, Jordan.

1904: President, Spofford; Vice-President, Luce; Secretary, Miss Sands; Treasurer, Dennett; Executive Committee, G. L. Weymouth, Miss Wheeler, Allen; Devotional Committee, Senter, Miss Milliken, Dunfield.

To have a ride you Freshmen gay,
You must not choose the month of May.
Although you tried and tried to go,
The weather always was your foe.

The month of June is better far,
Its breezes soft and gentle are,
Its skies are blue and all serene,
Its grass, like you, is always green.

# College Exchanges.

HOW fortunate that Stoicism did not become a universal philosophy, but taught its lesson of self-control and then passed into history. If that cold rigidity and heartlessness had continued, life to-day would have lost one of its sweetest characteristics: that of delicate sensibility to the beautiful. The æsthetic taste in man must have been intended by the Creator as one of his most prominent traits, because Nature is so delightful with all her charms, and in her various moods appeals so strongly to man. The exchanges this month impress this truth upon the reader; there is a strain of light-heartedness and good cheer running through the magazines, as if the joy of bursting bud and flowering shrub had awakened an echo in human life.

Perhaps the students feel a keener thrill of delight in the spring-time than in the other seasons of the year, because their own lives are unfolding into beauty. The Commencement numbers make one's being thrill, for all through them is the whispering of future hopes and aspirations, and the glimmering dawn of success. As the blossom foretells the fruit, so the verdant springtime of youth assures us of the plentiful harvest of manhood.

The Commencement number of the *Peabody Record* comes to us daintily bound in white and gold and tied with the university colors, garnet and blue. The attractiveness of the cover is indicative of the contents. No magazine which has come to our table this year has brought us such commendable material for careful reading.

Such orations as "The Ethics of Socialism," "Browning's Idea of Growth Through Effort and Trial," "Goethe's Idea of Culture," are comprehensive articles, where every word counts. This more serious reading is interspersed with delightful lyrics and sonnets, tales of thrilling devotion, and odd bits of pleasant and witty reminiscences. The excellence of the articles and their skilful arrangement. together with the photographs, makes this a choice number, above the average of even Commencement issues.

Some visitors are always welcomed with a little more cordiality than others; and the *Sibyl* from Elmira invariably receives a heartier greeting than the majority of magazines. It seems enveloped in a very atmosphere of culture and refinement. The contributions always maintain a high literary standard.

The writer of "The Development of the American Novel" shows an extensive and impartial acquaintance with many authors; and marked ability in definitely and clearly summarizing the peculiar characteristics of authors and their literary work and its value. It is free from bookishness and the musty scent of reference books; in short, it is original.

The "Study Fire" is a department devoted to short, vivid descriptions and to concise, pithy, logical, moral deductions; as an example of the latter, we quote the following: "There was a

man who had studied long and believed himself wise, yet he still continued to study. At last one day he laid his head upon his book and sighed, 'Truly, I know nothing.' And from that day men called him great." Such writing is excellent practice and more difficult than one thinks at a mere reading. It corrects the common faults of circumlocution and ambiguity and cultivates terse, pointed statements, and the art of suggesting much in a few words. We wish many college magazines would adopt this excellent department.

Among the many praiseworthy characteristics of the *Sibyl* we wish to mention the comprehensive and clear book-reviews. These are of practical help to busy students, who are prevented from keeping abreast of the best publications of the day.

"Sidney Lanier," in *The Kenyon Collegian,* is written in a style comparable to Hamilton Mabie's, in that it so absorbs our attention that we are as oblivious as if we had tasted Lethe. The subject permits the author to digress on poetry and poets in general, in the midst of which he tells us that "Every great word, every great idea, every great deed is a poem." He relates the biography of Lanier in a very graphic way and gives a clear understanding of the poet's struggles, and of his genius.

We approve of the custom of signing one's full name and his respective class to whatever article one may write. Not to do this indicates either false modesty or shame to own the production. Print nothing, write nothing which you will not willingly claim as the work of your own brain and hand. This admirable habit of plainly signing one's own work has permitted us to become quite well acquainted with a few authors. We are always glad to see the name of Beth Bradford Gilchrist in the *Mount Holyoke,* or of H. O Winslow or of Howard B. Grose in the *Brunonian,* for we always know that something of worth precedes those signatures.

Although we devote our exchange column almost exclusively to college magazines, please do not conclude that the magazines from academies and fitting schools are consequently overlooked. This month we are pleased to commend the editorial on the "Russian Student Troubles" in *The Bugle* from Brigham Academy, Vermont, and the storiettes, particularly "Little Pietro" in the *Greylock Echo* from Adams, Mass.

## Poetry.

### The Fog Bell.

The tolling knell of the weird fog-bell,
Sounding clear on the air, now far, now near,
Hath a music's spell as it rings and sings,
"Beware—take care,
Take care—beware."
It voices the depth of old Neptune's soul,
As over his face the mist-veils roll,
"Take care—beware,
Beware—take care."

And wins our faith in a hidden power
As it sings, "All's well," in the clouded hour,
"All's well on the ocean's swell,
All's well—all's well."

ELIZABETH GOULD—*The Education.*

## OUR LIVES.

Our lives are songs. God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

One has a song that is free and strong,
But the music he writes is minor;
And the sad, sad strain is replete with pain,
And the singer becomes a repiner.

And he thinks God gave him a dirge-like ray,
Nor knows that the words are cheery;
And the song seems lonely and solemn—only
Because the music is dreary.

And the song of another has through the words
An undercurrent of sadness;
But he sets it to music of ringing chords,
And makes it a pæan of gladness.

So whether our songs are sad or not,
We can give the world more pleasure,
And better ourselves by setting the words
To a glad, triumphant measure.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX—*Morning Star.*

# Our Book-Shelf.

We welcome to our Book-Shelf this month a volume of essays, sketches, and tales all "salty" with the breath of old ocean. *A Sack of Shakings*[1] is its name, by Frank T. Bullen. "Shakings," in order fully to understand the title, "are odds and ends of rope and canvas accumulated during a voyage." Most of its contents have been previously published in the "Spectator," but we are heartily glad to receive them in this compact form. They are all sketches of life on sea, or tales of fishermen, skippers, or sea-animals. They are fresh, original pieces of work, many of them really valuable in their novelty.

The first tale of the book is captivating in its newness. It is a history of the life of a *whale,* a great, blundering, clumsy *whale,* but it is most entertaining, nevertheless. We are carried to the bottom of the tropical seas and see all their strange inhabitants as we follow its course. "The Skipper of the Amulet" is a tale of the oddest skipper one ever saw or heard of. He was drunk, a good-natured drunkenness, from Monday to Monday, every week, and his vessel was as rickety a sea-vehicle as can be imagined. "Country Life on Board Ship" tells of the various animals kept on board during several voyages. Even the pigs are most entertaining creatures when described by Mr. Bullen. "Sea Etiquette," "Waves," and "A Battleship of To-Day," are instructive yet interesting sketches. "A Sea Change," "The Survivors," "Beneath the Surface," and "By Way of Amends," are typical sea "yarns," but are refreshing because of their utter lack of sentimentality.

A most winning little novel is Eugenia Brooks Frothingham's *The Turn of the Road*[2]. It is a tale of an American girl who went abroad to study music. Winifred Meredith and her sister Edith were the only daughters of a supposedly wealthy father, and when he died, leaving just enough to support his two children in a very simple manner, Winifred, who possessed a wonderful voice, took Edith with her and started for Europe to make a career for herself. She felt that she would surely become a famous singer, though the man who loved her with all his great power of loving told her before she left that she never could sing till she loved. Daniel Howard was a noted lawyer and politician of New York. His whole heart was given freely to Winifred, and the only desire of his soul was to win her. Winifred did not return his love, but went on her own way, leaving Daniel behind in America daunted not one bit by her steady refusals. Her life for some time was like that of many another musical student in Paris; though, occasionally, "Dan" made flying visits across the great ocean to see her. Each time he came his love grew stronger, though he knew that a terrible doom was overhanging him and that if it came his life must drop out of hers. At last it came—the awful darkness of total blindness, suddenly at the last. But Dan Howard was a man who could not be vanquished by fate. He yielded stoically to his destiny and fought it out like a brave man and, like a brave man, he tore his heart from Winifred. She, filled with thoughts of self and fame, was ignorant of it all. She went to Russia for a two years' stay, never dreaming of the real reason why "Dan" did not write her. It was on her return two years later that her heart was opened when she heard, on the homeward sail, of "Dan's" blindness. She hastened to him and told him how she felt. But he, feeling that it was pity and a sense of duty, would not accept her words. Nearly heart-broken Winifred returned to New York. She sang as never before, because her heart had been reached. When "Dan" heard her sing for the first time he realized how true it was that she loved him; and though his heart exulted over it, he feared to accept the truth. At last, though, all doubts and misunderstandings were done away. Winifred decided that "a career" was not the grandest thing in the world, after all. And "Dan" learned that blindness might be a sweet destiny.

It is a prettily written story, not much of a plot, yet enough to keep the interest. The conversation is good. The whole tone of the story is sweet, pure, and uplifting. Its heroes and heroines are noble men and women.

In sharp contrast to this delightful book is *Milly: At Love's Extremes*[3], by Maurice Thompson, author of *Alice of Old Vincennes.* It, too, is a tale of love, but it is one which does not wholly please. If the expression may be allowed, it is "coarse" in its delineations. The plot is not strong—simply a bringing together of the different characters, in one way or another. Moreton and Reynolds are the leading characters. Of the two, Moreton, an Englishman, is far more likeable. Reynolds, an old friend of Moreton, is described as a most attractive man, but withal, he seems lacking in manly qualities. Milly, a poor mountain girl, at whose home Reynolds lived for many years, is a simple, ignorant girl with a strange beauty which appealed to Reynolds. But as soon as he had left his mountain home he became infatuated with Agnes Ransom, the youthful widow of the man he had killed in a quarrel years before. That she returned his love when she knew the truth, transgresses the æsthetic most surely. In fact, there are a number of almost gross passages and scenes in the book, though, in sharp contrast, there are many beautiful descriptions, and simple, entertaining narratives. The dialect of the mountain family is excellently carried out. Their simple life is clearly pictured. The choice of words throughout is careful and accurate, though many expressions are repeated till they become tiresome.

[1]A Sack of Shakings. Frank T. Bullen. McClure, Phillips & Co.
[2]The Turn of the Road. Elizabeth Brooks Frothingham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
[3]Milly: At Love's Extremes. Maurice Thompson. New Amsterdam Book Co.

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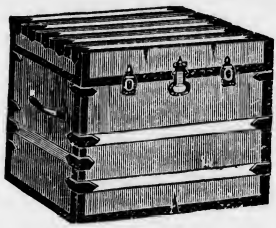
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# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



## CONTENTS.


The Castle of Love . . . . . 201
The Professor's Protege—Part First . . . . 201
The College Ideal . . . . . 208
A Chapter from "Social Settlement Life" . . . 210
CARBONETTES . . . . . 213
ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Personal . . . . . 216

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 220
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Notes . . . . . 223
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 223
Athletics . . . . . 227
Foot-Ball . . . . . 227
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 228
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 229


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With fearless heart I strayed within those walls,
Thinking no evil, dreaming naught of harm.

Celestial sweetness swept through all the place;
Magical voices called me from above;
And then—with sudden joy I saw thy face;
For I had wandered to the Castle, Love.
. . . . . .

Last night I dreamed again of thee and me,
Sweet was the dream, and pleasant was my rest.
I saw no more the Castle by the sea,
Love has revealed my home within thy breast.

—Y. L. G., 1902.

## THE PROFESSOR'S PROTEGE.

PART FIRST.

BY C. L. JORDAN.

THE Professor leaned back in his easy arm-chair and gazed about his luxuriant room. It was a pleasant room, and reflected the character and habits of its occupant. Above the carved mantel hung a portrait of Longfellow done in oil by the Professor

himself. Book-cases, dark with age and much polishing, were ranged along the walls, each one containing a small fortune in its selected tomes. Busts of the authors and famous sons of antiquity were set in niches and on the corners of the book-cases. The ceiling and portions of the walls not covered by book-cases and pictures, were painted a rich, dark, changeable red, over-run by a beautiful vine with dark green stems and leaves.

Over a massive secretary hung a picture of singular interest to the Professor, who was very fond of telling its history and his own connection with it.

This picture was hung where the last rays of the setting sun, pouring through the broad French window, would fall upon it, bringing out every line and the rich coloring. It was a picture of a rough, rocky cliff in the Rocky Mountains, down which the Professor had fallen while searching for fossils and botanical specimens. He barely escaped with his life, but made a sketch and later a painting of the place for a souvenir.

Over the door leading to the hall hung the mounted head of a noble stag, shot by the Professor while passing his vacation in the lake region of the Great Northwest. Before the hearth lay the skin of a mountain lion dressed with head and claws complete. This, too, was a souvenir secured when travelling in Mexico and Southern California. Cases of minerals, stuffed birds, views and countless other mementoes of travel and adventure were scattered about the room and over the various tables.

The Professor was a great traveller.

He loved to close those mysterious volumes of Latin and Greek, in whose lore he was the most able instructor in the University, and to wander away from the city and even from civilization into wild, unfrequented places.

Sometimes alone; again with a friend or a small party,—all Bohemians—he had travelled over the greater part of America and Europe, until at present it was a question where he should spend the winter vacation. Not in the West or South surely. The time was too short for that. It must be some place easy to reach yet far enough from the world of business, books, and study to give perfect rest together with a touch of excitement.

It was a cold night near the middle of December, and warm firelight shone on the dark furnishings of the room, the closely drawn red velvet curtains, the white marble busts and the glistening eyes in the lion's head. These eyes caught the firelight and

seemed to glow and burn as when animated by life and power. The Professor noticed the lifelike sparkle in the sightless eyes, and as if answering a spoken question, said aloud:

"Well, well, old friend! a short run over the mountains and hills of sunny Mexico would be just the thing if it were only practicable." "But it isn't," he added after a pause. "Nor do I care for the South. I must return by the third of January, and the change from the warm climate of Florida or Louisiana to the rigor of a New England winter is too great for me. There remain one, two, three places near at hand; Canada, but I have been there; the White Mountains, but I care not to destroy the remembrance of their green valleys and bold heights as I saw them in summer not many years ago; Maine,—yes, it might be Maine! I have heard of some places there that might give me new and untried pleasure. Yes, it *must* be Maine."

This great and important question decided, the Professor turned with a sigh of relief to the high pile of examination papers lying on his table.

When the papers were arranged neatly with rubber bands holding them together, the Professor was ready to start for Maine, —or Alaska if he so willed.

It was a rule with him to work while he worked and to play while he played, and no student ever complained that their papers were ever slighted.

Although the Professor was often governed by impulse, he never allowed himself to leap in the dark; so in this incident he did not rush into Maine without knowing his ultimate destination.

By means of an atlas and his own fund of information he carefully selected and planned his route, and retired to rest in happy anticipation of his holiday vacation.

The next noon found the Professor dining at the "West End," Portland.

The winter had just begun, but there was no snow in Portland although the air was keen and cold, foretelling snow in the near future. As the train moved out of the city a few flakes of snow came fluttering down. The wind, too, began to rise and, as the storm increased, dashed the snow against the car windows.

The fields grew whiter and whiter as the train sped north. In Portland wagons were seen on every hand. In Lewiston the jangle of sleigh bells made music in the frosty air. Maine is a big state. Within its borders are found all the improvements of civilization and the primeval roughness of the wilderness.

Man has followed the courses of great rivers from the sounding shores of the sea to the lakes, and everywhere in his footsteps have risen towns and cities. But beyond the lakes and along the smaller streams of the north are still found trackless forests of pine and other hardy woods. These forests, lakes and rivers are the sporting ground, in summer and autumn, for countless tourists, and re-echo the shots of hunters and the tramp of fishermen. But in winter here, too, is the playground of Jack Frost and his imps. They cover the lakes and rivers with thick ice, and pile the white snow around solitary farm-houses and the summer cottages of the city visitors and through the wood in a wild, reckless manner. No sound is heard in these forests for days at a time except the cautious movements of wild beasts.

The chopper alone seeks these dark depths and the logging camp is his home for the long winter months.

Winding in and out among the cities and small towns, are numerous railroads following, in nearly every case, the courses of the great rivers. Situated at the terminus of one of these roads is the town of Kingfield. Great mountains rise on all sides, and a small but beautiful river, the Carrabassett, so called by the Indians many years ago, flows onward to the Kennebec and to the sea. This town is the connecting link between the outside busy world and the quiet simplicity of the woods. There are farms and small settlements beyond the mountains, but so effective a barrier are the great hills that they seem set apart in a world of their own, a world hemmed in by old-time prejudices as well as by granite walls.

Kingfield was on the Professor's route, but his destination was farther on beyond the mountains among the logging camps.

It was night when he found himself in the one hotel the village contained. So distinguished a man as the Professor would have attracted much attention had he not been careful to write his name in small letters without the "Professor."

Early the next morning the Professor hired a horse and sleigh and, wrapped in warm furs, started for a logging camp on the Spencer stream, some twenty-five miles or more up the valley.

The morning was comparatively warm, but the sky was grey and overcast. On the ground lay the deep snow, its surface changing and shifting under the strong wind. The village, situated under the guardian mountains, was protected on the north and west from the wind, and the effects of the recent storm were not apparent until the Professor had reached the open country.

He had been warned and advised not to attempt the journey until the roads had been cleared; then he could follow the tote-teams into the camps. Anyone but the Professor would have followed this practical advice. He, however, enjoyed the anticipated difficulties, and was all the more determined to go.

He had not proceeded far when he found his friends were not mistaken in their fears. The roads were filled with snow. The horse at every step sank half way to his knees. To trot was out of the question. The travelling grew worse as the road passed beyond the mountains where the wind had full sweep over the Dead River plains. Fortunately the horse was accustomed to such roads and kept them with wonderful ability. The only way to determine the direction of the road was by the alder bushes which grew on either side, making a sort of lane. These bushes gave place to pines and scattered spruces as the road emerged from the mountain notch to the plain.

Here the road crossed the Carrabassett on a long, high bridge of logs. Here also the road left the river which it had followed nearly all the way from the village and plunged into the deep forest.

The light, untrodden snow, although not drifted in the woods, provided poor and unsecure footing. The Professor had expected to find the roads comparatively good in the woods, but he found that the snow on this side of the mountains was much deeper, the road less travelled, and his progress much slower.

The tall pines, of the Norway species, were covered with light snow, which, dislodged by every breath of wind, came tumbling down. This last phenomenon prevented the Professor from noticing that another storm had begun, and that more of the snow which whitened the air came from the sky than from the trees. The wind rose and sent the light snow in clouds. The snow swayed and twisted from branch to branch and from tree to tree like thin white veils at first, tossed about by a fairy danseur; then growing thicker, it draped the tall pines in mysterious folds of white.

The Professor, wrapped in warm furs, greatly enjoyed the situation. He, too, was covered with the white clinging snow; so was the horse and sleigh! The bells, clogged by the snow, had long ago ceased to ring. How silent the world seemed! How white it looked! Nothing but a seething, shifting white curtain ahead, behind, and on both sides. No color anywhere! Always the same whiteness!

All at once the horse stopped. Was he tired? The Professor thought so, and did not urge him to move on for several minutes. In the meantime he shook the snow from his coat and cap and tried to pierce the dense snow curtains. It was in vain! He could not distinguish a single object except his horse's motionless, shadowy form. He shook the reins and, instead of speaking in his own well modulated voice, shouted in a loud, hoarse tone. The horse started forward with a frightened plunge. He might have been blinded by the snow or reckless from fright! The Professor could never decide that question. However it might have been, the effect was the same. The Professor's first warning of something wrong was the sudden twitching of the reins. He was uncertain what this meant until he felt the sleigh sinking down and over in the deep snow. He seized the whip and struck the horse a sharp blow in his excitement, thinking to regain the road and firm footing.

He saw his mistake when the horse, more frightened than before, made another desperate plunge, freeing himself from the sleigh and dragging the Professor head foremost over the dasher into the deep snow.

Of all the diving the Professor ever did, none ever was executed more gracefully or more expeditiously than the dive he made from the sleigh into the snow. The snow was soft and yielded gently to the Professor's body. He sank down nearly out of sight, but never for an instant dropped the reins. It was well that he did not, for the horse, now free from the sleigh, soon found the road, and dragged the Professor, like a fish on a hook, out of the soft snow into the road.

It did not take the Professor long to learn the result of his unfortunate accident. Both tugs were broken! One-half the whiffletree was hanging loosely; the other half was nowhere in sight, although the Professor suspected it might be in the depths from which he had just been extricated. Just at this time the Professor would gladly have exchanged some of his superfluous knowledge of Latin or Greek for the skill to mend a broken sleigh and harness. But this it was impossible to do. There was no alternative. He was obliged to load the robes and blankets on to the horse's back and walk either onward—he had no idea where—or back over the way he had come to the nearest farm-house four miles away. From the inquiries the Professor had made in the village he believed there was a house nearer than this and it could be reached by proceeding onward. So, loading the horse not

only with the robes and blankets but also with the Professor's great coat, he continued his way on foot, leading his equine companion by the bridle.

The snow storm had nearly passed, but the wind still tossed the snow in fitful gusts, driving it with stinging force into the Professor's face. Between the gusts he could make out the dark wall of the woods on either side and could direct his steps between the two.

When at length the storm had ceased the demolished sleigh had been left far in the rear. The Professor knew by the clearings now seen on either hand that he was approaching a farm-house.

The house itself soon appeared. It was a small red house connected with a shed, one-half the latter being open. The house and the part of the shed not open, were shingled, but the brown back of them was made of logs.

There was no one in sight as the Professor, leading the horse, turned into the yard, but he knew by the smoke from the stone chimney that there were human inhabitants within. He led the horse under the shed, and fastened him by a rein to a low cross beam. He could not help laughing at the grotesque figure the wretched animal made with his back piled high with robes, and the whole covered with snow.

The Professor had been using his eyes to good advantage while securing the horse and had observed a door in the farther end of the shed leading, as he supposed, into the house. On the right of a plank walk leading to this door were cords upon cords of wood. On the left, hanging on the wall of the shed, was a collection of odds and ends which rivaled the Professor's own in its number of strange implements, garments and weapons. There were hoes, scythe-snaths, pitch-forks, snow-shoes, and shovels; several straw hats of various ages and stages of dilapidation; old overalls and umbrellas; fishing-rods; an old-fashioned flint-lock gun; a belt containing wooden pistols and knives, and a large bow-gun with a quiver full of arrows. The Professor noticed all this and more. He observed that nearly all the things hanging on the wall were in pairs. One hoe was mated to another similar to it but smaller; one large fork and a small one; even the hats and overalls were arranged in the same manner.

Evidently there was a boy in the house! In answer to the Professor's loud knock the door was opened. There was no need to tell him that the boy who answered his summons was the con-

noisseur of the wood-shed museum. The lad stared at him for a moment in undisguised astonishment, then politely asked him to walk in. He did not refuse!

(To be continued.)

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## THE COLLEGE IDEAL.

IT has been said that to give real sympathy one must have gone through similar experiences. There must be affinity of nature to have similitude of conception and reception. This is true in the subjective as well as the objective sense, and to desire alike is to be alike. Whatever may be our circumstances, whatever the force of our surroundings is, we never progress without the attractive influences of ideals.

Like attracts like, more extensively in the mental world than in the physical. As there is never, however, perfect affinity of nature, so there is never perfect similitude of conception, but only partial. And this partial affinity moves often in the same channel, so that persons of the same class have, in large measure, the same class of ideals. Thus an artist admires more than anything else a masterpiece of art, because he can appreciate it. A carpenter contemplates the finished workman and strives to imitate his productions. The orator reveres Demosthenes or Cicero and struggles to emulate their achievements. The spirit of imitation is inherent in man, and we aspire to those things for which we have affinity of mind.

It is but natural, therefore, that we who are students should take for our ideal, the scholar. But too often we have a mis-conception of the word scholar, which must inevitably lead to a misconceived ideal. The true scholar is a marvelous being, fearfully and wonderfully made. He is not, as we too often think he is, the man gifted with a remarkable and unusual memory, who learns with little effort and repeats with even less; not he whose sole companions are his books, who, learning what he knows from them, is a mere receptacle for facts. Too many of us unconsciously form this conception. For those with whom he comes in contact there is a fascination which enshrouds such a scholar.

Nor is this scholar the brilliant, dazzling, but superficial student who has influenced and misled so many. In an age when intellectual investigation has reached an unprecedented height, when men are searching for the truth as never before and demanding proof or unimpeachable reason for all things, the superficial

man is a useless adjunct. He swims in a shallow sea, illuminated for a short time, it may be, by the lucid flashes of his sparkling intellect, but extinguished, absorbed, and forgotten when the strong current of necessity surges against it. Nothing but the pure gold will stand the crucial test of life, and the world has no place for the phantom.

There is still another kind of scholar, the one with marked ability, perhaps in several directions, but who, through a mis-direction of energy and a mis-application of capability, so diminishes and reduces the productive capacity of his natural powers that he accomplishes nothing worthy of note in any direction. This scholar will be found investigating many subjects, but analyzing none. He spreads himself over so large a surface that his depth, which measures his capacity, is reduced to a minimum. He learns much, but retains nothing. Having made a good beginning at any subject, his oscillating fancy is caught by the delusive charms of some new diversion, which in turn is as soon abandoned. Perhaps there is no more melancholy spectacle in the student world than this example of creative power expending its force in blows fruitless, because scattered.

On what, then, shall we fix our eyes as a worthy subject of emulation and imitation? Not, assuredly, on him who knows books alone, not on him who knows not books at all. Not on the brilliant, superficial man, nor the one who drifts, striking out promiscuously even though it be with force. Not also, on that one who insists upon practicability to the exclusion of all theory.

First of all, then, on the rational, educated man. But here again we are liable to a mis-representation of terms. If those only are educated who are capable of extensive scientific or philosophical researches, then our ideal fails. If they only who can quote Homer and write several languages are considered as educated, our ideal again fails.

But we mean by educated one who has learned how to learn. It matters not how much or how little he actually absorbs in a given time, nor what minor details he leaves undeveloped. If he has discovered the secret of reconciling knowledge with use and fact with reason, if he has learned to recognize and understand his powers, and in a measure to control them, in short if he has arrived at the knowledge of what and how to learn, he can justly lay claim to the title of being educated, and is eminently worthy of our admiration and emulation.

This, then, is the scholar that we should take for our example.

He will seek to know his own powers and thus increase his means of productive capability. He will be led to think by his study, and this is the best effect of all books. He will study the concrete and understand the relation of facts to use. Inevitably, then, he will be broad and thorough, with that mastery of self and circumstances which is the highest achievement of any education.

—J. F. HAMLIN, '02.

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### A CHAPTER FROM "SOCIAL SETTLEMENT LIFE."

"BUT, Walter, I hate them," cried the sick woman in a weak, fretful voice.

The young boy addressed did not raise his head to answer, but continued to set the chamber in order, arranging the bottles on the table by the couch, removing the remains of a lunch, and doing all the little trifles necessary in a sick room. The woman continued:

"Yes, I do. I know it is wicked, but ever since that thing was started I have felt just so bitter against it. Little the rich care for us! Here I have worked like a dog all my life for fine ladies who never think of me as I lie here alone almost in sound of their pet charity."

Here the invalid broke down and began to cry hysterically and the boy, leaving his work, caressed her like a child.

"There, there, mamma, don't look at it that way. I am sure the ladies mean to be kind, but they don't know how proud you are, and perhaps don't know that we were once better off. And, mamma, we were not always poor and you did not have to sew when papa was here."

The boy's words only increased the bitter sobs. He stroked his mother's whitening hair and by many endearing names sought to soothe her. He had never seen his mother so weak and despairing as now; it frightened him.

"Please don't cry, mamma!" cried the boy, struggling hard to keep back the sobs from his own voice. "The ladies mean to be kind and helpful. And remember how kind Mr. Donald has been."

"Oh, yes, they mean to be kind! Some people have a queer way of showing their kindness." The woman's mood had changed. An angry gleam shone through her tears and her cheeks burned with a hot, hectic flush. "Do you see that book in the corner? Well, it's a Bible. One of those Social Settlement women brought it here and—after asking me if I was a

Christian,—and if I could read, left, saying she hoped I would practice Christian patience during my illness. Read! Walter, she asked me if I could read."

Her voice rose until it filled the room, piercing the boy's heart like a knife. It was frightful to hear one so weak and ill, marked by a fatal disease and already shadowed by the coming change,—overcome by human passions which swayed the frail body as a tempest tosses a light boat. But the storm passed as quickly as it came and left the woman again, weaker, humble, and repentant.

Mrs. Kendall was not an ill-tempered person, but her long sickness and helplessness had weakened her will and given many hard thoughts in place of her normal happy, sunny disposition. She was prone to look on the dark side of matters rather than the light. She even forgot for the moment that her life had ever been other than the poverty-haunted drudgery of the past few years. But the boy remembered, and in his strength and youth looked forward with full confidence to a return of better days. Even his mother's long illness failed to wholly dishearten him.

Now, however, he seemed to see the true state of his mother's health. Before he had never thought seriously of death. He had looked forward to the day when his mother would again be well. The revelation was a shock that he was not prepared to stand, and he hid his face in the covers of the couch and wept with all the abandonment of a child.

And the woman was a mother now with all a mother's love and tenderness. No more anger and no more bitterness, only love, pity, and unselfishness. For a time the lad sobbed unchecked by the weak hands or by the weak voice of the exhausted woman. After a time she drew the brown head to her breast and, in broken whispers, in her turn acted the part of a comforter.

But it is hard to give up one's mother and to realize that henceforth the world will be void of all one holds most dear. And none knows how hard it is for a mother to leave a child alone, knowing the temptations that child must meet. Together in that narrow chamber they passed through the dark valley, and death itself could never be more terrible to either.

For a few weeks after the serious change in his mother's condition, Walter moved about as in a dream. He could not leave his mother's side for school, work, or recreation. He realized in a dazed way that their money was all gone and that many awful calamities were about to fall upon them. He knew the wants of

himself and mother were supplied by the people at the Social Settlement, but he never asked why. If the invalid knew the source from whence the lad received his help she chose to remain silent. Her late repentance had removed every bitter sting. And the people who had caused such severe criticism from the lips of a dying woman either from indifference or ignorance left their alms to be distributed by agents.

And thus Frank Donald who had missed Walter from the boys who gathered at the Social Settlement, found them. His offer of assistance was so sincere and earnest that Mrs. Kendall was touched. She accepted his help, she said, more for Walter than for herself. He often came in the evening and watched far into the night, proving himself an excellent nurse, but more than all, a true friend. His genial manner and gentleness won the mother's confidence and the boy's heart.

Mrs. Kendall told him of her resentment toward the rich who patronized the Social Settlement, and he listened and understood. One evening toward the end as they were talking and Walter was asleep, she spoke of the future in view for her boy.

"He will be quite alone, Mr. Donald," she said. "He is fourteen, you see that is too old for the Home, and yet not old enough to begin life alone. That is what makes me die so hard, Mr. Donald."

Frank Donald thought for some minutes in silence. He was but a college boy of twenty-three with his own way to make and could do little himself, but he remembered an old, childless couple in a little New Hampshire village with whom he had boarded while teaching during a recent vacation. They would receive the lad, he knew, and he ventured the proposition to Mrs. Kendall.

She caught at the proposition as a drowning man catches at a straw. She plied him with questions and learned that the kind old folks would welcome the boy and give him a Christian home. She urged him to make arrangement, if possible, before she died, and he promised.

When an answer came from the New Hampshire hills, Mrs. Kendall was very low. It almost seemed as if her soul had waited for this before it could leave the fragile shell. And that night after asking forgiveness for her misjudgment of Mr. Donald and the cause he represented, she entrusted Walter to his care and bade them both good-by. She passed to her home that night. One week later Walter went to his new and happy home among the hills.




The grasses were very happy that day. For weeks they had been waving their frost-bitten blades, as signals of distress; but these petitions for their winter covering had remained unanswered and the ground had every day grown harder around their tiny rootlets.

But now the snowflakes were coming, merrily dancing along together. They were all good children, obedient to Mother Nature. "Mother said we were to cover the grasses," said one as he hastened along. "Yes, I am so glad," whispered another as he fell with a caressing touch on a drooping grass blade. "I'll get to ground first!" shouted a third. His challenge was accepted by hundreds of others who, in their eagerness to win, fell over one another in all directions.

So the work went on, but so gayly and easily that it seemed only play. The snowflakes were small but they were so many and so eager to help that they were able to accomplish much.

In a short time the grasses were all covered and nestled down for a long winter's sleep. The snowflakes came more slowly now, turning around quite often to wave their white hands to the sun as he peeped from behind the clouds to bid them good-night. All was so quiet that one could almost hear the grasses as they murmured happily in their sleep.

Yes, the grasses were happy that day, and the snowflakes were happy, too. Theirs was that deeper happiness which comes with the consciousness of having served others. Suddenly, however, those flakes which lay near the surface began to shudder. "What is it?" asked one farther down. "Don't you hear ———?" began another in reply, but before he could say more a large company of flakes came rushing up shouting, "To cover! To cover! The wind army is coming!"

Such a commotion never was seen! Some flakes hurried to the forest for shelter, others to the stone walls, while a few hid away among the grasses. In spite of all their efforts very many were overtaken before they reached shelter and were driven onward before the relentless enemy.

Such a battle as that was! The poor little snowflakes were powerless in the hands of the furious blasts. "I shall go through or die!" shouted one blast; and, gathering all his strength, he sprang forward, driving thousands of snowflakes before him, and tearing branches from the trees, shingles from the buildings, and rails from the fences.

And so the blasts came, one after another, carrying everything before them. If a snowflake was left by one blast he was quickly caught up by another who rushed on shouting, "We win or die!"

At last the main army had passed and the few stragglers who remained on the field hurried away to join their comrades. But what a battlefield they left! The moon veiled her face, so awful was the sight. The snowflakes were piled in windrows mountain high, so crushed and mutilated that not one could be recognized. The grasses, so cruelly awakened from their sleep, sobbed softly together, moaning the fate of their beautiful friends.

That night when Sir Wind gathered his army together on the mountain top not a blast failed to answer to the roll-call, and to receive great praise for his valor from his leader. When they were dismissed for the night most of the army went away to spend it in revels. A few, less hardened than the rest, climbed to tree-tops and, looking down on the havoc which they had made, raised their voices and wept aloud. —1903.

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### "IN THE RASPBERRY PASTURE."

"I'd no idea 'twould be so turrible hot." "N'r'i, either. Pickin' plums-z-hard on the back, no mistake. Z-your pail mos' full?"

"No, 'bout haf."

"So'z mine."

Both women straightened up to rest and look about them. Toward the west a steep, rocky bluff formed a natural fence to the pasture. The height of the wall was doubled by the thick growth of tall maples that topped the ridge, throwing cool shadows far out over the raspberry bushes below. Beyond the bluff the women could not see but they knew the trees there were

the beginning of the "Big Woods" that stretched back to the very summit of Mt. Abram, fifteen miles away.

Of such a wood Mendelssohn wrote:

"Thou Forest broad and sweeping,
Fair work of Nature's God.—
Who rightly scans thy beauty
A solemn word shall read
Of love, of truth and duty,
Our help in time of need."

To the nature lover the old trees suggested delightful treasures waiting in the woods beyond. To the world-hardened they brought memories of child life at home when the days were long, very long, and the woods their playground. For every class and age, a message,—but the two women thought only of the shade.

Toward the north and east, over the tops of the alders that marked the swamp boundaries, high wood-covered hills, tiered one above another like the seats in a great gallery.

Just at that moment, perfect calm, silence unbroken even by the birds and insects,—the hush of a warm, still day in late summer, before the high tide of the year has begun to ebb,—as if even the growing things, overcome by the intense heat, and four months of constant struggle, had dropped off to sleep.

Suddenly, from the shady cliff, sounded the clear, liquid tones of the hermit thrush, full of holy joy, perfect content and trust, of all bird music, the most exquisite. A moment, and then the song again—every note sustained, restful, surpassingly sweet. No nervousness tightened the little throat. The melody was full and rich.

Quiet again, broken this time by the old horse under the big oak. A fly had alighted where neither switching nor shivering was effective. It was necessary to wake up and stamp. Ordinarily the sound would have passed unnoticed, but contrasted with the silence, it seemed to jar the whole pasture.

"Beats all how them flies plague the hosses sich a day'z ter-day, Mandy."

Then the insect world awoke, and their humming, chirping and buzzing began again with renewed energy. Cat-birds and phoebes, brown thrushes and crows resumed their practising.

"I thought awhile ago 't we'z goin' ter hev er shower, but I guess it's gon' round."

And the birds and the insects had already reached the same decision.

—EDNA CORNFORTH, '03.

# Alumni Round-Table.

## PERSONAL.

'69.—W. H. Bolster, D.D., of Nashua, N. H., was one of the lecturers at the Chautauqua Assembly held in Fryeburg, Me.

'70.—Prof. L. G. Jordan, Ph.D., was somewhat late in resuming his work at Bates College on account of his attendance at the Free Baptist General Conference held in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, September 3-13.

'71.—G. W. Flint, A.M., president of the Connecticut State Agricultural College, seems to be seeking a development of that institution somewhat similar to that of the University of Maine; and in consequence of his efforts along this line he has received much attention from the press of late.

'73.—President James H. Baker of Colorado University, Boulder, Col., has recently published his last Baccalaureate sermon, a discourse which is attracting wide attention.

'74.—A son of the late Rev. Thomas Spooner is a member of the entering class at Bates College this fall.

'75.—Rev. A. T. Salley, D.D., has a son who is a member of the Class of 1905.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, D.D., pastor of the Congregationalist Church in South Framingham, Mass., is at present enjoying a European tour with Mrs. Emrich.

'76.—Rev. G. L. White has recently accepted a second pastorate with the Free Baptist church in New Hampton, N. H.

'77.—G. A. Stuart, superintendent of schools in New Britain, Conn., spent a few days in Lewiston recently.

'77.—Through the kindness of Hon. O. B. Clason the Maine State Library has presented to Bates College Volumes VI. and VIII. of "York Deeds," so that now our library contains the whole of this valuable set of books with the exception of Volume XI.

'78.—D. M. Benner, who is in business in Syracuse, Nebraska, has a brother in the Freshman Class.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox, M.D., of Princeton, Minn., has recently spent a few days in Lewiston.

'81.—Rev. W. P. Curtis of Auburn, R. I., preached in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, one Sunday in August.

'81.—Rev. F. C. Emerson of North Dakota, who has been very active in establishing Congregational Churches in that section of the country, was the guest of President Chase recently after an absence from Lewiston of about twenty years.

'85.—Rev. M. P. Tobey, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Georgetown, Me., was a delegate to the Free Baptist General Conference held at Harper's Ferry the first of this month.

'85.—W. V. Whitmore, M.D., of Tucson, Arizona, was the guest of President Chase recently.

'86.—S. D. Bonney, M.D., of Denver, Col., has a practice which is not surpassed by that of any doctor west of the Mississippi River. Dr. Bonney is the author of several medical publications.

'86.—Prof. W. H. Hartshorn, A.M., is unable to resume his work in Bates College this fall on account of his ill health. At present he is stopping in Stratford, N. H., but he intends to resume his duties with the college at the beginning of the winter term.

'86.—F. W. Sandford of Shiloh, Me., is at present engaged in establishing a "Holy Ghost and Us" Temple in England from which, as a center, he may carry on his work in that country.

'86.—E. D. Varney is superintendent of schools in Everett, Mass.

'87.—E. C. Hayes, A.M., has returned from Berlin University to continue his study of Sociology in the University of Chicago, where he has received a fellowship.

'87.—Mrs. Mary N. (Chase) Watson is enjoying a year's leave of absence from her work in Andover Academy, Andover, N. H.; and at present is lecturing in behalf of Woman's Suffrage.

'88.—Hamilton Hatter is principal of a large colored school in Bluefields, West Virginia. Mr. Hatter has literally fought his way to an honorable position, which is now recognized as such by both whites and blacks.

'88.—Miss Nellie B. Jordan of Alfred, Me., was a delegate to the recent convention of the Free Baptist General Conference held at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

'89.—Mrs. Idella M. (Wood) Thayer has her home in Roxbury, Mass. Her husband, Dr. Eugene Thayer, who was for two years a student of Bates College, is demonstrator in anatomy in the Tufts Medical School.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright, who has been preaching in the Universalist Church of Livermore Falls, Me., was recently married to Mr. Morey of Canton, N. Y.

'90.—Miss Mary F. Angell of Lewiston, Me., was married on the 28th of August to Dr. C. H. Lincoln. She is now residing in Washington, D. C., where her husband is employed in the Congressional Library.

'90.—Mrs. Blanche (Howe) Jenney, wife of Professor Jenney, who is principal of the High School in Belmont, Mass., has an infant daughter.

'91.—George F. Babb, instructor in French in the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass., received his degree of A.M. *pro merito* at the last commencement of Bates College.

'91.—Miss Mabel S. Merrill of Auburn, Me., is a regular contributor of stories and other articles to the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* and the *Ladies' World,* New York.

'91.—Mrs. Gertrude A. (Littlefield) Nickerson of South Portland, Me., gave an address before the Woman's Missionary Association at the state convention of Free Baptists held recently at Biddeford, Me. Her husband, Rev. W. L. Nickerson, delivered an address before the Free Baptist Association at the same time.

'92.—C. N. Blanchard, Esq., of Wilton, Me., was married recently.

'92.—Rev. E. E. Osgood has entered the Andover Theological School in order to better prepare himself for the ministry.

'93.—N. C. Bruce, dean and professor of Greek at Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., spoke in the college chapel Thursday morning, September 12th. Professor Bruce has been touring the North with a band of student singers.

'93.—George M. Chase was married on the 14th of August to Miss Ella M. Miller, Bates, 1900, at the bride's home in Wichita, Kansas. They have made their home in Springfield, Mass., where Mr. Chase is dean and professor of the ancient languages in the French-American College.

'93.—E. J. Winslow, teacher of sciences in Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me., was married during the past summer vacation.

'94.—Miss Ethel I. Cummings is teaching in the High School at Manchester, N. H.

'95.—Miss W. M. Nash, who was a graduate student during the past year in Radcliffe, is about to make an extensive tour in California.

'95.—N. B. Smith is principal of the High School in Orono, Me.

'95.—Miss Mabel A. Stuart is about to enter upon a graduate course in the University of Michigan.

'96.—Rev. A. B. Howard of Danville, N. H., was a delegate to the Free Baptist General Conference held recently at Harper's Ferry.

'96.—F. A. Knapp, late instructor of Latin in Bates College, has entered upon some graduate work in Harvard University.

'96.—Miss Gertrude L. Miller is a teacher in the High School at Belmont, Mass.

'96.—Miss Ina M. Parsons has a brother in the Class of 1905, Bates College.

'96.—R. L. Thompson, M.D., has begun his practice of medicine in Bangor, Me.

'97.—Rev. Mabel C. Andrews of Madison, Me., conducted one of the children's Bible classes at the Ocean Park Chautauqua Assembly during the past summer.

'97.—Carl E. Milliken and Emma V. Chase were married on the 31st of July at the bride's home in Lewiston. They have now made their home in Island Falls, Me., where Mr. Milliken is engaged in the lumber business.

'97.—Miss Mary Buzzell is teacher of mathematics in the Jordan High School, Lewiston, Me.

'97.—Rev. H. A. Childs, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Biddeford, Me., was one of the speakers at the Chautauqua Assembly held at Ocean Park, Me.

'97.—Rev. J. Stanley Durkee is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Boston, Mass.

'97.—Miss Eva B. Robey has a year's leave of absence from her post as teacher of English in the High School, Oldtown, Me.

'98.—Miss Bertha F. Files has a year's leave of absence from her duties at Maine Central Institute.

'98.—J. P. Sprague is a teacher in the Arms school for boys, Chicago, Ill.

'98.—Miss Adah M. Tasker is teaching in the High School at Quincy, Mass.

'98.—R. H. Tukey is instructor in Latin in Bates College, having just completed two years' graduate work in Harvard University.

'98.—Miss Mary H. Perkins is teaching in the High School at Winchendon, Mass.

'99.—Miss Muriel E. Chase is acting as private secretary for President Chase.

'99.—Rev. A. B. Hyde was married on Commencement Day to Miss Edith B. Marrow. Mr. Hyde is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Chepachet, R. I.

'99.—Miss Mabel T. Jordan is teaching in the Lewiston High School.

'99.—Everett Peacock is principal of the Hartford (Me.) Academy.

'99.—F. E. Pomeroy, late instructor of Botany in Bates College, is pursuing graduate work in Harvard University this year.

'99.—W. A. Saunders is a teacher in the State School at Bluefields, West Virginia.

'99.—A. C. Wheeler is sub-master of the High School in Woburn, Mass.

1900.—Miss L. Maud Baldwin is teaching in a Grammar School in Springfield, Mass.

1900.—Miss Agnes E. Beal is teaching in the High School at Mechanic Falls, Me.

1900.—R. S. M. Emrich entered the Hartford Theological School this fall.

1900.—Miss Mary B. Ford is teacher of Mathematics and Physics in the High School at Eddytown, Mass.

1900.—F. E. Garlough is teacher of sciences in Betts Academy, Stratford, Conn.

1900.—N. A. Jackson is an instructor at Keuka College, N. Y.

# Around the Editors' Table.

WE say, at first thought, it is to the Freshman that the college year means most, because he is entering an entirely new field and is about to lay the foundation of his whole course in life. He has had no example before him of what a Freshman should be, but is to begin his college life as he himself thinks wise and best.

Yet to Sophomore, Junior, or Senior, the college year means a great deal, just because he knows the life already. He has a reputation either to sustain or to retrieve. If he is good at athletics, studious, or spiritually minded, he must be on his guard or he will rest on his laurels and gradually slip back. If he is without much bodily development, idle, heedless of the best things, he has less time than last year in which to improve. He has before him the example of the students of last year's class and is individually responsible that his own class shall leave a record as bright. Each year of college life should find a man with more disciplined mind, deeper purpose, and stronger character. Happy he of whom it is true! Happy every Freshman, since to him it is possible! But to Sophomore, Junior, and especially Senior, of whom it is not true, the days that remain grow constantly more valuable, for there is constantly less time in which even partially to make up for our neglect in gaining the mental, moral, and spiritual education necessary for every man who is to take his true place and do his best work in the world outside of college walls.

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WE have to apologize for the tardiness of this month's issue of the STUDENT. The excuse which we offer is the difficulty of getting material and the absence of several of the editorial board. Certainly it is a time of peculiar difficulties. Being the first of the year everything is unsettled and no one feels he has time for anything outside of his books. Then, too, we have lost many of our best writers in the class that has just gone out. But all the greater is the responsibility on those who remain. And right here we wish to impress upon every one the duty they owe to their college paper. We would remind every student that this paper represents them and not the board of editors simply. And it should be a pleasure as well as a duty to every student in college to advance his paper in every way possible. Let no one wait to be asked to contribute to the STUDENT, but let all strive to do something for its support. In this way only can a paper be built up and advanced.

THE alumni have recently called the attention of the students to the matter of neatness, both in regard to the campus and buildings and also in regard to their personal appearance as students. This matter should not be scoffed at, but should receive the careful attention of each one of us. It certainly is a duty that we owe to our alumni and other friends who are supporting us, to keep our college neat and wholesome and make the most of what we have. Let us take the advice of those who have gone before us, and get out of the idea that as college students we are privileged to be barbarians to a certain degree.

In connection with this we might bring up another matter in regard to our campus. Cannot something be done to make less roads and paths across the college grounds? We students are apt to be careless and take the shortest cut without thought of the harm it may be doing the campus. But perhaps we are not wholly at fault. If there were less driving of teams across the grounds it certainly would help the appearance greatly. With our new library building we should take more pride than ever in doing all in our power toward making our college beautiful.

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WHILE it is as yet too early in the season to prophesy the make-up of the foot-ball team, it is not too early to prophesy with every degree of certainty that the team will be an exceptionally strong one. The candidates are numerous and are strongly contesting for every position. The student body, too, is showing the right kind of enthusiasm in coming out in such numbers to see the practice. This is what we wish to speak about. There is nothing which the student body can do which will more encourage the players than a show of interest in the result. This interest is being shown at present, what we wish to urge is a continuation of it. Let not a day pass but what shall see a large number out to see the practice. Those of us who cannot play can at least show those who can that we have an interest in their work and are ready to applaud when they make a good play and to encourage when they fail. If the student body does its part, the team will do its. The result will then take care of itself.

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IT seems but natural that, when the young men of the college are so engrossed in athletics, the young women should be asking, especially the young women who are new to our customs, "What is our place in this all-absorbing excitement and what part,

if any, are we privileged to carry in the campaign ahead?" There are three essential ways in which this question may be answered. The young women, being members of the institution, are equal sharers with the men in all its joys and sorrows, triumphs and defeats. There probably is not one girl in college who doesn't desire as much as she desires anything, that Bates be more gloriously victorious this fall than ever. If that is the case she can show her support and loyalty in three very direct ways. First, by joining the Athletic Association and attending its meetings as faithfully as the young men; second, by attending all the games possible; third, and it may be more effectual than all, by influence, words, and support, to show that her sympathies and loyal upholding are with the men who struggled so severely sometimes for the pre-eminence of Bates.

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ONE can hardly over-estimate the importance of regular and systematic reading each day during his college course. A half-hour set aside exclusively for the reading of some true work of art will do much in broadening our education and rendering us more fluent conversationalists. And besides, now is the time when we form most of the controlling habits of our lives; thus if we do not devote some of our attention to this important branch of our education, we will find it hard in after life to break the chains which bind us to this habit of negligence. Of course it may be urged that one cannot find the time to spend in this way, and in a measure this is true; but we must remember that as we go out into the world time will always be lacking in which we may accomplish those tasks set before us, and that it is always the busiest people that have the most time for such things. Let us try, therefore, as we go into the new library, where we shall have such helpful and stimulating surroundings, to give this phase of our education the attention which it deserves, so that as we complete our course we can feel that we have done all in our power to fit ourselves for the responsibilities of our future life.

# Local Department.

## Y. M. AND Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

On the first evening of the term the young women of the entering class were received by the Y. W. C. A. at the Young Women's Hall, while the young men of '05 were received by the Y. M. C. A. at the Gymnasium. The time was most profitably spent in becoming acquainted.

On Thursday evening, September 12th, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. received all the members of '05 in the Gymnasium. The order of the evening was marching, conversation, and the following program:

| | |
|---|---|
| Welcome by the Associations. | Mr. Felker, '02. |
| Music. | Misses Bray, '04. |
| Reading. | Miss Sands, '04. |
| Cornet Solo. | Mr. Hobbs. |
| Banjo Solo. | Miss Norton, '03. |
| Remarks. | President Chase. |
| Violin Solo. | Mr. Holden. |

The receiving committee were President Chase, Professor and Mrs. Rand, Dr. and Mrs. Veditz, Professor Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Libby, Mr. Foster, Dr. Chase, Mr. Tukey, Mr. Holmes, Miss Richmond, and Mr. Felker.

A Bible Study Rally was held in the chapel on Wednesday evening, September 25th. Rev. Mr Danforth of the High Street Congregational Church addressed the students on the value of Bible study and the right way to carry it on. Dr. Veditz and Professor Anthony also spoke very helpfully. Music was furnished by a male quartet—Professor Robinson, Donnocker, '04, Luce, '04, Wallace, '04.

## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Oh, for the tunes of vacation days,
Tenderly echoed through treetops tall,
Murmuring streams in meadows low,
Birds' softest melodies over all.

Oh, for the noises of college days,
Loudly resounding 'round every hall,
Hurrying feet and laughter gay,
Thumping and crashing of jolly foot-ball.

1904 is glad to receive an addition to its numbers in Mr. Cutten, from Westbrook.

1905, the STUDENT cordially emphasizes the welcome given you by each of the various parts of Bates.

1902 is glad to welcome two new members, Longwell, formerly of 1901, and Elkins, formerly of 1903.

We all miss Professor Hartshorn very much and shall be delighted to welcome him back next term.

McLean, '02, has been chosen chairman of Eurosophia's executive committee, in the absence of Hunnewell.

The French and German Conversation Classes are proving very helpful under the direction of Miss Libby.

1905, now that your receptions are over, you must settle down to hard work and show the rest of us what you can do.

Dr. Jane Kelly-Sabine, who has been examining the physical condition of the Freshman girls, reports them an exceptionally good class.

1903 also welcomes two new members, Gray, formerly of '98, and Miss Manuel, who entered with '02, but stayed out during the Junior year to teach.

As usual numerous Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores have not properly maintained their new dignities and so have been mistaken for Freshmen.

The scholarship prizes for the past year have been awarded as follows: 1902, Darling and Miss Chase; 1903, Lord and Miss Prince; 1904, Smith and Miss Sands.

We are very sorry to learn that Miss Gosline, 1902, will not be able to return to college this year. Her place on the STUDENT Board will be taken by Miss Kimball, '02.

Mr. Emery, '84, was in town recently. He occupies one of the highest positions in New York City, being at the head of the weather bureau, with an office many stories high.

The prizes for the Junior Exhibition, last Commencement week, were given to Hamlin and Miss Babcock. Wardwell received the prize for the Sophomore Champion Debate, and Jordan, for the Sophomore Prize Essay.

Dr. Chase, who is taking Professor Hartshorn's work this term, graduated from Yale in '94, with highest honors in a class of two or three hundred. He has since been a successful instructor at Yale and has also studied abroad.

Mr. Tukey, who takes the place of Mr. Knapp in the Latin Department, graduated from Bates in '98 among the first in his class. He taught a year in Brimfield Academy and has studied two years at Harvard, where he took his A.M.

On Friday, September 20th, Mrs. Hartshorn received the Senior girls from 3 to 5 P.M. Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Veditz, and Miss Libby assisted her. Mrs. Hartshorn is a charming hostess, and the girls appreciate her kind thoughtfulness.

We are glad to have some of last June's graduates with us still—Miss Libby, who assists in the French and German Departments; Mr. Holmes, who is Professor Jordan's assistant in Chemistry; and Miss Neal, who assists Professor Clark in Physics.

On Thursday, September 19th, recitations were suspended and memorial exercises for President McKinley were held in the chapel at 10 o'clock. Professor Jordan and Professor Angell

spoke, also Dexter, '02, Sawyer, '03, Briggs, '04, and Salley, '05, Miss Miller sang the hymn, "Thy Will Be Done." In the afternoon many of the students attended the memorial service at City Hall.

Most of the Senior Geology Class had an interesting expedition to the Rips on the Switzerland Road, on Wednesday, September 25th. They examined the dykes, blown sand, weathering, and pot holes to their hearts' content, and returned home laden with geological specimens, gay autumn leaves, and wild flowers.

Dr. C. W. A. Veditz, who takes the place of Dr. Geer in the Chair of History and Economics, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and has studied abroad ten years, chiefly in Berlin, Halle, and Paris. He received his Ph.D. at Halle. He resigned a fellowship in the University of Pennsylvania to come to Bates.

Mr. Foster, who succeeds Mr. Nutt in the Sophomore and Freshman English Department, is A.B. from Harvard, 1901, *magna cum laude*. He made a specialty of work in English, especially composition and debate. He was a member of the debating team that defeated Boston University last year. He has had large experience as a tutor and as a teacher in private schools and boys' clubs. He had the general direction and management of the procession of the Republican students at Harvard, several thousand men, in the last presidential campaign.

Chapel exercises on Thursday, September 12th, were unusually eventful. Professor N. C. Bruce, Bates '93, and now Dean of Shaw University, addressed the students. Five members of Shaw University, who have been travelling through the North to earn money for their college, favored us with negro songs and a reading. President Chase afterward announced that a gentleman in Boston had decided to celebrate his eightieth birthday by giving Bates $5,000. Bates has also received $1,000 from the estate of Mrs. Philbrick, Danvers, Mass. Mr. Philbrick was a leading educator, for some years a trustee of Bates, and a friend of Ex-President Cheney.

The Freshman Class, from present indications, is an excellent one, in numbers, athletics, and scholarship. Therefore it deserves a most cordial welcome. The members and their fitting schools are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| John Woodward Abbott, | Jordan High School. |
| Marion Dinant Ames, | Jordan High School. |
| Delbert E. Andrews, | Hebron Academy. |
| Byrd Leroy Badger, | North Yarmouth Academy. |
| Clinton Emery Bailey, | Edward Little High School. |
| Mary Alice Bartlett, | Natick High School, Mass. |
| Guy Pevey Benner, | Dickinson Preparatory School, Carlisle, Pa. |
| Earle Dutton Bessey, | Maine Central Institute. |
| Harold Percy Blake, | Edward Little High School. |
| Leopold Blouin, | Jordan High School. |
| Adelaide Louise Briggs, | Jordan High School. |
| Elsie Mary Bryant, | Hebron Academy. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Elijah Day Cole, | Mechanic Falls High School. |
| Christopher George Cooper, | Ricker Classical Institute. |
| Mabel May Cornelison, | Houlton High School. |
| John Everard DeMeyer, | Hebron Academy. |
| Harry Franklin Doe, | Hebron Academy. |
| Ardella Dill Donnell, | Jordan High School. |
| Daisy Vaughn Downey, | Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt. |
| Fred Smith Doyle, | Caribou High School. |
| Charles Pendexter Durell, | Norway High School. |
| Myrtle Mabel Olive Fenderson, | Edward Little High School. |
| Bertha Celestia Files, | Bangor High School. |
| James Gregory Finn, | Jordan High School. |
| Bertha Leona Frank, | Pennell Institute. |
| Lucile Bruff Goddard, | Deering High School. |
| May Evelyn Gould, | Bridgton Academy. |
| Jessamine Amanda Hayford, | Mechanic Falls High School. |
| Mabel Hodnett, | Danforth High School. |
| Orin Merton Holman, | Norway High School. |
| Effie Mabelle Holmes, | Brunswick High School. |
| C. Edson Junkins, | Berwick Academy. |
| Ralph Lester Kelly, | Thornton Academy, Saco. |
| William E. Lawry, | Stoneham, Mass., High School. |
| Theodore Arthur Lewis, | Framingham High School, Mass. |
| Harold Shaw Libbey, | Jordan High School. |
| Mary Alice Lincoln, | New Hampton Literary Institute, N. H. |
| Forest Lionell Mason, | Mechanic Falls High School. |
| George Douglas Milbury. | |
| Charlotte A. Millett, | Gorham High School. |
| Nellie Evelyn Minard, | North Attleboro High School, Mass. |
| Marion Ethel Mitchell, | Bangor High School. |
| Herbert Leon Nichols, | Framingham High School, Mass. |
| Charles David North, | Leavitt Institute. |
| Monira Louise Norton, | Edward Little High School. |
| Charles Eugene Paine, | Phillips Exeter. |
| Fenton Eugene Parsons, | Framingham High School, Mass. |
| William Lewis Parsons, | Jordan High School. |
| John Gray Patten, | Bowdoinham High School. |
| Harold Gould Payne, | Edward Little High School. |
| Grace May Peabody, | Jordan High School. |
| Elizabeth Sarah Perkins, | Thornton Academy. |
| John E. Peterson, | New Hampton Literary Institute, N. H. |
| Mary Reed Pettingill, | Holten High School, Danvers, Mass. |
| Thomas Coe Pingree, | Jordan High School. |
| John Butler Pugsley, | Somersworth High School, N. H. |
| Mary Jane Ramsdell, | Hebron Academy. |
| Ada Maud Reed, | Sabatis High School. |
| John S. Reed, | Kent's Hill. |
| Ashmun Clark Salley, | Jordan High School. |
| George Gordon Sampson. | |
| Lillian Maude Small, | Edward Little High School. |
| Iva Nella Spiller, | Bridgton Academy. |
| Thomas Spooner, | Edward Little High School. |
| Lilla Augusta Stetson, | Edward Little High School. |
| Mary Louise Stetson, | Edward Little High School. |
| Frank Clifford Stockwell, | Framingham High School, Mass. |
| Arthur George Symonds, | Henniker High School, N. H. |
| Sadie Brooks Symonds, | Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H. |
| May Cummings Thibodeau, | Norway High School. |
| Amy Dodge Thissell. | |
| Maud Lillian Thurston, | Bethel High School. |
| Ethel A. Turner, | Maine Central Institute. |
| Charles Clinton Tuttle, | Edward Little High School. |

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|---|---|
| Eugene Tuttle, | Haverhill High School, Mass. |
| Marion Eveline Vance, | Jordan High School. |
| Elmer Thissell Verrill, | Oak Grove Seminary. |
| Mary Eleanor Walton, | North Yarmouth Academy. |
| Florence Louise Whittum, | Jordan High School. |
| Desdemona Hattie Williams, | Framingham High School, Mass. |
| Leon Nathaniel Williams, | Bowdoinham High School. |
| Meredith Gilbert Williams, | Framingham High School, Mass. |
| Edbert Corson Wilson, | Westbrook Seminary. |
| Ralph Golder Winslow, | Jordan High School. |
| Harold Wentworth Yeaton, | Rochester High School, N. H. |

## ATHLETICS.

Captain Hamlin of the track team has a squad in training this fall. As a special inducement for new men to come out a novice meet has been arranged for the first week of November. The participants in this meet are to be those who have never engaged in an intercollegiate contest, and prizes are to be awarded to the winners. It is desired that as many new men as possible come out, whether they be Freshmen or upper class men. The Intercollegiate Meet next spring is to be held on Garcelon Field, and it is desirable that we make a good showing on our own grounds. Let every man feel he has a part in this, and help make a winning team.

The annual Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game was played Saturday, September 14th. It was a very quiet one, because of the death of President McKinley. We congratulate the Freshmen on their athletic ability and hope to hear much from them next spring. The line-up was as follows:

| Freshmen. | Sophomores. |
|---|---|
| Doe, p. | Lewis, p. |
| Nichols, ss. | Rounds, ss. |
| Parsons, 2b. | Bradford, 2b. |
| Abbott, 1b. | Paine, 1b. |
| Kelly, c. | Hayes, c. |
| North, 3b. | Flanders, 3b. |
| Pingree, l.f. | Walker, l.f. |
| Libbey, c.f. | Haskell, c.f. |
| Tuttle, r.f. | Weymouth, r.f. |

Score by Innings.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sophomores | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —1 |
| Freshmen | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | —5 |

Strike-outs—Doe, 18; Lewis, 7. Three-baggers—Doe. Two-baggers—Lewis. Singles—Doe, Parsons 3, Abbott, North, Rounds, Lewis 2, Walker.

## FOOT-BALL.

Bates opened the season September 28th with a loss to Exeter, 6 to 5. Both teams played a good game for the first of the season. Exeter had the advantage in weight, being twenty pounds to a man heavier, and in the first half of the game made steady gains through the Bates line. The first touchdown was made by Exeter within three minutes of plays by blocking a punt and carrying

the ball back over the goal line. In the second half Bates took a brace and by a succession of quick, snappy plunges by Andrews and Babcock forced Exeter back for a touchdown. Allen failed to kick the goal, leaving the score 6 to 5 in favor of Exeter. Following is the line-up of the teams:

| EXETER. | | BATES. |
|---|---|---|
| Leigh, l. e. | | r. e., Hamlin. |
| Conway, l. e. | | |
| Brill, l. t. | | r. t., Andrews. |
| Carr, l. g. | | r. g., Hunt. |
| Hooper, c. | | c., Cutter. |
| Dillon, r. g. | | l. g., Ransdell. |
| Cooney, r. g. | | |
| Stone, r. t. | | l. t., Reed. |
| Draper, r. e. | | l. e., Pugsley. |
| Connor, q. b. | | q. b., Allen. |
| Burch, l. h. b. | | r. h. b., Moody. |
| Moore, r. h. b. | | l. h. b., Babcock. |
| Jenkins, r. h. b. | | l. h. b., Towne. |
| Peters, f. b. | | f. b., Finn. |

Score—Exeter 6, Bates 5. Touchdowns—Carr, Babcock. Goal from touchdown—Brill. Timekeeper—I. S. Hall. Umpire—R. A. Stevenson. Referee—J. F. Moody, Jr. Linesmen—Merry and Elliott. Time—20m. and 15m. periods.

## College Exchanges.

VACATION days are passed and with them rest from books and multitudinous duties. Hail once more the now familiar halls, once again greet weary themes and theses, whilst our poets sing of those days that are now no more but which shall surely come again in the fullness of time.

Our postman seems to be one of the favored few who have an extended vacation; however, greetings to the exchanges which have made their appearance, although few in number they have a hearty welcome.

*Education* prints an appeal to students, made by Mr. Rockefeller at the University of Chicago, which should be emphasized until it is indelibly stamped upon the conscience and heart of every student. College opportunities in many instances are made possible only by the self-denying toil of parents and friends, and as we pass on to possible future careers the obligations owed to these self-denying, patient, long-hoping parents or relatives should be frequently and lovingly acknowledged in every possible way and by every possible token, such as the frequent letters, or the cheerful filial visit. Whatever your station may be hereafter, do not fail to turn gratefully to your families and friends who have stood by you in your time of struggle for an education and return to them in your loving and helpful attentions. The proof of the sincerity of your unfailing appreciation for these expressions will give them happiness and will bring blessings to you.

We are glad to welcome *The New Collegian,* successor to *Collegian Herald,* from Hillsdale, Michigan, but at the same time

we are sorry to note the lack of literary matter. There are positively no stories, no articles, no sketches of any kind. While notes concerning alumni, halls and campus, vacation, etc., may be interesting to the students of that particular college, they are neither interesting nor instructive to students of other colleges. We hope next month to find some true literature; meanwhile we repeat the one good production:

VACATION.

Students gone,—
Empty halls.—
Voices echo from the walls
Hollow as at dead of night,
Startling with a thrill of fright.
"Where's the college?" is my word.
"Where's the college?" now is heard.
Empty buildings here and there,
College scattered everywhere;
This old place we loved so well
Now is but an empty shell.
Voices echo from the walls,—
Students gone,
Empty halls.
Students come!
Joyful sound!
Let it ring the world around!
Come to learn of truth and right,
Come in youth with faces bright,
Let the old clock tower be heard
Like a sentinel on guard.
College comes from far and near,
Holds it yearly sessions here.
This old place we love so well
Holds us with enchanting spell.
Let it ring the world around!
Students come!
Joyful sound!

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The only man permitted
To enter Fortune's gate
Is he who keeps on fighting
And *never* yields to fate.

—*The Stranger.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

"Of all things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call books."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Our Book-Shelf is fortunate this month in having some of the most delightful books of the season as new members. Of the recent books none can be more charming in appearance, contents and detail than "*Nature Biographies,*"[1] by Clarence Moores Weed. Its title is an index to its contents. The everyday life of some of our everyday insects—butterflies, moths, caterpillars, locusts, and others, is told in a simple, straightforward way, which is very fascinating and clear. One cannot help think-

ing as he reads what a habit of acute observation the author, a professor in New Hampshire State College, must have cultivated. Every page teaches the reader in a subtle manner the delights of careful observation even of ordinary phenomena and events. "The Making of a Butterfly" is the old story of the transition of an egg through the caterpillar and chrysalis stages to the beautiful Monarch Butterfly. The Tent Caterpillar, the dread of New England orchard owners, is a most ingenious little animal, as his life is described by Mr. Weed. The photographs seem unpleasantly real to one who has been in a vicinity cursed by these plagues, and we are truly thankful to Mr. Weed for telling us that these little creatures are very susceptible to disease, although he, as an appreciative entomologist, speaks of it as a "danger" to the caterpillars. "A Rural Impostor" informs us of the life and habits of the sweet-fern caterpillar which so successfully mimics the sweet-fern leaf that the sharpest observer can scarcely descry it. Mr. Weed cites this as a common result of centuries of struggle for existence. "Studies of Walking Sticks," "Locust Mummies," "An Insect Potter," "Insects in Winter" are titles to entertaining pages.

Another nature-book, of an entirely different stamp from the above is *"The Life of the Bee,"*[2] by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alfred Sutro. It is difficult to exactly classify this work. It is not a technical treatise on apiculture, nor is it an airy, fanciful sketch of these busy little people. It is a gem in its way and deserves more extended mention than can be given it in these pages. Mr. Maeterlinck mingles a history of these most democratic "republics" with scenes from the daily doings within the hive; descriptions of the life and deeds of a bee, with its habits and all the manifold intricacies of its life. It is indeed well worth one's time to read and reread the book, for from it, as from no other source, may we get a view of the truly exalted and wonderful life of the bees. Mr. Maeterlinck seems to be a thinker on many of the problems of humanity of the day and age. For he cannot seem to help wandering off into delightful dreamy realms of thought and possibility which bee-life suggests to him. It is all the more interesting, however, to have this mingling of the two, for though most of us could not follow out the thought as does Mr. Maeterlinck, none of us can help being impressed with the thought, as the book is read, of the striking resemblances of our lives to that of bees. We, however, are really inferior to these modest, retiring friends in that our motives are not as high as theirs. Mr. Maeterlinck points out their motives for work, self-sacrifice, danger and self-renunciation, as being a "care for the future, and a love for the race" such as has never been dreamed of by man. There are "a thousand enigmas in the waxen city" which he, with all his study, has never been able to solve; some of which he touches upon and wanders off into by-ways of dreamy speculation and theorizing or into a poetical touch of nature. This most delightful book can truly claim to be both scientific and artistic, a rare, though really needed, combination.

[1]Nature Biographies. Clarence Moores Weed. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

[2]The Life of the Bee. Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.40.

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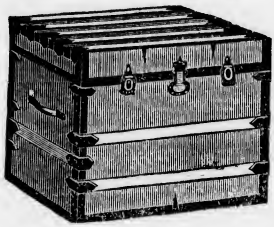
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Vol. XXIX. October, 1901. No. 8.

# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



## CONTENTS.


Leaves From the Trees . . . . . 231
The Professor's Protege—Part Second . . . 232
A Living Issue . . . . . 239
CARBONETTES . . . . . 242
ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Personal . . . . . 244


### AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.


EDITORIALS . . . . . 251
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Y. W. C. A. Notes . . . . . 253
Foot-Ball . . . . . 253
Tennis Tournament . . . . . 257
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 258
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 259
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 261


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## LEAVES FROM THE TREES.

The autumn leaves are falling,
Your course is nearly run,
O Senior, mark their message,
Soon will your work be done.

One more year's fruit you gather,
Store up each precious yield,
All that this year bears to you,
From Truth's fast ripening field.

. . . . . .

The autumn leaves are falling,
And seeds drop to the ground.
O Junior, mark their message
And scatter good seed round.

Though burs are sharp with nettles
And to naught but the hard frosts yield,
The seed shall lie well sheltered
Till brought forth for the world's wide field.

. . . . . .

The autumn leaves are falling,
Their brightness makes us glad.
For Sophomores, this message,
Choose well from good and bad.

Wild oats that cheer the roadside
By a field for harvest sown
May draw our eyes from the valued
By a glitter of their own.

. . . . . .

The autumn leaves are falling,
  Is it spring-time ere comes the bud?
Oh, Freshman, mark this message,
  E'en now works the warm life-blood.

The work is quiet and humble
  As nature is watching o'er all,
To get each bud and each leaflet
  Prepared for the spring's first call.
. . . . . .
Four years of toil and harvest
  Each adds its gift to our store,
As autumn holds all of the fullness
  Of the best of all seasons before.

—BATES, T. H. R. E.

---

## THE PROFESSOR'S PROTEGE.

### PART SECOND.

BY C. L. JORDAN.

IT was just such a place as the Professor had read about but had never seen. His eyes sparkled with delight in spite of the cold and discomfiture he had just passed through.

The room into which the Professor was invited plainly served for kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room. It was long, wide, and low. The big beams of the house-frame were massive and dark with age; between them hung traces of corn and strings of dried apple and pumpkin. The floor was of pine, unpainted but white. In one end of the room was a large stone fire-place; in the other a modern cook stove connected with the chimney by a long funnel running the entire length of the kitchen between the beams, which were covered with bright zinc to lessen the liability of fire.

The remains of a recent dinner lay on the table at one side of the room, reminding the Professor that he had travelled many hours since breakfast. A comely middle-aged woman had paused in the centre of the room, her arms laden with dishes. There was a good-natured look of surprise on her face as she beheld this stranger.

"I beg your pardon," said the Professor. "I have suffered an accident by which my sleigh has been badly broken, and I beg that I be allowed to remain here a short time until it is possible to continue my journey."

"My soul!" ejaculated the woman; "you aint been out in all this storm, have ye?"

"Yes, madam, I started from Kingfield a little after seven o'clock this morning and have been on the road ever since."

"Is that so! Well, now, just take off your coat and git warm. You must be nigh froze. Here, Harry, take his coat and hang it up by the chimney to dry," she added, addressing the boy. When Harry had hung the coat as directed he placed a chair near the blazing fire for the Professor, who seated himself and stretched his hands out to the genial warmth. The boy then quietly left the room. "This has been an awful storm," said the woman, breaking the silence which had followed the departure of the boy.

"Yes! I am a stranger in this part of the country, and seldom have the pleasure of such an experience."

The woman paused in her work to look at the Professor.

"Well, you must be a stranger to speak of such weather as a *pleasure*. You just ought to be shut up like hens in a coop for a week or two 'thout seeing nobody all the time; then I guess you'd be glad 'nough when it's over. This looks like a bad un, too," she added without giving her listener time to reply.

I must reach the camp as soon as possible, thought the Professor.

"Do you think it is possible to go on to Grey's camp on the Spencer, today?" asked he.

"Wall, now, I don't know! Dear me! if only Mr. Sylvester wuz at home. He could tell ye! But he has gone there hisself. Went last night. Ye see he 'spected we wuz to have just such a storm and he says to me, 'I'll go to-night so's not to meet many teams or the storm either.' He's purty smart sometimes and hits things right on the head."

"He surely was wise to go before this storm."

"O, he isn't a bit erfraid of a little snow, but he had an extra heavy load to haul in and he don't meet so many teams in the night. It's terrible hard turning out with four hosses and a big load."

"Yes, I found it so a few miles back, when I was obliged to 'turn out,'" said the Professor with a merry laugh.

"Come, sir! Your dinner is ready. I never make no excuses for poor victuals. I just put out what I have and let it go to that. Now Mrs. Sylvester just worried herself to death 'cause she didn't have things. Nothing wasn't nice enough for her in this house, though the Lord knows she had better'n any woman in these parts. Now just take right holt and help yourself! 'Taint much to invite ye to, but you mustn't be afeard of it."

"As I wuz saying," continued the woman, not heeding the murmured thanks of the Professor,—"She never wuz contented with her lot; not that she wuz always complaining but you know how it is with some people. Actions do speak louder'n words, as Mr. Leighton used to say. Do you happen to know Mr. Leighton?" asked the woman innocently.

"I am afraid I never met the gentleman to whom you refer," replied the Professor, "does he live near here?"

"O, Lor', no!" cried the woman. "He was a city fellow, too, and I didn't know but what you knew him. He said he knew 'most everybody and I guess he did! I never heard nobody talk like him about people he had seen at their big sprees. Did you ever go to Vanderbilt's house after tea?" "No, I never was fortunate enough to be the guest of Mr. Vanderbilt," said the Professor with a laugh.

"Wall, than, you wouldn't be likely to see Mr. Leighton. I guess he used to live with 'em or sunthin', for he could go on for an hour about 'em, and the Amours, too. Do you know the Amours?"

"No, I am more unfortunate! I do not know the Amours. But I am interested in Mr. Leighton, the name sounds familiar. In what city does the gentleman live?"

"Oh, didn't I tell ye? I meant to. He came from Boston last winter with lots of jewelry, gold watches, rings, and things to sell in the camps. He got here just after a big blow and hired Mr. Sylvester to carry him up to the camp. Mr. Sylvester didn't want to go, for he feared another blow-out, but Mr. Leighton hung on so hard and offered so much money that at last they started out. O Lord! I guess he wished he had never left Mr. Vanderbilt's castle! There wuz the biggest blow-out ye ever seed before they got half way there and they wuz obliged to go into a thicket of spruces and stay all night in the cold. I never heard tell of such drifts! Wall, Mr. Leighton froze his feet,—one on 'em quite bad,—and when at last Mr. Sylvester got him home here, he wuz nigh about dead. We done the best we could for him and the doctor helped us, but he had to stay here until he got well. I'll bet the Vanderbilts and Amours were some glad to see him!"

While the woman was talking the Professor had been eating the homely but wholesome food before him. Having finished his repast he pushed back his chair and arose.

"Now ye aint done as quick as this, be ye?" cried the woman,

rising from her chair, too. "Yes, I thank you. I have eaten a great plenty, although your excellent fare tempts me still."

"Wall, now, I am glad you like it! Mr. Leighton used to say I beat Vanderbilt's cook, baking beans and pumpkin pies." "I haven't a doubt of it, madam," said the Professor, then he added, "Where is the boy who was here when I entered?" "He went out to the barn to take care of your hoss, I 'spose."

"Indeed! I had forgotten the poor beast! I must go out and attend to him at once," cried the Professor.

"Wall, ye needn't trouble yourself about that 'ere hoss. Harry can fix him up better'n any man hereabouts. He's coming in now, so just keep your setting."

Thus advised the Professor sank back in an old rush-bottomed chair by the fire just as the boy entered.

"Have you seen to the gentleman's hoss, Harry?" asked the woman briskly, as the boy brushed the snow from his garments.

"Yes, 'em," he replied.

"Did ye give him some hay, too?" she asked again. "Yes, 'em," with a shake of his cap that sent the snow over the hot stove to sputter, dance about in waterdrops, then to disappear in a cloud of steam.

"My land-o-goodness!" cried the woman, "What on airth are ye tryin' to do? I told ye time and agin how ye would crack the stove with that cold snow! I do believe ye've gone and done it now sure," and she hurried to the stove to search for the crack while the boy with a rollicking laugh hung his cap on a nail behind the door. The stove had escaped destruction evidently, for the anxious woman turned away, only saying, "Now just be a little man and tell the gentleman how fur it is to the camp!" This remark sobered the lad far quicker than her late reproof, and although he seated himself without replying, the Professor noticed a flush warming his cheek and brow. Evidently he did not like to be told to be a little man.

The Professor was very fond of boys, and considered the awkward, self-conscious state that comes to every boy as he passes from boyhood to youth or young manhood, the most interesting part of a boy's life.

This lad was about fourteen years of age, but as slender as a child of twelve. The Professor had not noticed him particularly before, but now as he looked at him he started in surprise to observe the delicate beauty of the boy's features and the manly expression in the intelligent brown eyes.

The warm red flush still tinted his cheek and added more fire to his bright eyes, and as he sat there waiting for the Professor to speak, his brown wavy hair framing his smooth brow, he was not unlike the famous "Child's Head" of Murillo.

The Professor was an artist. He loved the beautiful in art and nature. He had filled his life with the beautiful, rejecting the ugly and commonplace, until his mind was the storehouse of beautiful thoughts. His very acts were controlled by this power. His friends had often remarked that everything in his house and in his life was in perfect harmony, blending into a perfect whole. In all his travels he had been actuated by this characteristic to the extent that for souvenirs he had selected only the beautiful and only those mementoes which would harmonize. When he saw a picture of remarkable beauty, or a statue or a delicate piece of pottery, he pictured them at once in his home. If they harmonized they were purchased, sometimes at an immense price. If they failed to please when compared thus, they were never purchased. As he looked at the lad's handsome face, the walls of the farm-house kitchen stretched away into the beautiful parlor of his city home, and he was pleased to find how perfectly the lad was suited to such surroundings. But the boy was still waiting, and the Professor was aroused from his day-dream by the clatter of the woman's dishes.

"I am very anxious to reach Grey's Camp to-night. Can you tell me how far it is from here?"

"Yes, sir. We call it about fifteen miles. Sometimes it is more; sometimes it is less. It makes a difference which way the road goes."

"How is that? Are the roads in this part of the country moved about at will?" "The roads into the camps are changed nearly every winter. You see the camps move about so as to keep in the heavy timber, and that is the reason why the roads change."

"I see now," said the Professor, surprised at the lad's easy manners and plain explanation. Then he continued: "Is it possible for me to obtain a sleigh or even a sled, here or near at hand? I wish to go on at once."

"We have a pung that you could take," replied the boy slowly, "but—"

"Harry's thinking ye would sure lose yer way," broke in the woman. "And I think ye would, tur. Them roads be awful

unsartin." "If you had come last night, you could have gone in with Uncle John," said the boy meditatively.

"However, as I did not, I must go on alone. That is, if no one can go with me," he added, looking thoughtfully at the boy. "Harry might go with ye, I s'pose," remarked the woman.

"May I? O, may I?" cried the boy eagerly. "Just hold on a minute! Don't fly tur pieces before yer asked. Maybe the gentleman would rather go alone than be troubled with ye." But I know the way," said the boy. "I shall be very much pleased to have you go," cried the Professor.

"I'll go! I'll go!" cried the boy, jumping from his chair and seizing his cap. "Here, where be ye going in that fashion?" asked the woman.

"I am going to get the pung ready, for we must hustle if we get started to-day." "The boy is right," said the Professor, consulting his watch. "We must start at once or night will overtake us. I will help you get ready, Harry," he continued, rising.

They left the house together, and when they re-appeared the pung had been prepared, the horse harnessed, and all things made ready. The pung was half filled with clean straw, blankets, and robes. Harry and the Professor wrapped themselves in their coats, and saying farewell to the brave woman, left thus alone, seated themselves in the pung and drove off.

The storm had cleared away, but the wind was still blowing dismally. In some places the wind had swept the road clean, in others it had piled the snow in hard drifts. It was cold and cutting, too. They drew the robes closer, and buttoned their collars tightly around their necks and ears. When it was possible, they talked, and the Professor learned something of the boy's history. And as they rode in and out among the pines with the air filled with their ceaseless sighing, so the thread of the boy's life wound in and out among these dark pines and solemn mountains. He was an orphan, the son of Mrs. Sylvester's sister. There were no ties of blood that connected him with the little red farm-house and the man who gave him a home and cared for him for his wife's sake. There were cousins, somewhere in the outer world, whom he had never seen. Some time he was going beyond the mountains to find them. A stranger from the city had told him most all he knew of the world. The schoolmaster had told him the rest. He enjoyed the pine woods, the farm and his life, but he meant to leave it all as soon as he was a man.

The Professor listened and questioned until he seemed to open the boy's very soul and to measure its heights and depths.

The cold, grey sky of a winter's day passed quickly into the darker shades of night. The sun sank low in its southern course and the western sky gleamed faintly. So slow had been their progress that half their journey was hardly accomplished. The road for several miles had been passing through "burnt land," as the vast dreary tracts are called that have been swept by forest fires. Other roads crossed and branched out from this one. The Professor acknowledged that he never could have found his way, and even the boy stopped very often to determine the road. As darkness deepened the danger of losing the road became much greater. At last the boy confessed that, of two roads before them, he did not know which was the right one.

"You see if we had got through this 'burnt land' before dark we would have been all right, for there is only one road beyond," he said. "But I am not sure which of these roads to take."

"I don't suppose there is a house within miles of this place, is there?" asked the Professor. "No, we must go on to the camp or stay where we are all night."

"Stay where we are? That would be impossible," cried the Professor.

"Well, then, here we go," said the boy, grimly. He touched the horse with the whip and they moved on, taking the wrong road.

It was not long before they could see that the nature of the country was changing. Instead of fallen logs on every side, there were tall pines and spruces.

"Do you think we are on the right road?" asked the Professor.

"I don't know, sir! I can't tell yet; perhaps I can tell in a few minutes," replied the boy. Slowly the wearied horse dragged the sleigh through the drifts. At last he stopped. "What is the matter?" asked the Professor, "what does this mean?"

"It means," said the boy coolly, "that the horse is tired out, and besides, we are lost." "For God's sake," cried the Professor excitedly, "we shall freeze to death."

"We must make the best of it, sir. Uncle John and Mr. Leighton stayed out one night when the weather was colder than this. Choppers have been lost many times and I have heard them tell what to do in such cases," said the boy.

"Well, I must confess that I do not know what to do," said the Professor. "Then do just as I tell you, sir." And now the Professor found himself for once in his life, following the direc-

tions of another, and that other only a slip of a boy. But he showed his wisdom by obeying and by keeping silent rather than by trying to direct.

[To be continued.]

---

## A LIVING ISSUE.

A GROUP of lively girls was gathered in a corner of Geneve's room at sunset, one warm day in early October. They had been rapidly disposing of fudge, cracking jokes, telling stories, and talking about the hundred and one things in general which girls always have to discuss.

This room was a typical girl's room, moreover it was stamped with the word "college girl" on every detail. Situated on the west side of the girls' dormitory in one of our larger co-educational colleges, the setting sun shed its mellowing light over the well filled book-case on one side of the room and upon the couch directly beneath it, passed over the roll-top desk, scattered with loose papers, gently touched the gold bands on the tea-cups of the little tea-table, and fell with all its glory upon the group in the corner, turning Kitty's hair into threads of gold and playing at hide-and-seek with the glasses which surmounted the hump of Goody's Roman nose. Goody was a tiny girl with a joyous laugh, a "beam of sunshine" she was called by those who knew her best, and her name was given because of her unselfish nature. Kitty was a trifle more dignified and apt to appear affected, but the affectation lay no deeper than the appearance. Her good judgment and deliberation tended to make her the authority for the crowd, and indeed there was one who needed her guiding hand, Geneve, a frank, cheery girl, with a heart of kindness, a head of good intentions, but a will of iron and a nature made up of impulses. Her originality and natural wit made her the leader. Then there was Eline, quiet but determined, a girl who had peculiar ideas and a great bump of practicability. Geneve was an assured favorite with students and instructors alike, but accustomed to being petted and spoiled at home, she took the devotion showered upon her as a matter of course, and was persistently unresponsive to all outside of our little group of Seniors, "the quartette," as they were known about the campus.

As the setting sun sank slowly out of sight "the quartette" began to discuss Hallowe'en which was not far in the future. They planned to go together, as usual, that night. Laughingly they chatted and wondered until the bell for prayers sounded,

then Goody and Eline, arm in arm, girl style, tripped away, but Kitty lingered a minute to talk with Geneve.

"Dear, you aren't going with us, Hallowe'en eve, are you?"

"The idea, of course I am. Who in the world should I go with?" Then as she looked at Kitty's face she saw something was troubling her friend.

"What is it, Kitty?" she asked, gently winding her arm around her.

"Only the same old question. You know why I don't want you to go with us, and why I do want you to go with Turné. Ah, tut, tut. I heard him ask you this morning. It is that old will of yours, dear, and sometime you will realize what I am trying to tell you. Now be good and do as we both want you to, this once, please."

But Geneve only shook her head determinedly and no more was said.

Hallowe'en night came and Turné, with a crowd of fellows but with a heart too heavy to share their fun, went to the hall. Before the party was over, Kitty had exacted a promise from Geneve that she would not act as wilfully about returning, but Geneve soon forgot all about the going home, or that such a fellow as Turné existed, in the excitement of hunting up ghosts and walking round the house backward, looking into a mirror all the while to see a Turné who never existed or never would exist. Before she had passed round the house she felt a strange sensation, not that she saw a figure in the glass but she felt some one, was conscious of an invisible presence, and by the time she entered the house her face showed the change, but the raillery she immediately met with recalled her to her usual self, outwardly, but it did not drive away the new and strange presence.

Kitty had reached home just before Geneve and waited at the steps for her and Turné. They stood and chatted for a few minutes, then, looking at the moon, she said to Geneve:

"I know you are not coming in at this time on such a glorious night. Here, take my golf cape and go for a stroll." And before Geneve could answer Kitty was gone, and she was turning down the steps.

The moon shone brightly and they sought out a seat beneath some pine trees not far from Geneve's room. Neither the stars above nor man below was to tell of that night. Neither the moonlight on the bank nor the soft stillness of the night could enter Turné's soul, for when the light of hope dies the soul's doors

are barred by eternal gloom. Slowly they turned back, Turné with a saddened heart, Geneve subdued, kind, with an indefinite feeling of strangeness which took complete possession of her. Sadly but manfully he left her at her door for the last time, for no one should be the wiser for that night nor guess what strength it took for him to live out his remaining college days.

The year went on; to all but Kitty Geneve was the same thoughtless, light-hearted girl, but Kitty was wiser than the rest, still, she kept her own counsel, although it was with pain that she saw the year draw to a close and the shadow, although unknown to Geneve, gradually settle over her face. Neither the glad days of commencement nor the sorrowful partings drove it away. The quartette parted, only Kitty conscious of any change.

All through the summer days Geneve did not awaken to a consciousness of the change. Life went on much as usual except that she always felt a strange presence enter into all she did. By fall she had grown so restless that her father consented to give up his cherished dream of having her continually at home and she took her first school. She tried to become absorbed in her work, but she could not drive away the restlessness which gradually enveloped her in a cloud of scepticism. The cloud thickened and the days grew darker, her old sunshiny nature was scarcely detectable.

Thus the school year ended and Geneve started homewards. While waiting at a side station she came upon a group of her old college mates who had just been sight-seeing in the quaint old place. Her heart beat quickly and more quickly as they approached, and then suddenly, like the awakening from a dream, the past lay as an open book before her.

Geneve returned to her *Alma Mater* commencement week, as did most of the class. As she sat once more beneath the pines her mind turned to that night now eight months ago. And the heart beside her turned back the pages, too.

Now Geneve knows what that presence has been, she knows as if by a miracle what Kitty tried so faithfully and lovingly to tell her, she knows that at last three people will be made happy, and that henceforth two lives will be made complete because the presence and the substance are to be one and the same and they are also to be inseparable from Geneve's life.

—1902—y—e—l.




It was a hot, sultry day in July. Not a breath stirred the leaves on the trees. The birds were silent and the chickens were fain to linger in the shade of the lilacs and leave the grasshoppers in peace.

Out in the field a fifteen-year-old boy was raking, now and then shouting at the weary old horse to keep him awake. Behind the rake trudged a figure barefooted and with a freckled face, the counterpart of the other, hidden by a faded pink sunbonnet.

When the rake turned the figure turned, swinging her arms, her eyes following the frightened grasshoppers as they hopped right and left from the path of the lazy old horse.

"Say, Wes', I'm thirsty."

"Gwon up to the house and git a drink, then."

The sunbonnet turned slowly towards the house, then back and inclined toward the brown feet.

" 'Fraid?" No answer.

"Want me to go with yer?" The sunbonnet bobbed vigorously. "Well, climb up here, then." And the boy assisted his sister to a seat beside him, putting one arm about her to prevent her falling. The old horse was awakened by a slap of the reins and loped towards the house. Then came a rap on the door and a faded, battered cap came off as it opened.

"Please, ma'am, Win here wants a drink. Could yer give us a dipper so'st we could git it at the pump?"

As I produced a glass I could not help smiling at the little figure in the sunbonnet as she stood there bashfully digging her toes into the earth, her finger in her mouth.

"Warm, isn't it, Winnie?" said I. No answer.

But suddenly the brown feet paused, the finger slowly retreated from the mouth, for the blue eyes roving about had

discovered five happy little kittens frolicking in the doorway of the shed.

Then "Wes' " felt a jerk on his shirt-sleeve and Winnie stood on her brown toes to whisper into his ear.

"Going to raise all them kittens yourself?" he asked me.

"Why, I don't know," I said slowly. "Do you know of some one that wants a pretty kitten?"

"Well, Win here, she'd kinder like ter have one," he answered.

"She may take her choice," I said generously, confidently believing that *my* favorite was safe as the result of a recent frolic in the coal-bin.

But Winnie, bashful child, hesitated, although Wesley told her that he couldn't "wait all day."

Then he adopted another method. "Take this little yellow one;" Winnie put her hands behind her and said not a word. "Want that black one?" She jerked her head for no. "Well, then, that little white one with the black spot on his head."

This time the head bobbed an eager affirmative.

"All right, then. We'll come and git it when we git through rakin'. Come on, Win."

The child hesitated a moment, then, seizing her choice, she hugged it frantically, kissed the black spot, and with a parting caress replaced it on the floor.

Five minutes later I glanced out of the window. Slowly up and down plodded the old horse, and behind the rake, now swinging her sunbonnet by one string, trudged Winnie.

*They* were doing the raking.

—S. Bertha Field, 1902.

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## THE OLD STEP.

Following up, under a leafy canopy, an old, unused road, one comes, at the top of the hill, to an open, barren place. It is an old pasture covered with huge, rough rocks and innumerable smaller stones. Among all of these rocks lies a large, smooth, flat stone. Here it has lain since it was first put into position by the old settler. What a story it could tell if its tongue could once be moved! Though silent, it yet speaks to those who will sit and listen to the thoughts it arouses.

It has lain through joy and through sadness, through birth and through death, through happiness and through sadness. All is silent now. No pattering of baby feet as they try to toddle out

from the doorway to the green world beyond. No sturdy step of the farmer as he comes to the noonday meal. No quick, gentle step of the loving young wife and mother as she crosses the threshold of her newly-made home in the woods to visit her neighbor, the only one for miles around. No sound of busy feet, no cheering whir of the spinning wheel, no twilight lullaby floats out over the old step.

"All is silent now and hushed." All is changed, all is past. The once blossoming field is gone, the fruit trees as such have long since ceased to be useful and stand as mere reminders of what was, even the rocks themselves have a lonesome look. The house, too, is gone, only the old caved-in cellar remains guarded by the faithful sentinel—the old stone step.

## Alumni Round-Table.

The next meeting of the Stanton Club will occur at Riverton Park, Portland, Me. A special car will meet the delegates at the Union Station and carry them to the Casino where the banquet is to be held. All who were able to attend its last session at the Falmouth House will be anxiously looking forward to this delightful event with the highest expectation.

### PERSONAL.

'68.—President George C. Chase, Ph.D., and Professor W. H. Hartshorn, '86, were chosen as delegates to represent Bates College at Yale's recent bi-centennial celebration.

'71.—President G. W. Flint of the Connecticut State Agricultural College has resigned his position.

'72.—John A. Jones is the civil engineer chosen for the construction of an electric road from South Berwick to York Harbor.

'74.—Robert Given, Esq., of Denver, Col., is a lecturer in a Law School connected with Colorado University.

'75.—G. W. Wood, who is editor of the *Lewiston Daily Sun*, was recently married to Miss Laura Brackett of Phillips, Me.

'75.—L. M. Palmer, M.D., of South Framingham, Mass., was president of the day at the recent reunion of the students of Litchfield (Me.) Academy.

'81.—Rev. R. E. Gilkey, who has been pastor of the Free Bap-

tist Church in Dover, N. H., for the last ten years, has accepted a call to the Court Street Free Baptist Church, Auburn, Me.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs, superintendent of schools in Whitman, Mass., has published an article on *"Ventilation"* in a recent number of the *Journal of Education.*

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts preached in the Pine Street Congregational Church, Lewiston, Me., Sunday, October 13th.

'82.—The address of Judge Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton, Oregon, delivered at a Memorial service for President McKinley, has been published, and is now attracting much attention.

'83.—J. B. Ham is teacher of sciences in the Normal School at Johnston, Vt.

'85.—C. A. Washburn is teacher of Greek in the Framingham (Mass.) High School.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins is principal of the High School at Provincetown, Mass.

'87.—Rev. Israel Jordan of Scarborough, Me., and Rev. Roscoe Nelson, pastor of the Congregational Church in Windsor, Conn., were delegates to the National Triennial Congregational Council, held in Portland, Me., October 14-19. Mr. Nelson reports that his church is erecting a large parish house and also a parsonage.

'87.—L. G. Roberts, Esq., who is a prosperous and successful attorney in Boston, Mass., has been visiting friends in Lewiston, Me., recently.

'89.—John I. Hutchinson of the mathematical department of Cornell University, has, with his wife, been spending a year in Europe.

'91.—F. S. Libbey is principal of the High School in Warner, N. Y.

'91.—F. W. Plummer is principal of Woodward Institute, a school for young ladies, situated at Quincy, Mass.

'92.—A. F. Gilmore has accepted a permanent appointment with the American Book Company of New York City.

'92.—J. R. Little of Lewiston, Me., was surprised, Monday evening, October 13th, by a party of friends who gathered at his home to celebrate the anniversary of his wooden wedding. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Little were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

'92.—Scott Wilson, assistant county attorney for Cumberland County, Me., and W. F. Garcelon, Bates, '90, who is practicing law in Boston, Mass., recently delivered two helpful and sug-

gestive addresses before the young men of the institution in the college chapel.

'95.—H. N. Knox is principal of the Hardwich (Mass.) High School.

'95.—Miss M. A. Steward is pursuing graduate work at the University of Michigan.

'96.—O. F. Cutts, who is at present pursuing his studies in the Harvard Law School, is playing the position of left guard on the Harvard foot-ball team in a most creditable manner. Mr. Cutts was here at college coaching our foot-ball team for about two weeks at the first of the season.

'96.—H. L. Douglass is principal of the Grammar School at Gardiner, Me.

'96.—O. E. Hanscom, M.D., is practicing medicine in Greene, Me.

'97.—A. W. Bailey is a student in the Law School connected with New York University.

'97.—Mrs. Margaret Fanning (Knowles) Small is residing in Winchendon, Mass., where her husband is principal of the Murdock School.

'97.—H. P. Parker is principal of the High School at Chatham, Mass.

'97.—Blanche Porter is a teacher in Pennell Institute, Gray, Me.

'97.—Percy W. Brackett was married on the third of September to Miss Lottie J. Guyer of Hyannis, Mass.

'97.—Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Milliken were tendered a reception recently at their new home in Island Falls, Me.

'98.—Miss Julia F. Leader has accepted a position as teacher in the High School at Lawrence, Mass.

'98.—Thomas S. Bruce, who graduated from the Newton Theological Institute last June, has entered the Harvard Divinity School as a resident graduate. Mr. Bruce is making a specialty of the study of the Old Testament and Homiletics.

'98.—Rev. F. R. Griffin, who is pastor of the Universalist Church in Braintree, Mass., has been married recently.

'98.—A. A. Knowlton is instructor in physics and director of the gymnasium in Carlton College, Northfield, Minn.

'98.—Miss M. B. Maxim is principal of the Paris Hill Academy, Paris, Me.

'98.—A. D. True is at present at his home in New Gloucester, Me., on account of his health.

'99.—Miss Helen A. Finn is stenographer for the superintendent of schools, Lewiston, Me.

'99.—Miss Lora V. King is a teacher in the Fort Fairfield (Me.) High School.

'99.—Everett Peacock is principal of the Hartland (Me.) Academy.

'99.—D. M. Stewart will enter the Maine Medical School at Brunswick, this fall.

'99.—Miss Georgia M. Knapp has been detained from her work in Leavitt Institute for the last few weeks on account of sickness.

'99.—Rev. I. H. Gray, who is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Twin Mountain, N. H., while at the same time pursuing his theological studies at the Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me., was ordained on the 27th of June by the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting of Free Baptists.

1900.—Guy E. Healey is principal of the High School at Winthrop, Me.

1900.—A. W. Lowe is principal of the Milbridge (Me.) High School.

1900.—Miss Mabel E. Marr is preceptress of Lyndon Literary Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt.

1900.—Miss Maude F. Mitchell is teaching in the Littleton (Mass.) High School.

1900.—L. L. Powell has just entered the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

1900.—As the result of a competitive examination D. L. Richardson has won a scholarship prize which entitles him to free instruction in the Medical School connected with the University of Pennsylvania.

1900.—Miss Blanche B. Sears is winning a pronounced success as teacher of English in Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.

1900.—F. H. Stinchfield has reached the Philippine Islands and entered upon his duties as teacher.

1900.—Miss Grace A. Tarbox is principal of the Garland (Me.) High School.

1900.—Miss Bertha O. True is teacher in the High School at Bennington, Vt.

1900.—H. G. Wagg is principal of the High School at Webster City, Iowa.

1900.—Helen White is a teacher in the Wiscasset (Me.) High School.

CLASS OF 1901.

W. K. Bachelder has received a government appointment to teach in the Philippine Islands, and is now located at Winthrop, Negros.

Miss Annie E. Bailey is teaching English and French at Bridgton Academy, North Bridgton, Me.

Miss Mae S. Bennett is assistant librarian at Bates College.

Miss Bertha A. Besse will remain at her home in Auburn, Me.

Miss Delia M. Blanchard is teaching mathematics and sciences in the High School at Mansfield, Mass.

J. S. Bragg is engaged in canvassing for the North American Publishing Co. At present he is traveling through the eastern part of Maine.

Miss Bertha M. Brett is teaching in the High School at New Britain, Conn.

Miss Alice M. Cartland is teaching physics, geometry, and English in the Milbury (Mass.) High School.

R. W. Channell is located in the High School at Boothbay, Me.

A. J. Chick is principal of Monmouth (Me.) Academy.

A. C. Clark is teaching in the High School at Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

E. F. Davis at present is stopping with his parents in Auburn, not having yet been able to secure a desirable position.

L. C. Demack is acting as organist at the Episcopal Church in Beverly, Mass., while further pursuing his musical studies in the Boston Conservatory.

Miss Martha E. Dennison was married in July to Louis G. Glidden-Whitten, Bates, 1900, who is still principal of the High School in Marshfield, Mass.

Miss Mittie A. Dow is teaching Latin in the Merrimac (Mass.) High School.

W. H. S. Ellingwood, who was married in August to Miss Lottie Jones of Wilton, Me., is teaching at Bucksport Seminary, Bucksport, Me.

Miss Nina T. Estes is teaching at Shelburne, N. H.

Miss Anna H. Fisher is principal of the Grammar School at Mansfield, Mass.

Miss Annette M. Goddard is teaching in the Thomaston (Me.) High School.

R. W. Goss intends to pursue the study of medicine at the Bowdoin Medical School this fall.

H. S. Guptill is principal of the High School in Standish, Me.

W. R. Ham is teaching the sciences in the Calais (Me.) High School.

Miss Maleen P. Hicks is teaching in the High School at Beverly, Mass.

W. K. Holmes has secured the position of assistant in the chemistry department of Bates College.

Miss Bertha L. Irving is teaching English in the Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me.

E. K. Jordan is teacher of mathematics and the sciences in the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

Miss Nina F. Landman was married during the summer to Mr. Thomas H. Scammon, Bates, '99, who is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Richmond, Me.

Miss Mary B. Lambe is teaching in a Grammar School in Whiting, Me.

Miss Gertrude B. Libbey is pursuing her studies in the Exegesis of the New Testament in the Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

Miss Caroline E. Libby has received the position of instructor in French at Bates College.

W. M. Marr is principal of the High School at Upton, Mass.

Miss Harriet B. Mills, although intending to teach, has as yet been unable to secure a desirable position.

H. L. Moore is principal of the High School at Whitefield, N. H.

P. D. Moulton is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.

Miss Josephine B. Neal has been chosen assistant in the physics department at Bates College.

Miss Blanche B. Noyes was married in July to Stanley C. Lary, Bates, '99, who is now teaching at Hingham, Mass.

Miss Florence E. Osborne is teaching at Vinalhaven, Me.

Rev. Ezra S. Parker has accepted a pastorate at St. Stephens, N. B.

Miss Louise L. Parker is principal of the Grammar School at Durham, N. H.

W. B. Pierce is principal of the Shapleigh (Mass.) High School.

V. E. Rand is principal of the High School at Milton Mills, N. H.

R. S. W. Roberts has accepted the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church in Rangeley, Me.

Lincoln Roys is principal of the Wayne (Me.) High School.

Miss Flora B. Small is at her home in West Bowdoin, Me.

Miss Lucy J. Small is teaching in the Academy at Thetford, Vt.

H. I. Smith is principal of the High School at Boothbay Harbor, Me.

H. E. E. Stevens is pursuing the study of medicine at the Harvard Medical School.

H. H. Stuart is teaching in the High School at Brownville, Me.

Miss Edith L. Swain is assistant in the Williamstown (Mass.) High School.

Miss Lena B. Towle is teaching English and mathematics in the Oldtown (Me.) High School.

Miss Charlotte G. Towne is teaching at Madison, Me.

H. A. M. Trickey is at his home in Charleston, Me., since he has not been able to secure a position as teacher.

Miss Bertha M. Varney was married on October 9th to Mr. Neal D. Pattee, and will now make her home in North Stratford, N. H., where Mr. Pattee is engaged in business.

Miss Ethel B. Vickery is teaching Latin in the Calais (Me.) High School.

F. P. Wagg has received a government appointment to teach in the Philippine Islands, and is now located at Libon, Albay.

C. E. Wheeler is teaching mathematics and sciences in the Dudley (Mass.) High School.

L. E. Williams is principal of the High School at Dennysville, Me.

Rev. Joseph E. Wilson is pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, while at the same time he is further pursuing his theological studies at Cobb Divinity School. Mr. Wilson was ordained last September by the Free Baptist Conference in Nova Scotia.

# Around the Editors' Table.

IN looking over the record of our foot-ball team this fall we all naturally inquire what can we individually do to promote the interests of this most essential element of our college life; or, perhaps, since the fellows support this department almost to a man, the question would assume the form of what can the young ladies of our institution do to show their interest in a substantial way in the success of the college athletics. We are glad to notice that there has been a spirit awakening among the girls which has prompted many of them to realize their responsibility, and consequently that several have already connected themselves with our Athletic Association. But while we are very glad to see this movement in the right direction, still we feel that the matter should be brought more forcibly before the remainder, so that they, too, may consider whether or not it is their duty to show their interest in the success of our athletics by giving their hearty co-operation and support. We, as an Association, need your help; and you, as members of Bates College, need the impetus and standing which successful athletic teams give to any institution. Let us all, therefore, carefully consider if it is not the duty of every young lady here to show her interest in a genuine way in this most important department of our college life by connecting herself with our Athletic Associations.

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REVERENCE is a mark of true greatness. Is not every student seeking to be truly great? Then why is it that we have so little reverence? There are but few students who refrain from laughing, loud talking, whispering, or from secular duties whilst inside the chapel doors at service time. There are but few students who listen with bowed heads during a prayer, and still fewer who hesitate or refrain from dropping the hymn-book with a thump before the service is over. A great preacher once said that one's attitude during a benediction is indicative of one's religion. How many of us are reverential at such a time? How many are reverent in their thoughts? Or take one step lower. How many are at least respectful? Respectful to both students and instructors. A continuous hum, an unbroken undertone threatening some sudden eruption, occasional tap, tap of the boots, outbursts of uncalled for laughter, pretended ignorance of the exact text-book location of the thought under discussion, incessant and distinctly audible dots made with the pencil points,

all these describable and many more indescribable noises may be very entertaining to the participators, but is it respectful to the instructors? Moreover, such conduct is extremely distasteful and annoying to those who are seeking for something worth while. Let us, then, be more reverent, more thoughtful of one another, more respectful of another's rights, and then shall we be more truly great and more truly loyal to Bates and to the highest things for which she has always stood.

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WE have plenty of college spirit in general, but often too little of it in particulars. We are most eager that Bates should have the highest possible standing, but do not do our share of bringing it about. Each one, since he is interested in certain special things, is inclined to neglect the rest. It is true that we do not have time for all which the college offers. We should have to be far more brilliant if we did. Yet lack of time and lack of ability should not mean want of interest also. If we are not athletically built, if we have no ear for music, if we have little time for anything but study, if we are too tired to make the best use of our social advantages, if we use most of our strength in other ways than Association work and Bible Study, yet we should at least have sympathy with each department. We should feel ourselves indirect sharers, if we cannot be direct.

Because each of these things is helpful and because our complete development depends upon an interest in subjects of all sorts, because the college will be one-sided unless all its departments are well supported, we must feel enthusiasm and interest, varying according to our own temperaments, yet warm enough toward each department to make itself felt.

Sympathy with a good object can hardly be so powerful as direct aid. And yet it *is* powerful. Hence let us be as enthusiastic as we can, even where we cannot give personal influence, and so help each part of our college to be its very best.

# Local Department.

### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Miss Milham, travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave a helpful address at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, October 2d. The girls were much disappointed that because of illness she could not speak again.

The mission study class, under the leadership of Miss Tucker, '02, will prove valuable to all who join it.

The Social Settlement committee plans to undertake about the same work that was done last year.

The Freshman girls are showing a helpful interest in the meetings this fall.

### FOOT-BALL.

Three games have been played since our last issue—the game with Harvard, October 5th, at Cambridge, in which Bates for the first time in her history crossed Harvard's goal line; the game with Boston College, October 12th, at Lewiston; and the game with the University of Maine, October 15th, at Lewiston. It is beyond words to express the joy which was felt when the news of the Harvard game reached Lewiston. All were confident that Bates would make a good showing, but that she should cross Harvard's goal line, that was not even thought of. But the unexpected happened and October 5th, 1901, will ever go down in the annals of Bates foot-ball as a red-letter day.

The game with Boston College was a hard-fought and interesting contest, in which Bates carried off the honors. The Boston College team was as usual a heavy one, but although Bates was much lighter and was disabled by having some of her best men on the side lines, she showed her superiority by her ability to make long gains, and by holding Boston College for downs.

The game with the University of Maine was, in many ways, unsatisfactory. The field was slippery, thus giving an advantage to the heavy U. of M. team, and Bates did not play her usual game; while playing fast foot-ball at times, she often played just the opposite. This spasmodic playing, together with poor interference and fumbling, lost the game. But, in spite of our defeat, we still feel that Bates has a team second to none in the State—every team has its off days.

The following is a summary of the games:

HARVARD, 16; BATES, 6.

Bates kicked off to Harvard, who carried the ball back 20 yards. Then, by a series of four- and five-yard plunges through the line and a gain of 40 yards around end, Harvard carried the ball over for a touchdown. Campbell kicked the goal. Score: Harvard, 6; Bates, 0.

Bates kicked off to Bowditch who carried the ball back 20 yards. The same tactics as before were started in and the ball taken steadily down the field, but Harvard fumbled and Ramsdell fell on the ball on Bates's 12-yard line.

Bates tried a double pass for no gains, made a little through Cutts, an old Bates player, and then lost the ball on downs, but recovered it on the next play as the result of a fumble by Mifflin. After two downs Bates was forced to kick. Harvard lost 10 yards on an off-side play which was made up by a 20-yard gain around end. Steady line plunging took the ball down the field and Harvard went through guard for a touchdown. Campbell missed the goal. Score—Harvard 11, Bates 0.

Bowditch ran the ball back 20 yards on the next kick-off and then Mifflin punted 40 yards. Time was called with the ball in Bates' possession.

Harvard kicked off in the second half and Moody gained his distance, but Bates lost the ball on a fumble. After a few tries at the line, Harvard carried the ball 30 yards for a touchdown. Campbell missed goal. Score—Harvard 16, Bates 0.

Bates kicked the ball over Harvard's goal line and Harvard returned from her 25-yard line and Bates made a fair catch. Bates tried a place kick, but the ball went too low. Bates recovered the ball on a fumble and Moody gained his distance twice, once around right end for 10 yards. Harvard held and Bates tried a place kick but failed. Harvard advanced the ball 10 yards and fumbled. Bates after two downs tried a place kick, but again failed.

Here was where Bates scored. Swann, Harvard's left halfback, was sent through tackle and almost made his distance when he fumbled the ball and, quick as a flash, Blake had it under his arms and was making for the Harvard goal with Allen interfering for him. Blake, though almost forced out of bounds, made the touchdown, punted out, and Allen kicked the goal. Score—Harvard 16, Bates 6. Time was called before the teams could line up.

| HARVARD. | BATES. |
|---|---|
| Campbell, l. e. | r. e., Blake. |
| Thayer, l. e. | |
| Graydon, l. t. | r. t., Cole. |
| Blagdon, Randolph, l. t. | r. t., Ramsdell. |
| Cutts, l. g. | r. g., Childs. |
| Hovey, l. g. | |
| Sargent, c. | c., Ramsdell. |
| | c., Cutten. |
| Barnard, r. g. | l. g., Hunt. |
| Riggs, r. g. | |
| Lawrence, r. t. | l. t., Reed. |
| Jones, Blagden, r. t. | |
| Bowditch, r. e. | l. e., Pugsley. |
| Baldwin, q. b. | q. b., Allen. |
| Matthews, q. b. | |
| Derby, l. h. b. | r. h. b., Moody. |
| Swann, l. h. b. | |
| Ristine, r. h. b. | l. h. b., Babcock. |
| Knowles, r. h. b. | |
| Mifflin, f. b. | f. b., Finn. |
| McGrew, f. b. | f. b., Turner. |

Score—Harvard 16, Bates 6. Touchdowns—Ristine, Mifflin, Knowles, Blake. Goals from touchdowns—Campbell, Allen. Umpire—Sawin. Referee—Dr. Newell. Linesmen—Devens, Harvard; Andrews, Bates. Timer—Wood. Time—15 and 10-minute halves.

### BATES, 6; BOSTON COLLEGE, 0.

Boston College kicked off to Allen, who advanced the ball 10 yards. Short rushes by Towne, Moody, and Finn brought the ball to the center of the field. Towne went round left end for 20 and 15 yards. Bates was held for downs on Boston College's 20-yard line. Bates recovered ball on a fumble and Towne made a small gain. Bates given 10 yards for an off-side play. On the first down the ball went to Towne who fumbled. Cole recovered the ball and carried it over for a touchdown. Allen kicked the goal. Score—Bates 6, Boston College 0. Time was called with the ball in the center of the field.

In the second half Bates kicked to Boston College's 10-yard line and the ball was returned 15 yards. After two downs with no gain, Boston College punted to Bates' 35-yard line. Towne made some good gains but the ball was lost on Bates' 45-yard line. Boston carried the ball by short gains through the line to Bates' 15-yard line, where they were held for downs. Bates failed to gain on the first two downs, but on the third down on a bluff for a punt Allen gained 30 yards round right end. Time called with the ball in the center of the field.

| BATES. | BOSTON COLLEGE. |
|---|---|
| Pugsley, l. e. | r. e., White. |
| Reed, l. t. | r. t., Nickerson. |
| Childs, l. g. | r. g., Breath. |

Wall, c.....c., Kenney.
Cutten, c.
Ramsdell, r. g.....l. g., Cramer.
Cole, r. t.....l. t., Keon.
Blake, r. e.....l. e., Sullivan.
Piper, r. e.
Allen, q. b.....q. b., Riley.
Towne, l. h. b.....r. h. b., McCusker.
Moody, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Ford.
Finn, f. b.....f. b., Lane.

Score—Bates 6. Touchdowns—Cole. Goal from touchdowns—Allen. Umpire—Carter. Referee—McCarthy. Linesmen—Andrews, Bates; J. Sullivan, Boston. Timers—Gould, Bates; O'Kane, Boston College. Time—15m. halves.

### University of Maine 6; Bates, 0.

Bates kicked to U. of M.'s 15-yard line and the ball was advanced 5 yards and fumbled. Cole made 5 yards and then Bates lost the ball on downs. U. of M. advanced the ball steadily but lost it in the center of the field. Bates gained a little and was forced to punt. U. of M. made her distance once and was then forced to punt. Bates made about 3 yards on two downs and lost the ball on the next down. U. of M. by bunched plays and by a gain of 15 yards by Bradford around end, carried the ball to Bates' 15-yard line. U. of M. made two fumbles and then Dorticos carried the ball over for a touchdown and kicked the goal. Score—U. of M. 6, Bates 0.

Bates kicked off to Davis who carried the ball to the 50-yard line where he fumbled and Allen fell on the ball. Bates made a few short gains and then lost the ball. U. of M. gained 5 yards and then lost the ball on a fumble. Moody made 2 yards and then Finn made a couple of short gains. Moody then made 8 yards around right end and, after another down, repeated the trick, gaining nearly 10 yards. U. of M. gained the ball on downs, lost 5 yards on a fumble, punted and captured the ball on Bates' 20-yard line just as time was called.

U. of M. kicked to Babcock, who carried the ball to the 50-yard line. Finn made 15 yards. Babcock and Reed made 4 yards each. Moody carried the ball 5 yards more and by short gains the ball was carried to U. of M.'s 25-yard line, where Bates made an off-side play and lost 10 yards. Moody made up this loss by a gain of 30 yards on the next down. Bates lost the ball on a fumble and it was U. of M.'s ball on her 15-yard line. By short gains through the line U. of M. carried the ball to the center of the field where it remained during the rest of the game.

| U. OF M. | BATES. |
|---|---|
| Cole, l. e. | r. e., Piper. |
| Dorticos, l. t., f. b. | r. t., Cole. |
| Durin, l. t. | |
| Elliott, l. g. | r. g., Hunt. |
| Rackliffe, c. | c., Cutten. |
| Sawyer, r. g. | l. g., Childs. |
| Towse, r. t. | l. t., Reed. |
| McFarlane, r. e. | l. e., Pugsley. |
| Bailey, q. b. | q. b., Allen. |
| Bradford, l. h. b. | r. h. b., Moody. |
| Davis, r. h. b. | l. h. b., Babcock. |
| Taylor, r. h. b. | |
| Webber, f. b. | f. b., Finn. |

Score—U. of M., 6; Bates, 0. Touchdowns—Dorticos. Goal—Dorticos. Umpire—Dr. Frew of Colby. Referee—J. J. Sullivan of Portland. Linesmen—Parker, U. of M.; Andrews, Bates. Timers—H. T. Gould, Bates; Ross, U. of M. Time—15-minute halves.

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## TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

In the annual tennis tournament held to decide the championship of the college in the singles and doubles, the playing was exceptionally fine. The entries were numerous and much enthusiasm was shown. For a certainty Bates will be well represented in the New England Tournament next spring.

The result in doubles was:

Preliminary Round—Lodge and Harrington defeated Lane and H. Paine; 6-0, 6-0. McCleary and Donnocker defeated Abbott and E. Tuttle; 6-2, 6-4. Felker and H. Kelley defeated Brown and Weymouth; 6-1, 6-2. Staples and Spooner defeated Blanchard and Bemis; 6-2, 6-4. Hayes and Lewis defeated Doe and Lewis, '05; 3-6, 6-2, 6-4. Clason and Holman defeated Kelley and Paine; 6-0, 6-2.

First Round—Lodge, '02, and Harrington, '02, defeated McCleary, '02, and Donnocker, '02, 6-1, 8-6. Felker, '02, and H. Kelley, '03, defeated Staples, '05, and Spooner, '05; 6-2, 6-1. Holman, '02, and Clason, '02, defeated Lewis, '04, and Hayes, '04; 6-2, 6-1. Cooper, '05, and Tuttle, '05, defeated Spofford, '04, and Robbins, '04; 6-2, 8-6.

Semi-Finals—Felker, '02, and Kelley, '03, defeated Lodge, '02, and Harrington, '02; 6-1, 6-1. Holman, '02, and Clason, '02, defeated Cooper, '05, and Tuttle, '05; 6-0, 6-1.

Championship Round—Holman, '02, and Clason, '02, defeated Felker, '02, and Kelley, '03; 7-5, 6-8, 6-3, 1-6, 6-2.

In singles the summary is as follows:

Preliminary Round—Holman defeated Abbott; 6-1, 6-0. H. Paine defeated Lodge by default. Kelley defeated Harrington; 6-2, 3-6, 6-1. Spooner defeated Weymouth; 6-4, 6-2. McCleary defeated Tuttle; 6-2, 6-1. Donnocker defeated Blanchard; 6-1, 6-3. Clason defeated Kelley; 6-2, 6-2. Felker defeated Hayes; 6-2.

First Round—Holman, '02, defeated H. Paine, '05; 6-2, 6-0. Kelley, '03, defeated Spooner, '05; 6-0, 6-0. Staples, '05, defeated Lewis, '04; 6-2, 6-4. McCleary, '02, defeated Donnocker, '02; 7-5, 6-8, 9-7. Clason, '02, defeated Felker, '02; 6-2, 6-3. C. Paine, '05, defeated Brown, '03; 6-4, 1-6, 8-6. Bemis, '02, defeated Spofford, '04; 6-1, 6-1. Cooper, '05, defeated Lane, '04; 6-3, 6-1.

Second Round—Holman, '02, defeated Kelley, '03; by default. Staples, '05, defeated McCleary, '02; 6-2, 6-1. Clason, '02, defeated C. Paine, '05; 6-2, 6-1. Bemis, '02, defeated Cooper, '05; 6-3, 6-3.

Semi-Finals—Holman, '02, defeated Staples, '05; 6-3, 6-2. Clason, '02, defeated Bemis, '02; 6-2, 6-1.
Championship Round—To be played.

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## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Miss Bennet, '01, is to be Miss Woodman's assistant in the Library through the year.

Dr. Veditz is interesting himself in the Social Settlement, in which Dr. Geer was so helpful.

1904 regrets losing one of its best members, Gay, who is obliged to stay out of college this year.

1903 also is sorry to lose Monroe and Fuller, who have gone to Bowdoin.

We have been rarely fortunate people this fall, for surely the trees on our campus could not be more beautiful.

Miss Sands, '04, has been substituting in Leavitt Institute on account of the illness of Miss Georgia Knapp, Bates, '99.

We are glad to see the girls showing so much interest in tennis. Bates needs athletic girls as well as athletic boys.

On October 12th Miss Libby gave a pleasant reception to the young ladies of the Junior Class at the Young Ladies' Hall.

We observe that Yale has abolished compulsory attendance at recitations. What an easy solution of how to keep students from cutting!

For the sake of the many Bates students rooming on College Street, the city decided to macadamize it this fall. The street is much improved.

Dr. Chase gave an interesting talk before the ladies of the Lewiston and Auburn History Club on October 15th. His subject was "Shakespeare's London."

Our three societies are all prosperous. Polymnia and Piæria have added to their attractiveness by new carpets and wall paper. Eurosophia and her invited guests enjoyed a beechnutting walk on Saturday, October 5th.

Dr. W. H. Bowen of Providence, R. I., one of our Trustees, and formerly pastor of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, conducted chapel exercises recently. He gave us a forceful, interesting, and helpful talk on "Construction, Not Destruction."

The fall seems a good harvesting time for women's colleges. Miss Helen Gould has recently given $16,000 to Wellesley and $20,000 to Vassar for scholarships. Susan Cabot Richardson has

left $220,000 to Radcliffe. We, however, prefer to be co-educational.

The Freshmen have had a ride to Lake Auburn with Professor Stanton, and report an almost perfect time. They visited Mount Gile and the Fish Hatcheries and enjoyed boating on the lake. No other ride during the course is any *more* pleasant than the first one. But may 1905 have a great many just as good!

The officers of the Young Men's Glee Club are as follows: President, Blake, '02; vice-president, Harrington, '02; secretary, Wallace, '04; treasurer, Holman, '04; director, Donnocker, '02; advisory board, Sullivan, '02, Professor Robinson. Hunnewell, '02, is manager and director of the Mandolin Club and Orchestra.

President Chase has been to Boston lately to attend the annual meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools. There was a long and excited discussion in regard to appointing a Central Board of Examiners, who should examine applicants for admission to each of the New England colleges. It was decided to find out the opinion of each college and to report at the next annual meeting.

The whole college, as well as 1903, is sorry to lose a valuable member in Clarence L. Jordan, who has left college to take up social settlement work. He is an exceptionally good writer. He was prominent in the Christian Association and also helped faithfully in the work of the Lewiston Social Settlement, where he had great influence with the boys. We wish for him the success that he most certainly deserves, and hope that he may sometime be able to return to college.

## College Exchanges.

AS nature in the past few days has dressed herself in a new coat of many colors and laid upon the earth a new carpet, so on our exchange table has been lain a covering of many hues and shades, containing bright bits from North, South, West, and Middle West.

In proportion as nature sends forth some tints that are quite without the beautiful touches of the artist's brush, in the same proportion do some colleges send forth magazines that are quite without a beautiful thought, expressed either in prose or in poetry, but fortunately fruition is nature's law, and as by far the greatest number of her trees send forth leaves that are delicately pen-

ciled and harmoniously shaded by a Divine power, so by far the greatest number of colleges send forth magazines that contain beautiful pictures and noble thoughts from romantic and intellectual minds.

*Silver and Gold* presents a good article on "The Power of Silence," the nucleus of which is found in Carlyle's saying: "Speech is as shallow as time, silence deep as eternity." If all the great forces of the world, gravitation, electricity, light, color, etc., act silently, if nature silently paints her grand and inimitable pictures before which the teacher stands in speechless awe, if history reveals the fact that most heroes have been noted for their silence, and if experience teaches that in time of joy and sorrow comfort comes from the pressure of a hand, a silent tear, a look of sympathy, shall we not learn to cultivate the "talent of silence," remembering that it is the shallow stream that keeps up a continual babble? This is a good article which contains food for meditation.

The BATES STUDENT wishes to hereby gratefully acknowledge the monthly publication of the *Delineator* both for its high standard of artistic adornment and for its really good stories and college corner.

It may be an opportune time to quote from *College News,* Wellesley, for the benefit of all on the various editorial boards of the different colleges: "We hope you will find us a true and a constant friend, a chatterer, perforce, but with periods of silence. We hope never thoughtlessly nor maliciously to gossip, but to bring to you always the most vital and interesting college news for the week." If this example were followed there would be less exchanges made up wholly of notes, be they alumni, athletic or local.

The *Georgetown College Journal* from Washington, D. C., is a welcome visitor. It always contains good stories, at least one article of a deeper nature and throughout there is a vein of humor, possibly a key note to its religious preference, and it is staunchly loyal to our bereaved and mournful government.

A SHAKESPERIAN IDYLL.

When Richard III. he went to school
  He always used a "trot,"
But Dick one day, I grieve to say,
  This useful book forgot.
And when the master called on him
  He saw a "flunk," of course,
So he did shout these old words out,
  "My kingdom for a 'horse!'"

That most excellent paper from Kansas, *The Ottawa Campus*, contains an article on "The Poet's Mission," which we would fain reproduce if space permitted. To the many exchanges which have lately lamented the lack of good poetry we recommend a perusal of this paper. There is a wide difference between poetry and jingles. Carlyle has said that poetry is always a musical thought, spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it. All inmost things are melodies, they naturally utter themselves in song. All deep things are songs. Somehow they are the very central essence of us, the primal element of us, and of all things. See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it. There are but few who see deep enough, but the author of "Remorse" has surely caught a deeper glimpse than most of us.

A College Girl.

A fair and winsome lass was she
In figure neat and trim;
Her only fault appeared to be
Too great a love for "Jim."

She would not go to drive or sail,
To please her best friend's whim,
If such an outing would curtail
The hours she pledged to "Jim."

She talked of gowns which, at their best,
Would shock the very phim;
And even those, so she confessed,
Were made and worn for "Jim."

I learned to know her well enough,
At last, to scoff at "Jim,"
Which always brought a sharp rebuff,
Delivered with a vim.

And yet she listened to my plea,
Which she did not condemn,
For though she still loved "Jim," you see
She spelled it "G-y-m."

—*Ottawa Campus.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

Given a long afternoon to be devoted to reading, with the latest historical novel waiting for you—what more pleasant way of taking comfort in life? If the tale happens to be Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Tory Lover*[1] then indeed is pleasure to be yours. At the end of the first chapter one's sense of his surroundings fade away. He is lost to all but the fact that he is living in an old, strange world when men's thoughts were of war and justice, American rights and English tyranny; when women's words were of war and its horrors; when life was taken more seriously and

moved on in stately measures to its end; when young men and maidens addressed one another in courtly, stilted speech; and elegance in manners and dress were striven for. A beautiful, fascinating world in which one lingers joyously, for they are all past now, the pleasures, joys, and sorrows of those days.

It is a story of the Revolutionary period. The scenes are laid in Berwick and Portsmouth, at first. Later they shift to the ocean and deeds on ship-board, then to France and to England. At the very last the hero and heroine return to their beautiful American home near Portsmouth. The heroine is the beautiful and patriotic Mary Hamilton, mistress of the rich plantation of her brother, Colonel Hamilton, both staunch supporters of the colonies against King George. The Tory lover himself was a neighbor and old playmate of Mary's. His mother was a strict Royalist and when Roger, partly to please his lady-love, Mary, joined the patriots her heart was nearly broken. Roger Wallingford, in accordance with his oath, was obliged to go far from home to foreign lands in order to serve his country best. While doing as bidden by the commander of his vessel, on the shores of England, he was traitorously treated by one of his ship mates and left wounded and a prisoner in England. After many sad and heart-touching experiences he at last escaped from prison. Meanwhile, his mother had found it impossible to live in safety in America, owing to the fact that false reports about the loyalty of her son to the American cause had reached them. Accompanied by her neighbor, Roger's sweetheart, Mary Hamilton, they came to England in search of Roger. Misfortune was with them and for many weary months, though they had a pardon for Roger which would have released him from prison had he not escaped, they searched for him in vain. At last when Mary is in despair and grief at her failure, through the kindness of friends they are brought joyfully together.

The plot of the story is good. The descriptions are impressive and forceful as Miss Jewett's always are. The characters are clearly drawn and possess that peculiar individuality which Miss Jewett can give them. They are shown to us not by long descriptions of them but by their own words, acts, and surroundings. The two different ways of life are graphically shown—the life on land and the life on sea. In either case we are transported into the very spirit of the grandeur and stately elegance of the homes or the fresh winds and harsh life of the sea. In fact, contrast is much used throughout to heighten the beautiful and sombre effects.

Rev. H. B. Greene of Lowell, Mass., who has spent many months in Palestine gathering and pressing the dainty, treasured flowers of that sacred land, has arranged a dozen of his choicest and most frequently mentioned in the Bible in dainty book form, with appropriate and beautiful quotations and descriptions. It is a most delightful little gift-book for one who likes to touch with his own fingers and see with his own eyes the flowers that the Christ so often looked upon and loved. His booklet is called *"Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land."*[2]

*A Manual of English History*[3] is the title of one of the American Book Company's newly received text-books. It is a brief, compact and yet complete treatment of the subject, and yet Mr. Lancaster finds room for many little touches of interest and anecdote. It begins with the earliest Britons and takes up each period from then till the present under these heads: The Beginning till 827—The Saxon Line—The Danish Line—The Norman Line—Plantagenet Family—House of Lancaster—House of York—Tudor Family—House of Stuart—House of Brunswick or Hanover. The dates are not overwhelming one continually and if a pleasant, easy style of telling history can interest the student, Mr. Lancaster's book will do so.

[1]The Tory Lover. Sarah Orne Jewett. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

[2]Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land. H. B. Greene. $2.25. Rev. H. B. Greene, Lowell, Mass.

[3]A Manual of English History. Edward M. Lancaster. American Book Company, New York.

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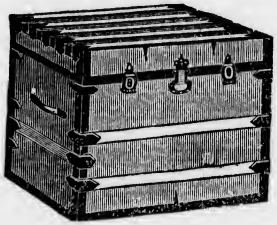
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Vol. XXIX. November, 1901. No. 9.

# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson

## CONTENTS.


Love Not the Rose . . . . . 263
The Professor's Protégé . . . . . 263
The Sophs' Hallowe'en . . . . . 267
Rosa Bonheur . . . . . 269
Commonplace Matters . . . . . 272
CARBONETTES . . . . . 274
ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Boston Alumni Association of Bates College . . 276
Personal . . . . . 276

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS . . . . . 278
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Y. W. C. A. Notes . . . . . 280
Foot-Ball . . . . . 280
Young Women's Tennis Tournament . . . . 286
Novice Meet . . . . . 286
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 287
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 289
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 291


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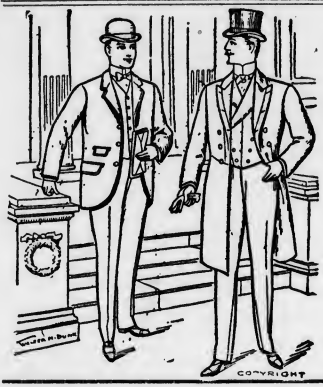
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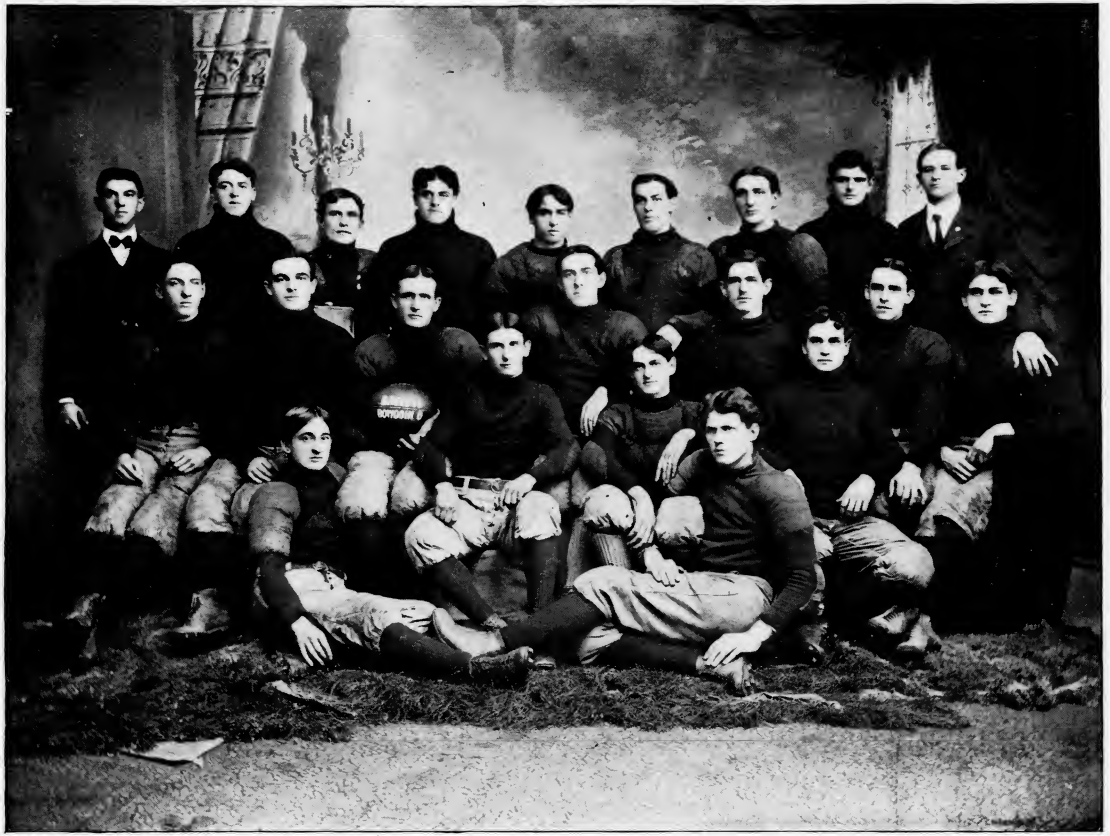
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Love not the rose! The rose's petals fall,
To waft like seafoam, on the moving wings
Of air. Love not the rose, but common things;
If joy be less, then grief comes not at all.

With withered, withered leaves, ah be content,
So faded, faded, they may fade no more.
They pass, we note nor care, but as before
We feel the solace of an anguish spent.

But oh, my heart cries, "I *will* love the rose!
If need be, with mine eyes I'll dream of her
At night, when dusky branches strangely stir,
Then wait for dawn; but I *will* love the rose."

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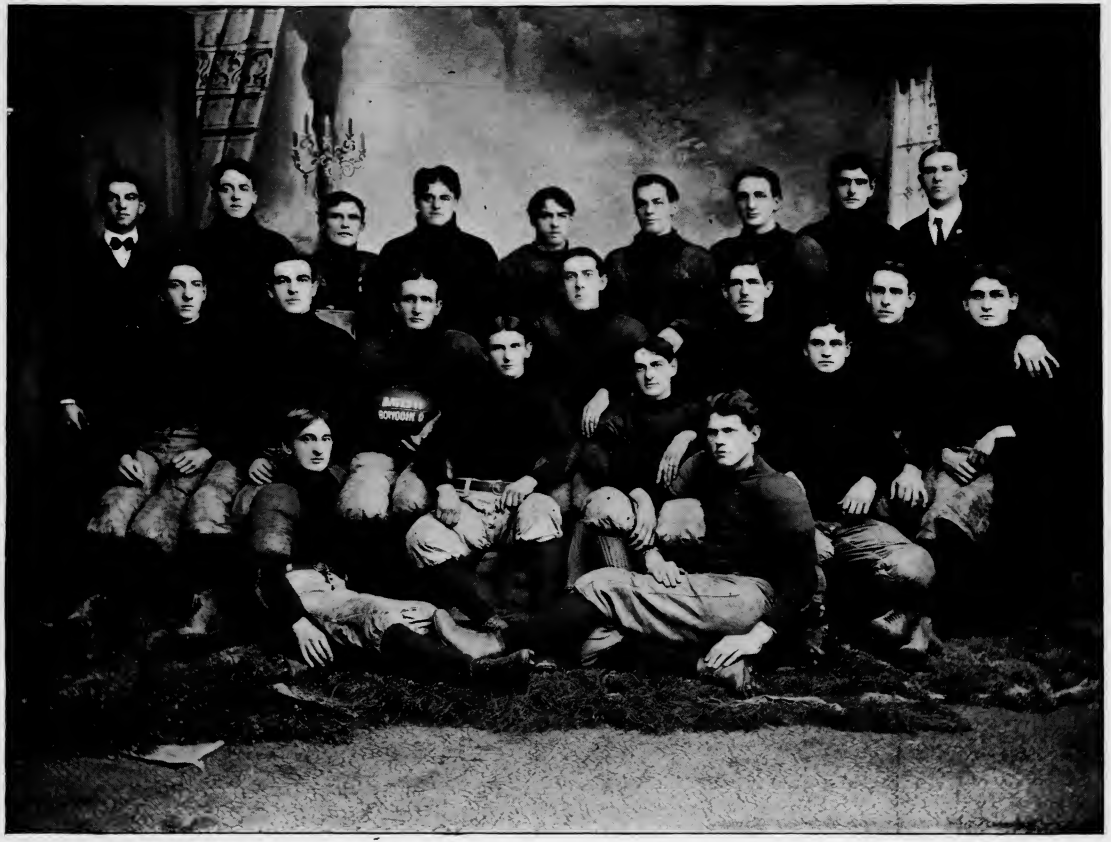
## THE PROFESSOR'S PROTEGE.

PART THIRD.

BY C. L. JORDAN.

BY the boy's directions the horse was unfastened from the pung, led into a thick clump of spruces which would shelter him, and secured to a tree; after this several blankets were tied on his back and neck.

When the horse had been taken care of, as best they could in the semi-darkness, they turned their attention to the pung. The Professor thought of a fire, but Harry, who now took the lead, said, "We have no ax." It was true, and the Professor failed to



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see how they could escape a horrible death. Already his hands and feet were growing numb with the cold. But the boy had been at work. He took out the seat of the pung, and there before them was a sort of box half full of straw. Then by his directions the fur robes and other blankets were spread out over the straw and the edges of both sides and one end securely tucked and fastened down.

"Now," said he, "we must take off our big coats and crawl into the hay under the blankets, feet first."

The Professor, now trembling with extreme cold, did as directed. He worked his body down under the blankets as quickly as possible, while the boy, removing his own coat, placed them both over the open end of their strange bed in such a manner that when he, too, had crawled under the blankets the coats would cover the opening. When this had been done he crept in beside the Professor.

"Now, sir," said the boy, "we must kick off our shoes and loosen our clothes in all places where they are a bit tight. My Uncle John says Mr. Leighton wouldn't have frozen his feet if he had taken off his shoes."

They worked slowly and carefully away for fear of loosening the blankets, and at last succeeded in kicking off their shoes. The Professor was surprised to find that this slight exertion had warmed and thrilled his whole body; and he was surprised to find there was no trouble in breathing; enough air came in under the blankets for that.

Then began the strangest night the Professor had ever experienced. He and the boy lay very close together, warming one another. The boy's head had found the Professor's arm, and lay there throughout the long night. This was a new experience to the proud, lonely man. Strange dreams came to both of them, for they had soon fallen asleep. The Professor dreamed of his home and his strange collection of curiosities, souvenirs, and mementoes. It seemed that he had just returned from a long journey and was showing his friends the recent addition to his collections. The last and best of all was a priceless gem; but as he opened the case, Lo! the gem was gone and he did not seem surprised to see in its stead a boy with laughing brown eyes and wavy hair.

The boy dreamed of many things; of the pine woods and stern old mountains, of summer brooks and winter pastimes; of the stranger who came into his life from the outer world, and he

passed, in his dream, beyond the valley home of his childhood to another home, another life, and another world. But in all his dreaming sounded the sobbing of the pines and blasts from mighty hills.

The Professor awoke first. He had no means of telling the time, but by the feeling of his cramped limbs he thought it must be near morning. He cautiously raised the blankets and was delighted to see the cold, grey light of dawn. His movements had wakened Harry, and soon both were dressed again in their shoes and coats. Apparently the horse had not suffered more than they had. He greeted his human friends with a glad neigh.

By means of the light, Harry was now able to tell where they were, and when the pung had been turned, he harnessed the horse and they started again. It did not take long to find the right road, and a few hours later sure enough they reached the camp. There was a great deal of excitement among the men when they told their story.

The Professor was earnest in his praise of the brave boy, who through all the danger, had never once faltered or lost his manly bearing. He expressed the belief that he owed his life to the lad, and he heard the same thoughts expressed by the men.

Mr. Sylvester was still in the camp. The Professor called him aside and talked with him long and earnestly. Just what he said was never known, but when they joined the others there was a grave look on Mr. Sylvester's face, while the Professor's fairly beamed with delight.

Strange to say the Professor, who had been so extremely anxious to spend two weeks in the logging camps of Maine, decided to return with Mr. Sylvester. So that very afternoon they started back to the settlement. There was no accident this time to interrupt or to give excitement to the ride. Mr. Sylvester was ahead, driving the four-horse team. Harry and the Professor were behind.

When they were fairly started the Professor began to speak.

"Harry, you told me yesterday that when you are a man you will leave this home and go out into the world. Why do you wish to do so?"

"I never told any one else so, sir, and I can't tell now why I told you," replied the boy.

"Do you mean to say, then," asked the Professor, "that you do not intend to change your life?"

"O, no, sir! Only I can't tell why I am always wishing I

might go out into the world where there are schools and so many other things I have never seen. Perhaps I am like my aunt, Mrs. Sylvester."

"Would you like to go beyond these great mountains away from these pine forests and go to school and perhaps to college by-and-by?" asked the Professor.

"Would I?" cried the boy, "that is just what I want to do; just what I dream about."

"Then," said the Professor, "I have not been disappointed in you. Harry, I am a proud, stern man without a single person in this whole wide world to love me. You are a boy with neither father or mother. I have learned to love you, Harry, as if you were my own boy, and I want you to make me happy. Will you do it?"

"I am sure, sir, I would try to make you happy if I could," replied the boy, looking up into the Professor's face with his fine dark eyes troubled with a doubtful question. "How can I?"

"By going back with me into the world of your dreams. Back to my home and yours. Back to schools and all things that make life beautiful, sweet, and fair. By letting me care for you as my son. By learning in time to care for me as I do for you. Will you make me happy, Harry?"

The boy was silent. The only sound heard was the jingling of the sleigh bells. The man ahead had turned once to look at them, then had turned away.

"Does Uncle John know?" asked the boy faintly, so faintly that the Professor bent his head to catch the words.

"Yes, he knows," said the Professor. "He loves you as I do and is willing to give up a great deal for your sake and for your good."

The boy was silent for several minutes. At last he said, "Are you sure this would make you happy? I can't believe it is true!"

"Yes, it will make me happy, and it is all true, Harry!"

"Then I will go with you and try to love you always!"

"Thank you, Harry!"

They were both silent for a long time, each lost in his own thoughts and plans. And thus in silence like unto a dream they passed through the whispering pines, through the shadows of the eternal hills, and arrived at the farm-house.

The kind old housekeeper wept and laughed by turns when she was told of the future in store for "her boy." But her joy

was the stronger; and when, in a few days, she saw him depart, her heart was full of joy at the thoughts of a long visit every summer.

One true, honest heart ached to see the lad leave the old home, but he stilled his own pain and tried to rejoice in the good fortune of his child. Mr. Sylvester was a true, earnest man, and between him and the Professor had sprung up a firm and lasting friendship in spite of the difference in their lives, a friendship that was to last for many, many years.

And so the boy left his home among the pine-clad hills of Maine to enter upon a new life as broad as the universe and as long as eternity.

The Professor's dream came true. He never had cause to regret his adventure in the backwoods of Maine, and when he tells the stories of his other vacations he crowns them all with this experience of his life. And when he shows his souvenirs and mementoes of the past, he points to a manly youth with fine brown eyes and wavy hair and calls him the priceless gem of the whole collection.

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### THE SOPHS' HALLOWE'EN.

On Hallowe'en of nineteen one,
The Sophs were out to have some fun.
Our hearts were glad and spirits gay,
For we had won a cup that day.
So on a trolley car we went,
Our thoughts on fun and fortunes bent,
Till to the Carville farm we came,
Out toward Sabattus, of dance-hall fame.
Arriving there, our old class yell,
Our coming to the folks to tell,
We gave with all our main and might.
The fun and frolic of that night
Will e'er among us be renowned,
Whene'er October's end comes round.
At first, we hunted nuts to see
What each one's fate was sure to be.
Some tramped, some taught, some fortunes made
That put Carnegie in the shade.
A sheet was hung up in a door,
The girls behind, the boys before.
Each maiden then in turn applies
To holes cut in the sheet, her eyes.
A fellow then, at sight of these,
Does guess whose glorious orbs he sees.

And forfeits, if he fails to guess,
Something suggested by the rest.
The gipsy girl, Wanita fair,
With solemn any mysterious air,
In secrecy did then relate
Each victim's good or evil fate.
To blindfold maids or youths instead
The saucers told whom each should wed.
Meanwhile a meal, in a room near by,
Of good baked beans and pumpkin pie,
And other dishes of like fame,
Was furnished by the farmer's dame.
All drinkables were near at hand,
From coffee to new cider grand.
When each had eaten all he could
And stolen pie-plates made of wood,
We had some music, furnished free
By members of the college Glee.
And Sinclair's banjo made to go
A Virginia reel that was not so slow.
Then to the parlor we adjourned,
With thoughts on toasts and speeches turned.
Prex. Spofford, with his necktie grand,
Kept the assembly well in hand
And called for speeches from a few.
We learned some things we never knew.
But some were bashful, so they said,
Or else the cider turned their head.
Our class "grandfather," Senter gray,
To us "children" a few words did say.
Babcock said cider was all right.
Professor Holmes did thank us for the sight
And company of the jolly crowd.
And Babb, poor boy, did say aloud
He wasn't lonesome, so he wasn't good,
But he'd recommend us where'er he could.
Then as the time to part had come,
We went to get our wraps for home,
Poor Smith with cider lost his head
And tried to crawl under the bed.
And others, though not quite so bad,
Showed the effect the cider had.
At last broke up this party gay,
And homeward turned their noisy way.
Each pleased, when all was said and done,
That the Sophomore Class had had such fun.

ARE—'04.

## ROSA BONHEUR.

EASILY first among women painters stands Rosa Bonheur. Her pictures of animals so strongly appeal to the child mind, it may be safely said if a vote were taken by the great army of school children in this and every other land, Rosa Bonheur would stand their first choice among painters.

Her life is most interesting, the early years being filled with poverty and struggle, the later, crowned with wealth and fame. Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeaux, on the twenty-second of March, 1822. Her father was a teacher of drawing and from him she received her first instruction. Her childhood was of the kind one always associates with genius, too individual, too completely a product of nature, to develop in the ordinary way. She was a wild, active child, impatient of restraint, and having a detestation of study.

A pet of her grandfather's was a gay parrot that often called out "Rosa! Rosa!" in a voice like her mother's, and would bring her in, when her mother would seize the opportunity to make her repeat the catechism. When the lesson was over the little girl would scold the bird angrily for the trick it had played her.

If she hated books, she dearly loved all objects in nature, rejoicing in the sunny meadows and the great woods. The cats and dogs were her playfellows. In fact she often followed to its destination any little animal that came along. When Rosa was but seven years old and living with her parents in Paris, their home was over a bath-house. Just across the street was a pork butcher's shop having as its sign a gaudily painted wooden boar. The homesick little girl used to steal across the street and caress lovingly this brilliant wooden pig in front of the shop.

At the death of Rosa's mother the family was separated, Rosa being sent to a boarding-school. She did not thrive in her new surroundings. Up to this time she had been wholly unrestrained. The bonds of school life chafed. The blank pages of her school-books were the most attractive to her, for she scribbled them full of all sorts of sketches of animals and even caricatured her teachers, which caricatures, after coloring, she cut out carefully and fastened to the ceiling of the school-room by means of bread chewed to the consistency of putty and applied to the heads of the figures. The merriment among the pupils may be easily imagined. She was condemned to bread and water about five days in the week.

At length Rosa, who could not be made to learn anything out

of books, was placed with a seamstress that she might learn to make a living by her needle. The mere act of sitting still on a chair was torture to her. The husband of the seamstress was a manufacturer of percussion caps. Rosa would steal from her work to turn his wheel.

Her father, now perplexed as to what to do with her, left her entirely to herself. She had the freedom of his large studio and often amused herself in imitating everything that she saw her father do. She drew and modeled day after day with the utmost delight. Then began the preparatory course through which her father took her. She advanced so well in her work that she began copying the great pictures in the Louvre. Here she worked early and late, stopping only long enough to eat a frugal lunch. Too poor to procure models, Rosa pursued her art by making studies from nature in the undeveloped parts of Paris. With a bit of bread in her pocket and laden with canvas and colors, she used to go out early in the morning and work until dusk. Her inability to procure models at home suggested the idea of visiting many of the slaughter houses and the horse and cattle fairs. Here woman's attire was a hindrance to her and she adopted the costume of a man.

Rosa, with the other members of the family, lived at this time in the sixth story of a house on Rue Romfort, Paris. Here was a roof-garden, which was beautiful with flowers, where was kept a long-haired sheep. For two years or more this was the family model. For exercise they carried it daily on their shoulders to a field near by. Perhaps it was this very sheep that brought her success; for in 1841 she first exhibited in the Salon a picture of sheep and one of rabbits, which brought her widely into notice.

Rosa Bonheur's two most famous pictures are the "Ploughing Scene in the Nivernais" and the "Horse Fair." Her friends in Paris put their finest horses at her disposal as models. She also visited the horse markets. Her horses were to be two-thirds life size. This required an enormous canvas and she was obliged to use a ladder in reaching the various parts. So she continued to wear male attire. The "Horse Fair" was exhibited in England, then in America. Afterward it was bought by a wealthy man in New York and now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum.

After a visit to Scotland, where she was fond of wild mountain climbing and delighted in the mountain scenery of the Highlands, she painted "Morning in the Highlands," "Denizens of the High-

lands," "Scottish Cattle," "Changing Pasture," "A Scottish Raid," and "Crossing a Loch."

On the edge of Fontainbleau forest, at the little village of By, is a vine-covered chateau, the former residence of Rosa Bonheur.

Although only a few hours' ride from Paris, she always lived in great retirement. She was accustomed to rise at six in the morning, paint most of the day, and at twilight walk for exercise accompanied by her favorite dogs. In her later years she was fond of driving in a little pony chaise, and she preferred to handle the reins herself.

What wonder that Rosa turned her artist soul to the splendid forest of Fontainbleau, beside which gathered that little colony of artists known as the Barbizon School. Here Millet lived, painting peasant pictures which have brought him undying fame. Jacques, too, the animal painter, lived near; also Diaz, Rosseau with his gnarled and grand old trees, Corot with his dreamy, misty landscapes.

At the time Rosa bought her chateau at By, Fontainbleau Palace, near at hand, was the favorite residence of Napoleon III. and the charming Empress Eugenie. One June morning the latter appeared in Rosa's studio, and after exchanging cordial greetings, pinned on to the artist's velvet jacket the beautiful white cross of the Legion of Honor. Many badges and medals were given her from many countries, but this one pleased her most.

After the siege of 1870, she again took up her old work, making the study of lions and tigers her especial work. In her pictures "Lions at Home," "An Old Monarch," and "Repose," she was eminently successful. The lions she used as models seemed to love her. For years she had as a pet one of her models named Nero. A pair of lions which she kept used to terrify her neighbors by their roaring. She finally gave them to the Jardins des Plantes of Paris, greatly to the relief of the people living near the artist.

When little more than seventy-seven years old, the news came across the water of her death, May 25, 1899.

—'04.

## COMMONPLACE MATTERS.

HERE is an ambitious collegian with his whole make-up throbbing to advance and become an important factor in the world. He has thought of the lofty mountains, purpling prospects, and gorgeous plains beyond, and the mental picture is already firmly impressed in his mind. Expectant and impatient he looks out as far as he can into his future world.

Such emotions can be called good and they may arouse the latent powers that will carry everything by storm and evolve the strong life; but let us now look for some dangers that may be—often are—connected with ambitious emotions. When a young person is enthused and impelled by splendid contemplations, what are the chances that he will heed the little stepping-stones over which successful men have trod in the road to eminence? Does he ever stop to inquire in what qualities he himself in deficient? Does he ever study successful men to see what life-lessons he himself can learn? Does he ever examine the lives of his acquaintances to discern the characteristics that are weak and ugly as well as those that are strong and symmetrical? A fellow must be *himself* first of all, if he hopes to succeed, but associations of life are so constant that every successful man has gained something from his study of others.

Let us take a few near-at-hand matters, first of which is personal appearance. No person can afford a slouchy habit. The clothing of the ambitious collegian in question need not be expensive, but it ought to be neat and cleanly brushed. His linen ought to be clean, his necktie neatly placed, and his shoes polished. His hands may show the marks of toil, but there is no good reason why they should not be well cared for. Moreover, let him do what he can to make his rooms and the college halls as clean, pleasant, and attractive as possible. The fellow who cannot afford the adornments that would make his study room attractive can think of what he *would like* to have, and thus cultivate the æsthetic part of his nature. Order is one of the successful man's first laws. Every student can keep his rooms in order, thereby forming a valuable habit for himself and contributing towards the welfare of his college.

Secondly, let us consider an easy bearing in personal appearance. Hawthorne's "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth," may or may not be true; but awkwardness has no good excuse. The best way to become grace-

ful and cultured in bearing is through social life. The student who because of lack of early opportunity feels himself at a disadvantage in this matter should crowd down and conquer his pride, or his feeling of inexperience, though it be very hard to do, and enter into the social life of the college with the determination that despite all mistakes he will gain the most he can. In good time the coveted gracefulness and self-possession will be acquired, and one ambitious fellow in his moments of embarrassment instead of being an object of pity will betray a culture that takes away the sharp edges of his confusion. This is an important factor in life. The student who gives the greater part of his time to social life does wrong. So does he do wrongly who pores over books continually to the expense of his appearance, health, and knowledge of the world about him.

At the third step let us consider the matter of association. A person is known through his associations, and he is either helped up or drawn down by them. Every college fellow whether pious or not, orthodox or liberal, serious or fun-loving, can be clean and manly with his fellows. Thus, it is probable, he will gain a reputation that will carry him on toward success. But let him be careless and keep bad company. Before he knows it, the stamp of his mistaken course is clearly cut in the lineaments of his face to be seen and distrusted by every observing man of the world. The preachers, the moralists, and the writers, have expressed this truth very clumsily, but in the careless life the inner consciousness is sometimes compelled to acknowledge that it has lost something of self-respect and of the respect of others. "The wages of sin is death." It may not be literal death, as we understand the term, but it is death to self-respect, or of some other desirable quality. We can see the probable effect on the success of such a life."

It is looking to these commonplace matters that we have mentioned, and a thousand others, that brings a fellow in the sight of the lofty mountains and purpling prospects that English instructors despise and that our young minds fondly cherish.




"You almost went to sleep in church, didn't you, Grandpa?" said Rena, drawing her chair up close to her grandfather's.

"Yes, I did nod a little once or twice," replied Grandpa Bennett. "It was pretty warm there and it made me a trifle drowsy. But I went to sleep once in a much more fashionable church than yours," he added.

"Was it the Union Street Church?" quickly interposed Rena. "And was the minister very stupid?"

"No, it was a much larger church than the Union Street," replied Mr. Bennett. "It was one of the most fashionable churches in New York City. The minister was one of the smartest we ever had in this country. Crowds of people went to hear him every Sunday and his sermons were printed in all the papers."

"It was when we were on our way to the war," he continued. "We got into New York about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was raining hard. I never saw a colder November day in all my life. The rain froze as fast as it fell, covering us all over with a thin, glassy coat. There was a fringe of icicles around the edge of our caps. And our feet would have frozen to the pavement if we hadn't kept stamping them. For two hours we stood there in the sleet and wind. And it looked as if we had got to stay there all night. No one knew where we were to go. No orders had been sent for our accommodation and no preparation had been made.

"About six o'clock our captain received word from Henry Ward Beecher that his church was at our disposal. Wasn't it warm there! We were drenched through and nearly frozen. The carpets were just like velvet and made as soft a bed as I would ever ask for. We slept two in a pew, one on the seat and

the other on the floor. There were a thousand men in that church. But when we were all quiet not a man could be seen. They put the sick men into the Sunday-school room where they were taken care of. In the morning Mr. Beecher stood at the door and shook hands with each of us as we passed out.

"There, dinner's ready, and I guess we are ready for it," he said as Rena's mother appeared in the doorway.

—F. E. L., '02.

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**A DREAM REALIZED.**

As a child I was visionary. For hours I would sit lost in dreams. Many were the beautiful things I conjured up in this thought world. Enchanted castles, fairy godmothers, princesses with gallant knights to rescue them, lands of beautiful flowers and bright birds.

When I grew older, the childish fancies changed to more material things. Bright pictures of the future in a world of glory, and the sad, beautiful face of a woman stood forth as a goal to be attained.

Early I showed a love of music which my parents developed by careful training. My youthful dreams were forgotten.

When I was twenty-five the position of organist in a Catholic Church at Rome was offered me. The salary was good and I accepted. One night just as the sun was sinking something seemed to bid me go to the sanctuary. I climbed to the organ loft and began to play. I grew enthusiastic with the first note and my whole soul was in the music. On, on I played, now softly, now louder and louder until the whole edifice was filled with sound. I do not know how long it lasted, but suddenly I was arrested by a sob, and looking down I saw a nun kneeling before the altar. Her face was raised to mine. Its whiteness was set off by the black clothes she wore. The dark eyes, shaded by the long lashes, were dry, but the lips trembled, the hands that held the beads were unsteady. As she became aware of my gaze, she rose hastily, glided down the aisle and disappeared.

The beautiful face of my dreams had become a reality.

—D. H. W., '05.

# Alumni Round-Table.

The banquet of the Bates alumni in and about Boston will not be held as usual during the week preceding Christmas, but will occur some time during the latter part of January of the year 1902. Notices as to the exact date will be issued later.

RICHARD B. STANLEY,
*Secretary of the Boston Alumni Association of Bates College.*

## PERSONAL.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle, A.M., principal of Haverhill (Mass.) High School, gave an address at the last meeting of the Teachers' Institute on "School Government."

'80.—Eliza H. (Sawyer) Leland, who resides at West Minot, Me., has a son and daughter in the Mechanic Falls High School.

'81.—Charles S. Cook has removed with his firm, Symonds, Snow, and Cook, to the Union Mutual Building, Portland, Me. Mr. Cook is one of the executors of the will of the late Joseph H. Ricker, who, it will be remembered, bequeathed $10,000 to Bates College.

'81.—B. S. Rideout has just completed his seventeenth year as pastor of the Congregational Church of Norway, Me., and his influence in the community now is greater than ever before.

'82.—J. W. Douglass of Washington, D. C., is a member of the executive committee of the National Association appointed for the erection of a memorial arch for President McKinley.

'82.—L. M. Tarr, who is chief of the Signal Service Station at New Haven, Conn., is going to give a course of lectures in Yale University during the coming year.

'84.—R. E. Donnell, M.D., has a large and growing practice in Gardiner, Me.

'84.—Catherine A. McVay has been a teacher in the Lewiston High School since the year of her graduation.

'85.—F. A. Morey, Esq., is one of the counsels for the defence in the Terrio murder case which is now being tried in Skowhegan, Me.

'86.—Rev. G. E. Paine is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Bowdoinham, Me.

'87.—E. C. Hayes, A.M., has received a call to become president of Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich.

'87.—Miss Lura S. Stevens is at the head of the Y. W. C. A. employment bureau in Boston. She has five assistants and fills annually from four to five thousand positions.

'88.—W. L. Powers, who has been the successful principal of the Gardiner (Me.) High School for over nine years, has an infant daughter.

'88.—A. E. Thomas, A.M., who is principal of Austin Academy, Stafford Center, N. H., is rejoicing at the bequest of $20,000 which was recently made to his academy.

'89.—A. L. Safford, superintendent of schools in Beverly, Mass., is secretary of the Essex County Teachers' Association.

'91.—W. B. Cutts has begun the practice of medicine in Providence, R. I.

'92.—W. B. Skelton of Lewiston, who is now County Attorney for Androscoggin County, is the probable Republican candidate for mayor at the next municipal election.

'93.—Harriet D. Church is teaching in the Seminary at Parsonsfield, Me.

'93.—A. P. Irving is principal of a large school in Springfield, Mass.

'95.—R. F. Springer has a growing law practice at Lisbon Falls, Me.

'95.—E. G. Campbell is principal of the Grammer School in New Bedford, Mass.

'95.—Miss Emily B. Cornish is instructor of literature and oratory in the High School at Townsend, Conn.

'96.—Alice E. Bonney has now practically recovered her health.

'96.—L. G. Purinton is practicing medicine in Yarmouth, Me.

'96.—Janus E. Roberts has an infant child.

'98.—Thomas S. Bruce is pastor of the Ebenezer Church in Boston, Mass. All who know the manly spirit of Mr. Bruce will understand his action in bringing suit against a Cambridge barber for discriminating against patrons on the ground of color.

'98.—H. S. Goodspeed is a student at the Columbia Law School.

'99.—O. A. Fuller, who is a professor in Bishop College, Texas, was married recently.

1900.—R. D. Purinton was at the college coaching the football team during the week previous to the Bates-Bowdoin game.

1900.—A. W. Rich is sub-master of the High School in Cohasset, Mass.

# Around the Editors' Table.

WE often hear it said by those asked to perform any duty, "We have not the ability." In nine cases out of every ten this is far from true. The real reason why is laziness. It is work that accomplishes. Ability comes with working. Great men, whom we look up to as successful men and consider of wonderful ability and genius, when asked to what they owe their success have answered, "To work." Within a certain degree we are all equally capable, it is the differences in the amounts of work we do which makes us appear of different ability.

One of our greatest enemies is our belief that we could excel if only we tried to excel, that we have ability to act if only we chose to use it. No doubt we have in many cases, but ability like all other things, deteriorates through lack of use. If we do not use our ability we shall find that we are lacking in ability when we wish to act. We should call to mind that in this world it is not ability to act but *active* ability that counts.

It is often charged that a college education makes a man lazy, and this, we find, is too often true. Let us, at least, prove that it does not make us so.

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WE wish here to speak a word for the Literary Societies. While the enthusiasm in all three of our societies is so high it seems hardly necessary to encourage them, yet it is well to guard against the future. Let us keep up the literary part of our college life all through the year. In the past we have sometimes let other matters creep in to the neglect of our society. Let us not do that this year. And upon the members of the Freshman Class especially we would urge the importance of this branch of college life. Join some one of the societies as soon as possible and identify yourself with its interests. There as nowhere else in college you will get the training which you need. Moreover, it is in the society that you become better acquainted with your fellow-students and so enter into the college life. You cannot afford to lose it. Let every one do his best in his society, and let all the societies work together for the good of all.

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AS the term draws to a close and we are finishing up odd ends shall we not turn our attention for a little to our accounts? Few students, if any, have money to "throw away," yet sometimes we are a little careless in our expenses. We are

thoroughly conscious of the fact that on a certain date the term bills are due, we know when board and room must be paid for, we can estimate the cost of laundry, we have some idea of what books will cost and we can allow for other necessary expenses. All these things must be paid for, and many have just about so much money for the term. Ought we not, then, to lay aside, at the beginning of the term, the sum which shall be sufficient for needful expenses before we appropriate any sum, however small, for the thousand and one trifles? Then will we be sure that neither society bill, association dues, athletic fees, nor any bill of whatever nature will be left over until next term, nor will the dear hearts at home have to sacrifice to meet an unexpected bill. Moreover, as we are forming habits which will last as long as we, ought we not to be careful of how the smaller sums slip through our fingers for that for which we cannot account and from which we obtain no benefit if not harm? Cents make dollars. "A penny saved is a penny earned," and college expenses count up to a surprisingly large figure. College debts must be paid, and the smaller they are the sooner will they be cancelled.

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SINCE now it is the Thanksgiving season and since all of us, whether cheerful persons or grumblers, have much to be glad about, let us see what some of these things are.

There are so many of them that we cannot even see them all. But some of them are very plain. We are thankful that our prayer-meetings have been so earnest and so well attended, for the help that our new teachers have proved themselves to the college, for our success in foot-ball, that none of our boys have been seriously injured, for the prosperity of our literary societies, that our Freshmen are so many and so excellent, that we have learned as much as we have, that November has not been the dreary, rainy month that it usually is, that some gifts and bequests have come to the college, for all the social life that we have had this fall, for a little polish that a term of college life has added to our manners, for the real friends that we have learned to know, for the development that each has made, and possibly more than all for the memories, both serious and gay, that we have added to our list. And since it is the Thanksgiving season, we will put aside this time anything that we may have to complain of.

# Local Department.

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The week of prayer was November 10-16. Sunday afternoon Professor Anthony addressed both associations on "Self-Realization." Through the week daily prayer-meetings, for the work of the Y. W. C. A. through the world, were held at 5 P.M.

Our regular work has so far followed much the same lines as usual. An unusually large number of Freshman girls have joined. If our earnest spirit is equal to our number, we shall do well this year.

## FOOT-BALL.

Another foot-ball season has closed and Bates has every reason to be proud of her record. While defeated in the two University of Maine games, in which some of the best men were unable to play, the results in the games with Harvard and Yale, and with Colby and Bowdoin, were more than an offset for these defeats. On October 15th Bates, for the first time in her history, crossed Harvard's goal line; on October 22d she held the strong Yale team down to a score of 21 to 0, and only missed a goal from the field by six inches; on November 2d she defeated Colby; and on November 9th capped the climax by defeating Bowdoin to the tune of 11 to 0, having in the field the strongest team which ever represented her on the gridiron.

Five games have been played since our last issue, the game with the University of Maine October 19th at Bangor, the game with Yale October 22d at New Haven, a practice game with Amherst October 24th at Amherst, the game with Colby November 2d at Lewiston, and the game with Bowdoin November 9th at Lewiston. A summary of these games is given below.

### UNIVERSITY OF MAINE, 17; BATES, 0.

Bates kicked off to U. of M.'s 25-yard line, where Davis was tackled. U. of M. then began a series of plays directed between tackle and end, which Bates was powerless to stop. Davis went over for a touchdown and Dorticos kicked the goal. Score—U. of M., 6; Bates, 0.

On the next kick-off Davis brought the ball back to U. of M.'s 40-yard line. The same style of play as before was used until

Bates' 15-yard line was reached, when heavy line bucking by Dorticos gave U. of M. a second touchdown, from which Dorticos kicked a goal. Score—U. of M., 12; Bates, 0.

In the second half, U. of M. got the third touchdown on long runs, principally due to wretched tackling by Bates. Dorticos failed to kick a goal. Score—U. of M., 17; Bates, 0. Bates then secured the ball and by a series of cleverly executed trick plays gained about 50 yards. U. of M.'s goal was threatened at this time, but Bates was unable to continue the game and failed to score.

The line-up:

| U. of M. | Bates. |
|---|---|
| Cole, l. e. | r. e., Piper. |
| Dorticos, l. t. | r. t., Cole. |
| Elliott, l. g. | r. g., Ramsdell. |
| Rackliffe, c. | c., Cutten. |
| Sawyer, r. g. | l. g., Childs. |
| Towse, r. t. | l. t., Reed. |
| Bean, r. e. | l. e., Pugsley. |
| Bailey, q. b. | q. b., Hayes. |
| Davis, l. h. b. | r. h. b., Moody. |
| Bradford, r. h. b. | l. h. b., Babcock. |
| Webber, f. b. | f. b., Finn. |

Score—University of Maine 17, Bates 0. Touchdowns—Davis, Dorticos, Webber. Goals from touchdowns—Dorticos 2. Umpire—W. C. Mutty. Referee—Dr. Augus Frew. Linemen—Ross and Hamlin. Timers—Halliday and Davis. Time—20- and 15-minute periods. Attendance—800.

YALE, 21; BATES, 0.

Bates kicked off to Yale's 30-yard line, and DeSaulles carried the ball back 10 yards. Weymouth made 8 yards through guard, and Hunt carried the ball round end for a touchdown. Olcott failed to kick the goal. Score—Yale, 5; Bates, 0. Bates kicked to Swan who carried the ball back 20 yards. Chadwick made 25 yards through guard, and a series of short half-back gains carried the ball over for a touchdown. Olcott failed to kick the goal. Score—Yale, 10; Bates, 0. Yale scored again during the first half, and Olcott kicked the goal, making the score 16 to 0 in favor of Yale. In the second half Yale put in a fresh back field and was unable to gain ground with any degree of success. For eight minutes Yale was unable to score, and all her gains were short. Once Yale carried the ball up to Bates' 30-yard line and lost it on a fumble. Bates punted to Yale's 30-yard line, and Yale carried the ball to Bates' 40-yard line by smashing at center. Shaw then carried the ball through the line for a touchdown. Olcott failed to kick the goal. Score—Yale, 21; Bates, 0.

Welton ran the kick-off up 15 yards, and a long pass to Weymouth for a punt cost Yale a loss of ground and 10 yards for off-side playing. Bates then got the ball within 35 yards of Yale's goal line. Captain Moody slipped by Hogan for 7 yards. Allen then got off a good kick from the 30-yard line, which did not miss the crossbar by more than six inches. The game ended a few minutes later.

The line-up:

| YALE. | BATES. |
|---|---|
| Gould (Capt.) l. e. | r. e., Piper. |
| Olcott, l. t. | r. t., Andrews. |
| Goss, l. g. | r. g., Hunt. |
| Johnson, l. g. | |
| Holt, c. | c., Cutten. |
| Hamlin, c. | |
| Glass, r. g. | l. g., Childs. |
| Hogan, r. t. | l. t., Reed. |
| Swan, r. e. | l. e., Pugsley. |
| Rafferty, r. e. | l. e., Blake. |
| DeSaulles, q. b. | q. b., Allen. |
| Welton, q. b. | |
| Hart, l. h. b. | r. h. b., Moody (Capt.). |
| Shaw, l. h. b. | |
| Chadwick, r. h. b. | l. h. b., Town. |
| Scott, r. h. b. | |
| Hinckle, r. h. b. | |
| Weymouth, f. b. | f. b., Finn. |

Score—Yale 21. Touchdowns—Hart 2, Olcott, Shaw. Goal from touchdown—Olcott. Umpire—W. S. Moyle of Yale. Referee—Dr. S. H. Hammond. Time—20-minute halves. Attendance—10,000.

### AMHERST, 5; BATES, 0.

Bates was to have played the Massachusetts State College, but the game was called off because of a disagreement as to who the officials should be. The State College demanded that Halligan, their coach, should referee the game. Bates objected to him, and asked for another referee. Another competent referee offered to officiate, but the State College refused to have any one but Halligan, and left the field. A practice game was then arranged with Amherst, and two fast ten-minute halves were played.

The line-up:

| AMHERST. | BATES. |
|---|---|
| Chase, l. t. | l. t., Blake. |
| Cook, l. e. | l. t., Reed. |
| Burke, l. g. | l. g., Ramsdell. |
| Connell, l. g. | |
| Howard, c. | c., Cutten. |
| Parker, r. g. | r. g., Hunt. |
| Morse, r. t. | r. t., Andrews. |

S. Crook, r. e.....r. e., Cole.
Swift, q. b.....q. b., Hayes.
q. b., Allen.
Biram, l. h. b.....l. h. b., Towne.
Washburn, l. h. b.
Shay, r. h. b.....r. h. b., Moody.
F. Crook, r. h. b.
Phillips, f. b.....f. b., Finn.
Pierce, f. b.

Score—Amherst 5, Bates 0. Touchdown—F. Crook. Referee—Hoag of Bates. Umpire—C. A. Swain, Harvard. Linesmen—Daniels, Amherst; Pugsley, Bates. Time—10m. halves.

BATES, 17; COLBY, 6.

Allen kicked to Colby's 20-yard line and the ball was advanced 10 yards. Colby then took the ball by short rushes, mostly by Keene, to their own 45-yard line, where Bates held for downs. Bates by short rushes, and a gain of 10 yards by Reed and one of 20 yards by Moody, carried the ball down the field and Andrews made a touchdown. Allen kicked the goal. Score—Bates, 6; Colby, 0.

On the next kick-off Bates took the ball to her own 45-yard line, where she lost it on a fumble. Keene immediately broke through for 15 yards, and a series of short rushes brought a touchdown, Keene carrying it over and kicking the goal. Score—Bates, 6; Colby, 6. The half ended immediately after the kick-off.

Moody took Keene's kick on the 15-yard line and ran it back 25 yards. Towne made 15 yards and then Bates was forced to punt Colby's ball on her own 25-yard line. Colby could not gain and punted, but the ball went straight up and hardly five yards was gained. Bates advanced the ball 15 yards and then fumbled. Colby made a just down once and then lost the ball on downs. Bates immediately punted to Colby's 15-yard line and held, compelling Colby to kick. Moody took the punt on Colby's 35-yard line and ran through the whole Colby team for a touchdown. The punt out failed and no try for goal was allowed. Score—Bates, 11; Colby, 6.

Allen ran back the next kick-off 10 yards, then Finn broke through the line for 20 yards. Towne made 15 yards, then Bates was given 10 more for an off-side play, but lost the ball on a fumble on Colby's 20-yard line. Colby could not gain and punted to Allen on Colby's 45-yard line. He returned it 5 yards and Towne made 10 yards. Fierce line plunges by Finn and Moody resulted in a touchdown, Finn carrying it over. The punt out was

perfect and Allen kicked the goal. Score—Bates, 17; Colby, 6. Bates took the next kick-off to the center of the field and time was called.

The line-up:

| BATES. | COLBY. |
|---|---|
| Cole, l. e. | r. e., Taylor. |
| Reed, l. t. | r. t., Clarke. |
| Childs, l. g. | r. g., Roberts. |
| Cutten, c. | c., Larson. |
| Hunt, r. g. | l. g., Thomas. |
| Andrews, r. t. | l. t., Washburn. |
| Ramsdell, r. t. | |
| Ramsdell, r. e. | l. e., Haggerty. |
| Piper, r. e. | |
| Allen, q. b. | q. b., Priest. |
| Towne, l. h. b. | r. h. b., Drew. |
| Moody, r. h. b. | l. h. b., Dudley. |
| Finn, f. b. | f. b., Keene. |

Score—Bates 17, Colby 6. Touchdowns—Andrews, Moody, Finn, Keene. Goals from touchdowns—Allen 2, Keene. Umpire—Walker of Portland. Referee—Kelley of Portland. Linesmen—Briggs, Bates; Tompkins, Colby. Time—20m. halves.

### BATES 11, BOWDOIN 0.

Bowdoin kicked off to Finn, who advanced the ball 10 yards. Fierce line plunges principally by Moody, Towne, and Finn, with a gain of 10 yards round right end by Towne, carried the ball to Bowdoin's 5-yard line. Moody then went through right tackle for a touchdown. Allen failed to kick the goal. Score—Bates, 5; Bowdoin, 0.

Bowdoin kicked to Moody who carried the ball back 20 yards. Towne made 2 yards, Moody 2 yards, and Finn 3 yards through the line. Reed on a triple pass gained 25 yards round right end. Moody failed to gain. Towne made 10 yards round right end and Andrews on a triple pass 6 yards round left end. Towne made 5 yards, Finn a yard, and Moody 4 yards through the line. Finn failed to gain. Bates fumbled and Allen attempted a goal from the field, but the ball went low. Bowdoin's ball on her own 25-yard line.

Coffin made 4 yards and Blanchard half a yard through guard. Coffin made a gain of 2 yards and another of a yard through the line. Bowdoin fumbled but retained the ball. Four plunges through the line netted Bowdoin 15 yards. Blanchard tackled for a loss of 2 yards. Bowdoin given 10 yards for an off-side play. Coffin made a couple of short gains and then 10 yards more were given Bowdoin for an off-side play. Blanchard

made 3 yards through the line and tackle formation netted 2 yards. Monroe made no gain and the ball went to Bates on downs.

Bates' ball on her own 10-yard line. Towne made 4 yards through right tackle and on the next down was tackled for a loss. Allen punted 15 yards, Coffin fumbled and Childs fell on the ball. Moody made 3 yards round right end. Andrews carried the ball a yard and a half and Finn 2 yards through the line. On a triple pass Andrews gained 25 yards around left end. Babcock made 4 and Finn 2 and 4 yards through the line. On a triple pass Reed made 20 yards round right end. Moody gained 4 yards through the line. Andrews on a triple pass made 3 yards round left end. Moody plunged through the line for a 20-yard gain. Babcock made 6 yards and Towne 4 yards through the line. A couple of line drives by Finn carried the ball over for a touchdown. Moody kicked the goal. Score—Bates, 11; Bowdoin, 0.

Bowdoin kicked to Towne and he passed the ball to Moody who carried it to the center of the field. Towne went round right end for a gain of 5 yards, and then time was called.

Bates kicked to Munroe who advanced the ball to Bowdoin's 40-yard line. Blanchard tackled for a loss and Coffin made no gain. Bowdoin punted to Moody who fumbled and Allen fell on the ball. Fierce line plunges by Moody, Towne, Finn, and Babcock netted 35 yards. Towne went round right end for 5 yards, and Finn made 2 yards through the line and fumbled. Bowdoin's ball.

Coffin made 2 yards through the line. Munroe failed to gain and Bowdoin was forced to punt. Allen advanced the ball 5 yards. Bowdoin given 10 yards for an off-side play. Towne made 20 yards round right end. Andrews failed to gain. Towne gained 18 yards round right end. Moody tackled for a loss. Allen punted out of bounds. Bowdoin's ball.

Bowdoin made 2 yards through the line and Munroe gained 4 yards round end. Coffin tackled for a loss. By repeated line plunges Bowdoin made her distance. Munroe made 30 yards round end. Bates held for downs Bates' ball near the center of the field. With one minute to play, time was called on account of darkness.

The line-up:

| BATES. | BOWDOIN. |
|---|---|
| Cole, l. e. | r. e., Kelley. |
| Reed, l. t. | r. t., Hamilton. |
| Childs, l. g. | r. g., Hermes. |
| | r. g., Baker. |
| | r. g., Shaw. |
| Cutten, c. | c., Shaw. |
| | c., Philoon. |
| Hunt, r. g. | l. g., Davis. |
| Andrews, r. t. | l. t., Dunlap. |
| Babcock, r. e. | l. e., Larrabee. |
| Allen, q. b. | q. b., Perkins. |
| Towne, l. h. b. | r. h. b., Hunt (Capt.) |
| | r. h. b., Blanchard. |
| Moody (Capt.), r. h. b. | l. h. b., Munroe. |
| Finn, f. b. | f. b., Coffin. |
| | f. b., Towne. |

Sorce—Bates 11. Bowdoin 0. Tounchdowns—Moody, Finn. Goal from touchdown—Moody. Umpire—Farley, Harvard. Referee—O'Sullivan, Holy Cross. Time—30 and 25m. halves. Attendance—2,000.

## YOUNG WOMEN'S TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

This event excited much interest. We hope still more young ladies will participate next time.

The result in doubles was:

Preliminary Round—Misses Putnam and Stratton, '03, defeated Miss Wheeler, '04, and Miss Williams, '05; 6-1, 6-0.

Semi-Finals—Misses Putnam and Stratton, '03, defeated Misses Thibodeau and Millett, '05; 6-1, 6-0. Miss Donham, '03, and Miss Perkins, '04, defeated Miss Watts, '02, and Miss Perkins, '05; 6-1, 6-3.

Finals—Misses Putnam and Stratton, '03, defeated Miss Donham, '03, and Miss Parkin, '04; 7-9, 8-6, 6-1, 12-10.

The result in singles was:

Preliminary—Miss Williams defeated Miss Thibodeau; 6-4, 6-4. Miss Watts defeated Miss Perkins; 6-0, 6-3.

First Round—Miss Watts defeated Miss Williams; 6-1, 6-0. Miss Putnam defeated Miss Parkin; 6-0, 6-0. Miss Donham defeated Miss Wheeler; 6-1, 6-0. Miss Millett defeated Miss Stratton by default.

Semi-Finals—Miss Putnam defeated Miss Watts; 6-0, 6-1. Miss Donham defeated Miss Millett; 6-0, 6-1.

Finals—Miss Donham defeated Miss Putnam; 7-5, 6-1, 6-0.

## NOVICE MEET.

The track meet held November 1st was the best for many years. The great interest shown by the students argues well for the success of the track team in the intercollegiate meet here next spring. Over forty men trained faithfully. The Freshman Class made an exceptionally fine showing, winning the meet with 41 points. The Juniors gained 39 points, the Sophomores 34 points, and the Seniors 12 points.

Following is the summary:

Half-Mile Run—First place won by McLean, 1902; second, Lane, 1904; third, Trufant, 1903. Time—2.20⅘m.

220-Yard Dash—First place won by Parsons, 1905; second, Towne, 1903; third, Babcock, 1904. Time—.25⅕s.

100-Yard Dash—First place won by Flanders, 1904; second, Towne, 1903; third, Piper, 1903. Time—11s.

Mile Run—First place won by Walker, 1904; second, McLean, 1902; third, Sanderson, 1903.

Two-Mile Run—First place won by Robbins, 1904; second, Childs, 1902; third, Verrill, 1905. Time—13.53m.

120-Yard Hurdle—First place won by Babcock, 1904; second, Higgins, 1903; third, Trufant, 1903. Time—20⅘s.

220-Yard Hurdle—First place won by Allen, 1903; second, Dunfield, 1904; third, Paine, 1905. Time—30s.

Relay Race—First place won by 1904; second, 1905; third, 1903. Time—4.58m.

Pole Vault—First place won by Allen, 1903; second, Paine, 1905; third, Hayes, 1904.

Running Broad Jump—First place won by Allen, 1903; second, Paine, 1905; third, Parsons, 1905. Distance—18 ft. 5 in.

Running High Jump—First place won by Paine, 1905; second, Allen, 1903; third, Hayes, 1904. Height—5 ft.

Putting 16-Pound Shot—First place won by Finn, 1905; second, Reed, 1905; third, Childs, 1902. Distance—33 ft. 6½ in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—First place won by Reed, 1905; second, Higgins, 1903; third, Catheron, 1903. Distance—94 ft. 5 in.

Throwing Discus—First place won by Reed, 1905; second, Hunt, 1903; third, Andrews, 1905. Distance—82 ft. 6 in.

The summary by points:

| | 1902 | 1903 | 1904 | 1905 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Half-Mile Run | 5 | 1 | 3 | .. |
| 220-Yard Dash | .. | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| 100-Yard Dash | .. | 4 | 5 | .. |
| Mile Run | 3 | 1 | 5 | .. |
| Two-Mile Run | 3 | .. | 5 | 1 |
| 120-Yard Hurdle | .. | 4 | 5 | .. |
| 220-Yard Hurdle | .. | 5 | 3 | 1 |
| Relay Race | .. | 1 | 5 | 3 |
| Pole Vault | .. | 5 | 1 | 3 |
| Running High Jump | .. | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Running Broad Jump | .. | 5 | .. | 4 |
| Putting 16-Pound Shot | 1 | .. | .. | 8 |
| Thowing 16-Pound Hammer | .. | 4 | .. | 5 |
| Throwing Discus | .. | 3 | .. | 6 |
| Totals | 12 | 39 | 34 | 41 |

## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The foot-ball season is over,
Our brave boys' wounds can be healed,
For dead leaves, not our garnet streamers,
Are fluttered on Garcelon Field.

A tear for the Bowdoin champions
Who battled so bravely and well.
Full soon shall the tender *white* snowflakes
Hide gently the spot where they fell.

But lift your voices high, boys,
Sing merrily on the air—
"Where duty calls or danger,"
Bates is the winner there.

Allen, '03, has been elected captain of next year's foot-ball team.

Already the college people are going out to teach. The best of luck to every one!

Miss Amy Staples, who was obliged by illness to leave 1902, has returned to join 1903.

Miss Edna Gosline, who has been seriously ill, is improving in health. '02 misses her very much.

What a *sociable* time we have had this fall! Whose fault is it if we are not all very well acquainted?

A Senate has been organized by the college boys under the direction of Mr. Foster. We hope to see good results from it in our literary societies.

The Freshman class officers are: President, DeMeyer; Vice-President, Bessey; Secretary, Miss Fenderson; Treasurer, Miss Perkins; Chaplain, Peterson.

Bates has recently received $5,000 from the will of Mrs. Balch of Manchester, N. H. She was the daughter of Rev. Nahum Brooks, one of Bates' earliest trustees.

On Saturday, October 26th, Mrs. Chase welcomed the girls to a social hour and to hear a talk by Miss Julia May, of Auburn, on "Baby Stuart and His Friends." Vocal solos by Mrs. Hartshorn and Mrs. Veditz were also much enjoyed.

Many of the students made use of their opportunity to learn more about social settlement work, on Monday, November 4th, at City Hall. Senator Frye and Dr. Veditz were the speakers. This work must especially appeal to us, because we are so rich in advantages.

The Hallowe'en parties were as joyful and as varied as usual. The Seniors and Juniors showed their amicable spirit by being neighbors in Hathorn Hall. The Sophomores, to hide their dark deeds, wandered off to a lonely farm-house in Sabatis. The Freshmen kept under the wing of Mount David by holding their party at Salley's, on Mountain Avenue.

We celebrated the victory over Bowdoin by a ride on the electrics, a big sociable in the gym, and a late bonfire on Mount David. In some respects the sociable was the most pleasant of the term, for everyone was in spirits high enough to warrant a good time. Vigorous speeches were made by Purinton, 1900, Catheron, 1900, President Chase, Merry, '02, Mr. Foster and Professor Stanton.

We were glad to see some of our alumni at the Bowdoin game. Among them were Files, '69, Nash, '70, Jones, '72, Phillips, '76, Clason, '77, Oakes, '77 Emerson, '77, Daggett, '78, Judkins, '80, Reed, '83, Attwood, '85, Morey, '85, Littlefield, '87,

Woodman, '87, Little, '92, Spratt, '93, Winslow, '93, Miss Staples, '95, Wingate, '95, Douglass, '96, Miss Buzzell, '97, Parsons, '98, Conant, '98, Dutton, '99, Miss Jordan, '99, Miss Chase, '99, Catheron, Purinton, Healey, and Packard, 1900, Jordan and Chick, '01.

We have been blossoming out in new Bates flags and Bates badges and Bates pins. The next good thing to have is a Bates calendar. It is now on sale by Lodge and McCleary, '02, and is the handsomest souvenir of the College ever published. It is printed on 13 sheets of the finest grade of heavy white cardboard, 6x8 inches. On the first sheet is a design in garnet embracing the College seal. The remaining 12 sheets, one for each month, include half-tones of the various College buildings, campus, and the Bates-Bowdoin game of 1901, also pen sketches of typical college life appropriate to the month. These sketches are the work of Cutten, '04. The whole arrangement is exceedingly neat and artistic, and deserve the support of both students and alumni. The price is fifty cents each.

The Sophomore prize declamations were held in the chapel on Monday, November 11th, at 2 o'clock.

| | |
|---|---|
| A Critical Situation.—Clemens. | Miss A. B. Lugrin. |
| The Battle of Gettysburg. | J. A. David. |
| The Going of the White Swan. | Miss A. L. Barker. |
| Spartacus to the Roman Envoys.—Sargent. | F. B. Crocker. |
| Joan of Arc Before the Council.—Clemens. | Miss B. L. Bray. |
| Jewish Disabilities.—Macaulay. | L. H. Cutten. |
| Scene from Ben Hur.—Wallace. | Miss E. A. Bray. |
| Eulogy on Wendell Phillips.—Curtis. | J. C. Briggs. |
| As the Moon Rose. | Miss S. M. Davis. |
| Extract from the Oration on the Crown.—Demosthenes. | A. K. Spofford. |
| Snow White.—Grimm. | Miss E. G. White. |
| South Carolina and Massachusetts.—Webster. | F. M. Wallace. |

The prizes were awarded to Miss Emma Bray and David. The judges were Ralph W. Crockett, Esq., J. R. Little, and Miss Carrie L. Peables. The judges for the preliminaries were Miss Pettengill, Felker, and Bemis.

## College Exchanges.

AUTUMN has lain aside her gay hues, and sombre November has come with her completed harvests and well-filled barns. At the same time there has come to our exchange table many new magazines which are as welcome as is the harvest to the seed sower.

We regret to see that some magazines have no exchange department. This seems to denote a lack of fraternity. Such

magazines are always disappointing to the exchange editor at least, even though the literary matter they contain be beyond reproach. The exchange department should seek first, to be kindly critical in its observations, that through that channel it may be helpful; and second, to help by just and unbiased commendation.

All magazines this month tend to an over amount of fiction. Poetry is scarce. Shall we not accept a standard for our fiction that has been suggested by an older and wiser head, viz., that our fiction be short, imaginative, and reflective of college life?

In the *Ottawa Review* we notice a long story that by all means fulfills the second requirement of our standard—it is imaginative. But is there not a limit, is there not a difference between being imaginative and being plausible? This story under consideration is highly sensational, it is of such a nature as we might expect to find in "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," or in any of the many papers that are notable for their sensationalism. We can hardly say that it is true to life, to human nature, or to any normal circumstances, yet it holds the interest and attention, and gently prevents any severe shock of the senses in its conclusion.

On the other hand the *Brunonian* prints a story, "In Shad Time," that is short, imaginative, and a reflection of life if not of college life.

*The Dôane Owl* depicts a characteristic in "A Giggling Girl's Experience" which is only too commonly found to exist. We wish that all might read this, that there would be less of that frivolous, silly, sentimental, giggling stamp of girls, but as it is we can all read Carlyle's discourse on "Silence" and profit thereby.

"The Liar's Club" in *Buff and Blue* is the most imaginative story we have seen this year. Its moral element might be questioned, but it is purely the work of the imagination.

A Fancy.

Each college man's room is a medley
  Of knick-knacks, of pictures, of books,
Of foot-ball equipment so deadly
  With many a stein in the nooks.

But out of the photos so sprightly
  Feminine archers with Cupid's dart
There's always one face, smiling brightly
  Reigns supreme in each college man's heart.

—*The Williams Weekly.*

AUTUMN.

Dame Nature, in thy robes of green,
I thought thy treasures thou unrolled;
But now in gold and crimson sheen
Dost thou thy color-wealth unfold.

—*The Mountaineer.*

A BRAVE LIFE.

"Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blank in bliss to fill,
Our blank in scorning;

"Here a star, and there a star—
Some lose their way;
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards—day!"

—*The Greylock Echo.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

"Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book, a message . . . from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away, and yet these, on those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers."—*Charles Kingsley.*

Any one who enjoys dainty, catchy little sketches will enjoy Kate Douglas Wiggin's *"A Cathedral Courtship."*[1] It is a series of short diary records by "him" and by "her" in alternation. *He* is John Quincy Copley, Cambridge; *she* is Katharine Schuyler, New York, under the chaperonage of her maiden aunt, Miss Celia Van Tyck. *She* and Aunt Celia are "doing" the English cathedral towns. Aunt Celia is much interested in architecture, having been engaged once upon a time to a young architect. *He* is an artist and architect. Having on several occasions, more or less embarrassing to Katherine, met the aforenamed young lady and being much attracted by this "concentrated essence of feminine witchery," *he* too, decided to "do" the cathedral towns. Fortune favors him by throwing at him their itinerary on a slip of paper. Aunt Celia, however, still remains to be overcome. He fairly haunts the travellers for two weeks, getting them out of all sorts of scrapes. But Aunt Celia was absorbed in the past and fails to notice that this "flower of chivalry" was the same one each time. Not so Miss Katherine. She keeps pretty well informed in regard to Mr. C., wondering why he doesn't get a few grains of common-sense into his brain and originate some new scheme for a legitimate introduction. At last Aunt Celia placidly brings about the desired result by calmly taking the youth into her good graces, receiving him favorably and introducing him in her irreproachable way to Katherine. The tender little romance is well under way now and moves on rapidly to the climax. The

climax is reached under particularly exciting circumstances. Katherine supposes herself chased by a bull and flees to J. Copley for protection. He basely abuses his rights, however, realizing that the pursuer was not a bull but a cow and that she was not pursuing but merely enjoying herself by running. He seizes the opportunity and under these circumstances Miss Katherine pledges herself to Mr. J. Copley.

The story is written in the first person. *His* sketches are bright, full of life and action, and devoted to Katherine. *Hers* are more delicate, contain sketches of character and many bewitching little glimpses of herself and her fun. The book is as readable and thoroughly enjoyable as all of Mrs. Wiggin's stories and sketches.

*A Drone and a Dreamer*[2] by Nelson Lloyd, contains some of the best sketches of character of the season. Cousin Joe is the creation of an artist and he must be "read in the original" to be appreciated. A tiny, dried-up specimen of humanity, from the moment of his appearance in the story, he adds vitality, dry humor and action. Country life is skilfully painted, such scenes as the dinner-party and the country Sunday-school class being masterpieces of character work and fresh humor. The story, contrary to many of the stories of the day, does not subordinate the characters. The plot itself is not strong. Simply to bring Maria McIntosh together with one of the three city fellows who are occupying a farm-house in the neighborhood, simply to pass away the summer. Which one shall it be? Marcy, handsome and wealthy; Middleton, just ordinary in looks, manner, and income; or Hume, the "pudgy little man" who seems too lazy and careless to fall in love? It turns out to be the pudgy man. It is the pudgy man, by the way, who writes the story. The movement on to the union of these is the center of the tale. But the author himself forgets what he is trying to do, so interested does he seem to become in his handiwork. Maria is out of the ordinary run of love-story heroines. She has a strong personality, is a great athlete and is swayed by her love for her old father, Doctor McIntosh. The reformation of Hume, the droll speeches of Joe and his fits of "debation" are all well worked up.

The style is crisp and fresh and the characters move on in almost a jerky, yet very taking way.

[1]A Cathedral Courtship, Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[2]A Drone and a Dreamer, Nelson Lloyd. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

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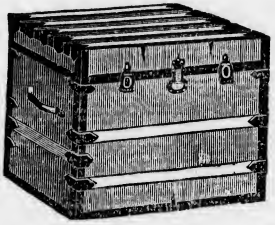
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# The BATES STUDENT.



## CONTENTS.


Where? . . . . . 293
The Violin's Message . . . . . 294
Hamlet's Character . . . . . 296
Romola and Her Manner of Loving . . . . . 297
A Senior's Dream . . . . . 301
CARBONETTES . . . . . 304
ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Personal . . . . . 306


AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.


EDITORIALS . . . . . 308
LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Christian Association Notes . . . . . 311
The Meeting at Augusta . . . . . 311
Glimpses of College Life . . . . . 314
COLLEGE EXCHANGES . . . . . 316
OUR BOOK-SHELF . . . . . 318


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VOLUME XXIX.

THE

# BATES STUDENT

Published by the Class of 1902,

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LEWISTON, ME.


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# INDEX. VOLUME XXIX.

## LITERARY.

### PROSE.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| A Living Issue. 1902-y-e-l. | 239 |
| A Chapter from "Social Settlement Life." | 210 |
| An Easter Lily. Elf. | 97 |
| A Marvel and What Came of It. See E. A. Jay. | 34 |
| An Appeal to the American Girl. 1902. (½ C. H.) K. | 8 |
| A Senior's Dream. Y. L. G., 1902. | 301 |
| Commonplace Matters. | 272 |
| Deep-Sea Fishing. G. C., 19—. | 124 |
| Fish Stories. C. B. F., 1904. | 67 |
| Girolamo Savonarola. Charlotte G. Towne, 1901. | 90 |
| Getting the Most Out of College Life. D., '0x. | 69 |
| Hamlet's Character. Clara H. Williams, 1903. | 296 |
| "Hercules and Cupid at the Bath." C. L. J., 1903. | 3 |
| Homes and Home Life in India. A. D. O., 1902. | 72 |
| Hooliganism in Literature. Caroline E. Libby, 1901. | 158 |
| Indian River. 1903. | 129 |
| John Brown of Ossawatomie. Gertrude B. Libbey, 1901. | 164 |
| Myrtle's Temptation. C. E. H., 1903. | 130 |
| Old School Days. E. L. T., 1902. | 6 |
| Rosa Bonheur. | 269 |
| Romola and Her Manner of Loving. L. Florence Kimball, '02. | 297 |
| The Professor's Protege. C. L. Jordan. | |
| Part First. | 201 |
| Part Second. | 232 |
| Part Third. | 263 |
| The College Ideal. J. F. Hamlin, 1902. | 208 |
| The Nineteenth Century. Harry L. Moore, 1901. | 156 |
| The Scale of Pleasure. Josephine B. Neal, 1901. | 162 |
| The Tricky Automobile. X. Y. Z., 1904. | 126 |
| The Winter Dress. D. L. B., 1904. | 92 |
| The Discovery of a Heart. 1902. | 62 |
| The Scholar in Politics. C. E. L., 1901. | 31 |
| The Pan-American Exposition. Herbert Shearer. | 12 |
| The Violin's Message. M. A. B., 1905. | 294 |
| Value of Literature. Edna Mae Gosline, 1902. | 1 |
| William Morris. D. E. M., 1902. | 39 |
| Westminster Abbey as an Embodiment of Form. Blanche Burdin Sears, Yale University. | 59 |

POETRY.


A Twilight Vision. F. D., 1902. . . . . 38
A New England Winter. S. B. F., 1902. . . . . 3
Baccalaureate Hymn. Mittie A. Dow. . . . . 155
Class Ode, 1901. Bertha Brett. . . . . 155
Class Poem, 1901. . . . . 160
Class Ode, 1902. Julia E. Babcock. . . . . 169
Cathedral Woods. M. E. C., 1899. . . . . 89
How a Sophomore Feels. A. L. M., 1903. . . . . 66
Ivy Ode, 1902. Julia E. Babcock. . . . . 169
Leaves from the Trees. Bates T. H. R. E. . . . . 231
Love Not the Rose. 1899. . . . . 263
May Time. 1902. . . . . 123
On the Death of a Young Genius. M. E. C., 1899. . . . . 1
The Winter Fairies. 1901. . . . . 33
The Castle of Love. Y. L. G., 1902. . . . . 201
The Ivy's Message. Flora E. Long, 1902. . . . . 166
The Sophomore's Hallowe'en. . . . . 267
Where? S. Bertha Field. . . . . 293


## AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIALS.


Athletic Exhibition. . . . . 21
Athletics. . . . . 47, 80, 111, 251
Bates Stories. . . . . 309
Basket-Ball. . . . . 46
College Spirit. . . . . 142, 252
Examinations. . . . . 177
Foot-Ball. . . . . 221
Intercollegiate Debate. . . . . 19
Language. . . . . 141
Miscellaneous. 20, 21, 78, 110, 141, 142, 143, 176, 177, 220, 221, 251, 278, 309, 310.
Press Club. . . . . 143
Plugging. . . . . 78
Reading. . . . . 222
Social Life. . . . . 79
System. . . . . 109
"Student." . . . . 19, 45, 220, 308
Societies. . . . . 45, 109, 278
Tests. . . . . 308
Tennis. . . . . 79
Work. . . . . 80


ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE.


Alumni Day. . . . . 137
Bates Alumni Association. . . . . 15
In Memoriam. Perley C. Elder. . . . . 139
Stanton Club. . . . . 15, 42, 244
Personals. . . . 16, 43, 76, 104, 137, 173, 216, 244, 276, 306

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.


Athletics. . . . . 227
Athletic Exhibition. . . . . 114
Base-Ball. . . . . 113, 146, 187
Commencement Week.
Champion Debate. . . . . 178
Class Day. . . . . 179
Commencement Day. . . . . 179
Ivy Day. . . . . 184
Junior Exhibition. . . . . 178
Class of 1901. . . . . 180
Class Ride of 1902. . . . . 185
Class Ride of 1901. . . . . 186
Foot-Ball. . . . . 227, 253, 280
Field Day. . . . . 191
Freshman Bird Ride. . . . . 186
Glimpses of College Life. 22, 50, 81, 116, 147, 192, 223, 258, 287, 314
In Remembrance. . . . . 115
Intercollegiate Debate. . . . . 114
Marshall Day. . . . . 48
M. I. C. A. A. Meet. . . . . 191
Novice Meet. . . . . 286
Tennis Tournament. . . . . 257, 286
The Meeting at Augusta. . . . . 311
Y. M. C. A. . . . . 112, 146, 184, 223, 311
Y. W. C. A. . . . . 22, 49, 112, 147, 223, 253, 280


MISCELLANEOUS.


CARBONETTES. . . . . 74, 100, 134, 170, 213, 242, 274, 304
COLLEGE EXCHANGES. 27, 53, 84, 119, 149, 195, 228, 259, 289, 316
CUTS:
Base-Ball Team. . . . . Opposite p. 121
Intercollegiate Debating Team. . . . . " 123
Foot-Ball Team. . . . . " 263
Student Editors and Managers. . . . . " 293
OUR BOOK-SHELF. . . . 29, 56, 87, 122, 152, 198, 229, 261, 291, 318

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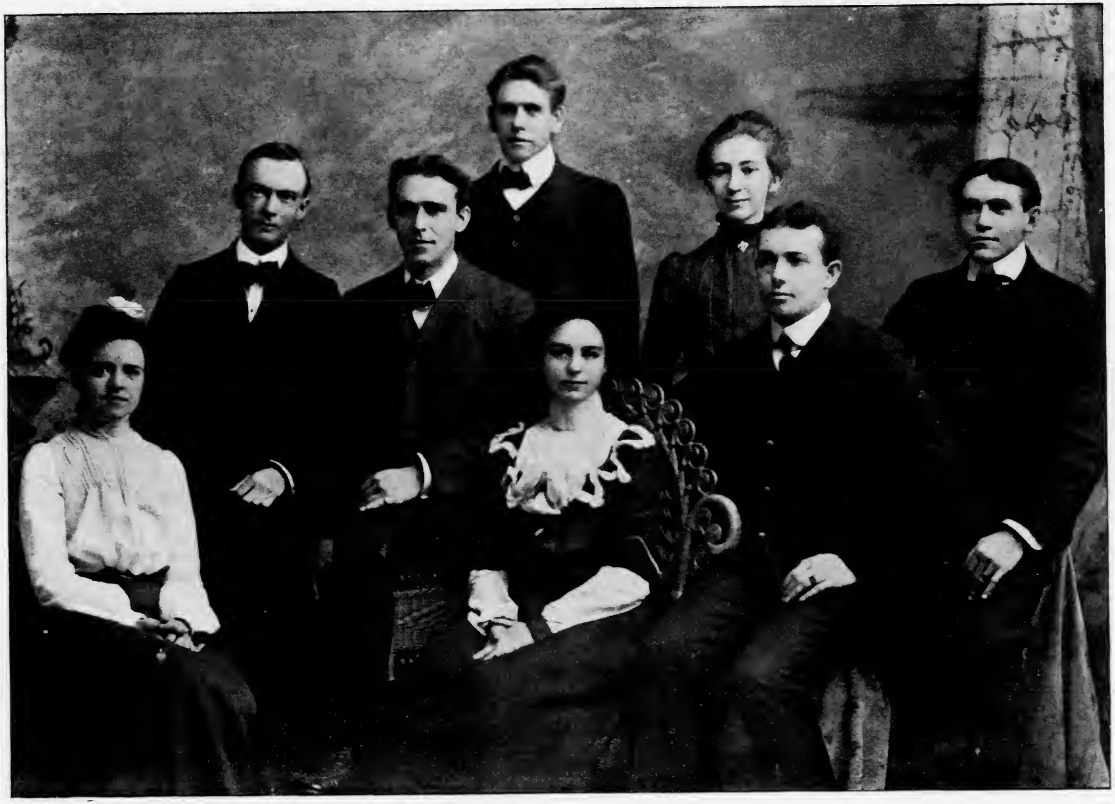
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## WHERE?

"Where are thy leaves, oh stately trees,
That fluttered in the summer breeze?"
The shiv'ring branches murmur low,
"Under the cold, the deep, deep snow."

"Where are thy flowers, cold, bleak hill?
I see them not, look where I will."
"The Frost King killed them long ago.
Dead they lie 'neath the deep, deep snow."

"Where are the roses that used to greet
The weary pilgrim with fragrance sweet?"
"'Neath winter's blasts they could not grow,
Their petals lie 'neath the deep, deep snow."

"Where are thy hopes, oh gray-haired sage,
Bowed by the heavy hand of age?"
"The winter of life has laid them low,
Under the cold, the deep, deep snow."

In the spring new leaves will the branches hide,
And fresh flowers bloom on the bleak hillside,
And June will bring roses just as fair
To shed sweet fragrance upon the air.

But to thee, old man, there will come no spring;
No June new hopes to thy sad heart bring;
Ended thy joy, ended thy strife;
Thy winter marketh the close of life.

—S. BERTHA FIELD.



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## THE VIOLIN'S MESSAGE.

THE dense, cold mist had settled over London before the sun had even the chance to take a peep at the old city, and the crowds that jostled back and forth seemed to think that a fog had no business to interfere with their usual routine of business or play. Consequently they were ill disposed towards the world in general and themselves in particular. No one noticed the little lad with the fiddle clasped close to his breast as he went hurrying across the street; no one stopped to hear him play. Discouraged, tired, and hungry, he crept into a doorway and softly wept. A tear dropped on the little violin. Hal saw it and quickly brushed it away.

"Be brave, Halley," he said to himself, "Mother is watching in Heaven and must not see you weep."

Away from the thronged thoroughfare he wandered to a narrow alley where a few children were playing. Hal had no feeling of comradeship; he had no friends, no home. His fiddle was all he had in the world. He started a merry air and the children stopped to listen. But the sadness in his heart crept into the music, and the instrument responded with the sympathy of a human soul. The piercing sweetness of the slow, sad strain penetrated the stuffy office of Manager Creel, where the bald-headed manager himself sat thinking. Something was wrong. Wrinkles furrowed his head where the hair should have grown, and the desperate pulling of eye-brows threatened their disappearance also. A note on the desk before him was the cause of it all. "Madame Z. cannot make her appearance this evening. Is dangerously ill and the engagement must be cancelled." Every ticket was sold and standing room was at a premium. The manager was desperate. Time was valuable; action must be immediate. The sweet strains of music caught his ear. He listened. The wrinkles deepened on one side of his face and completely disappeared from the other. This meant that he had hit upon a bright idea. Down the dingy stairs he rushed, and before Hal knew what had happened to him, Creel was hurrying him towards his office by the nape of his neck.

"Well, lad!" said a rough but not unkindly voice, "what you playing 'ere for? Where's yer dad?"

"I'm all alone, sir."

There was a long silence.

At last the manager wheeled about on his office chair and asked: "Don't suppose yer biz is rushing, lad?"

"No, sir," answered Hal.

Another pause.

"Say, lad, come 'ere at two this hafternoon so we can dress yer up and to-night yer can play hus a tune hon the planks, if yer want ter. What'd yer say, lad?"

A faint understanding glimmered in the boy's mind and a joyful light sprang to his eyes.

At two Hal again bounded up the narrow stairs and knocked at the office door. Manager Creel met him with a jovial grin and handed him over to an attendant, coarse but pleasant featured and motherly. She had prepared a jaunty suit for him, and Hal felt quite manly in his brave attire.

At last the hour came when the opera-house was opened. Rapidly the floor and galleries filled and the aristocracy of London entered the boxes. Manager Creel was nervously rushing hither and thither while Hal waited in the green room for further orders.

Announcement was made that Madame Z. would not appear and an ominous silence reigned over the house. It was an unsympathetic audience; only a few scattered claps greeted the boy as he advanced towards the footlights.

Thoughts of the angel mother filled his soul, and of the father buried far away in the old church-yard of Pinelle; of the happy days when he first learned to hold the fiddle. How earnestly he had practiced! How great was the ambition of his father that some day he should be the artist that he himself had been! Hal knew the place his father's name and fame had held in England's capital years before, and he had prayed that he, too, might bring again before the English people that honored name.

The lad raised his bow and struck the first soft chord. The rich tones drew the attention of all to the stage. Surely no child, no amateur, could be playing! The simple strain grew louder; the little fingers flew over the strings in swift arpeggio, the long-sustained tremolos softened into the flute-like harmonies and died away in tender echoes.

An old man leaned forward over the box-rail, his hands clutched tightly, his grey eyes gleaming strangely. "It is her child—I swear it," he muttered, and as the boy's gaze met his, he involuntarily stretched out his hands toward him. The grand chords of the finale burst from the little fiddle. Harmony mingled with harmony, and the melody in all its grandeur of expres-

sion and difficulty of execution was swept from the strings as if the child-artist was giving expression to the inspiration in his own soul. Just ten years before, his father had played the same concerto in that crowded opera-house and had won the applause of the noblest in the land. The old man remembered—oh, how vividly—that night so long ago; when the artist of the evening, lionized by the greatest critics of England and Europe, had charmed not only himself but had won the heart of his only daughter. It was the old, old story; the harsh words of the father, the desertion of the daughter; the long estrangement which had ended in death and despair. A powerful intuition brought it home to the old man's heart that this was his daughter's child, and a passionate longing seized him to know all.

As the storm of applause shook the house, Hal bowed gravely; in his heart he knew that at last his father's ambition had been realized.

The old man left his box and hastened to the stage-door. The ushers stood back as he passed, but all bowed obsequiously as they recognized his Lordship.

There was a touching scene enacted in the green-room, witnessed by Creel alone; he was peeking through a crack in the door. He saw the gray-haired gentleman speak a few quick words to his protegé, then with a joyful cry the lad sprang upon the old man's neck with the words, "My grandad!"

They wept together, the old man and the child; and Manager Creel crept away in the darkness and brushed his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

—M. A. B., '05.

---

## HAMLET'S CHARACTER.

HAMLET'S character is brought out in the strong light of his deep feelings excited by the death of his father. In his relations with the king we see the outraged son roused to vengeance. When he is assured that the king has foully murdered his father, he knows that his devotion to his father and, perhaps more, the call of duty require him to kill the king. This is hostile to his sensitive nature and he delays till he chides himself for inaction. He intends to do the deed, but his deliberating nature which must see the question from all sides, will not allow him to act until he has secured proof from the king himself. Even then, he hesitates and shrinks. This indecision seems to

conquer all other traits of Hamlet's character, and prevents his success in this life of action.

Toward the queen, whom he no doubt once loved dearly, he is still a dutiful son, but he realizes fully the shame of her course and blames her almost more than the king. He is perfectly frank and outspoken in his scorn.

In his relation to Polonius is developed his assumed role of madness. Hamlet has a nature shrewd enough to blind them as to his purposes.

In his dealings with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, if at all, do we find more than weakness, even a moral blemish in his character. We must regret that in making Hamlet so far ahead of his times in other ways Shakespeare did not also make him so in this and omit this bloodshed—unnecessary if not unjustifiable—of men who if not innocent were at least not dangerous.

With Horatius, his friend, and with the players we see Hamlet as he was in his normal, unexcited life, when his tastes and his will determine his pursuits. We see him, the thoughtful, sensible scholar fond of the play, fond of his books, with ideas which even now are in good taste, concerning good reading and public speaking. In his friendship for Horatius we also see how his reasoning and intellect govern his choice, for though he is his friend he does not trust him with his secret, for he has decided "No, you'll reveal it."

We see this same trait in his relation to Ophelia. We doubt not that she loves him devotedly and that he has felt for her the passionate, yet in this case true, love of youth, but with the avenging of his father, his first aim, he measures her by this and finds her too weak to be an aid to him.

So Hamlet, who might have been the affectionate son, the true friend, the thinking scholar and the ardent lover, is turned from all these to be the weak avenger.

—CLARA H. WILLIAMS, '03.

---

## ROMOLA AND HER MANNER OF LOVING.

FOUR hundred and fifty years ago, in the ancient city of Florence, there lived two people of interest—Bardi, the scholar, and Romola, his daughter.

The house in which Bardi lived was situated on the south bank of the Arno near the Hill of Bogoli, famous for its quarry whence the city obtained its pavement. Like many houses of the time, it

was of stone, large, sombre, with small windows and roofed terrace. A grim door, hung on conspicuously large hinges, admitted to the entrance court, in the centre of which was a massive iron lamp. In the second story of the house was a long, spacious room, surrounded with shelves on which books, marble busts, and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order, while here and there, on stands by themselves, were scattered a few rare vases from Magna Gracia. In the centre of the room was a large table covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels of dark pottery. The once splendid carpet was worn to dimness, the color of all the objects was pale or sombre and the vellum bindings of the books added nothing of brightness to the general gloom of the room, which was yet without the morning sun at the time when we first enter it.

In such a house and such a room did Bardi dwell. The long shelves of books in their vellum bindings have already indicated that he was a scholar; the worn carpet has suggested poverty, and the general build of the house former prosperity. Bardi was a student, his hand was cramped by much copying, his clothes were threadbare, his dinners sparing, yet he suffered from something worse than loss of former fortunes; he was blind. Such was the father of Romola.

On the morning in question Romola was standing before her father's carved reading desk, a girl tall, erect, of finely wrought frame, with reddish, golden hair which rippled back from an intelligent brow, cheeks without a tinge of color, refined nostrils, firm mouth, powerful chin, an expression of pride on her fair face, an expression carried out in the poise of her head and the general line of neck and shoulders; dressed in a simple gown of black, she stood there, her eyes bending under long lashes upon a book before her, one long, well-shaped hand on the reading desk and the other on her father's chair.

Did Bardi deserve so fair a daughter? His marriage had been unsatisfactory, and he had renounced the vulgar pursuit of wealth in commerce to devote himself to collecting the precious remains of ancient art and wisdom; upon his only son he had lavished every educational opportunity, that he might thus have his own ripe learning replenished with young ability; and then his son had left him to become a monk, to associate with friars on holy pilgrimages just at the time when eternal night was beginning to fall upon him. There was left to him this sweet, tenderly thought-

ful daughter, with a ready apprehension, a wide intelligence, a superior nobility of soul—truly a daughter of whom he might justly be proud; yet at times he would fall to drawing harsh comparisons between her and the son he had lost, between what she was and what the son would have been. At such times Bardi made Romola instinctively feel that she was not his son and could never take the son's place toward him; that in some unexplainable way she was to blame for being a daughter with a feminine mind which lacked to a marked degree the ready power of comprehension and assimilation of a masculine intellect. Romola felt indignant at these times; she had an inborn hatred and contempt for all injustice and meanness; yet she loved her father too much to allow any reply to escape her lips. She never uttered any complaint, never outwardly chafed under her wintry life, never bemoaned the lack of a dowry, never resented her inheritance of mere memories—memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, of a blind father's happier fortunes. Her proud self-dependence and determination kept her cheerfully helpful and attentive to her father's almost incessant demands upon her time and strength. She was eyes and hands for him, she was his sole companion, his indefatigable assistant in research, his faithful copyist and reader.

Thus she lived in lonely seclusion, separated from the life about her. Her father wished this to be so, yet this very thing was detrimental to her fullest development, for there are some things about Romola, noble as she was, which are not lovable and which do not belong to the highest ideal. Bardi has brought her up on books which taught stoicism, courage, and moral greatness rather than Christianity; hence she had a contempt for religion. Her secluded life made her proud and ignorant of the world which she disdained. She was narrow-minded to an extent that was fatal to the grandeur of her character. She was beautiful, high-minded, and graceful—and she was conscious of it. She was innocent as an angel, but it was with an innocence born of ignorance. She impresses one as being proudly exclusive, as having the "holier than thou" attitude; throughout the story, she is never on a level with any one, unless, indeed, it be with Savonarola, when she is made to feel the force of his powerful presence. She was made up of conflicting characteristics—nobility and narrowness, affection and pride, unselfishness and self-sufficiency, grace and proud contemptuousness.

We have said that Romola stooped to all she met. In the first

warmth of her love, she also stooped to Tito; "stooped to conquer" with ineffable tenderness and self-repression from the first time he entered the quiet Florentine house like an Apollo clad in sunshine and in gladness; yet she never experienced that emotion common to all love, that sense of self-abasement and consciousness of one's own inferiority. Her love for Tito rose in a warm and bright flood, it came suddenly and unexpectedly and created within her an admiration and enthusiasm never known before in her dark and quiet life. Light and brightness then burst upon her in floods, bringing unwonted joy and yearning hopes, yet she was calm and self-possessed as before, and her new love only served to increase her old and deep-seated affection for her father.

The glimpse we get of the betrothal of Romola and Tito is all that could be desired, and the picture of the two in the home after Bardi's death is perfectly satisfactory. It is what one would expect—Romola still self-contained and reserved, yet loving, and Tito outwardly thoughtful and affectionate, but at times querulous and often engrossed in deep thought, which Romola is not allowed to share. Thus the way is paved for that act of his which was to alienate her: by selling her dead father's beloved and cherished library without Romola's knowledge or consent he committed a deadly sin against her. Thus was Romola disappointed in Tito, but the pain of disappointment was outweighed by the vehemence of her indignation. At once she rose in her old attitude, far above him, clad in her invincible armor of scorn. Her love for him was gone, and its place was filled with a desire to separate herself forever from the man she loved no longer. This was all perfectly natural; her ideal had deceived and betrayed her, and she dropped him like a stone which she had been holding, under the delusion that it was a mass of gold. Her sudden resolution to escape from him was also natural; but seldom has love been able to thus take to itself wings, to detach itself from another soul and be called back by no relenting, by no failure of strength or courage, by no pitiful and gentle pleadings of the heart. None but Romola could thus have fled from Florence and her love, a forlorn, noble figure, pitiless, but without comfort. Immortal things do not die as suddenly and as completely as did Romola's love; her ability to extricate herself from love's grasp without a struggle, to annihilate its flame like a thing of the earth, slain at a single blow, amounts almost to a denial of the immortality of love which is more painful to the mind than the denial of immortal existence itself. In Romola we find no trace of those gnawings and heart-

rendings which wounded and deceived love leaves behind. She felt a blank in her life, she felt her hopes destroyed, but those heart-yearnings and bitter stings were quite unknown to her.

Though love must die, it always works some change; it never leaves behind an unbeaten track; so Romola found it. After her love for Tito was dead, having been brought under the softening influence of Savonarola, she sought for life in other channels. Patiently, tenderly, pitifully, she visited the sick and the poor, who learned to regard her as a saint; she attracted a reverential observation everywhere, and was greeted on the streets as the Madonna. Still she was the same proud Romola, only now in a Christianized state; there was a certain restraint in her labors where there should have been love, there was only pity where there should have been affection. Self-renunciation was not natural to her; self-sacrifice in the ancient significance would have been perfectly natural to her. Romola could have been an Iphigenia.

There is nothing more remarkable in the creation of this woman than the kind of love of which she is made capable. The climax came when, knowing of her husband's disloyalty to her, perfectly conscious of what his relations with the woman had been, she took Tessa and her two children to her own home, cared for them, lived with them, labored for them, yes, loved them. She gave her life completely to others, yet she remained outwardly the same proud, reserved, self-contained Romola.

Such was Romola, remarkable in character, but still more remarkable in her manner of loving. Some may disparagingly criticise her, others may idealize her. All must acknowledge that she is unique in all literature. To my mind, Romola was as if she had known and lived the beautiful lines of the European preacher:

> "Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
> Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth,
> For Love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
> And whoso suffereth most hath most to give."

—L. FLORENCE KIMBALL, '02.

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## A SENIOR'S DREAM.

THE snow had been falling heavily for some hours and night was fast coming on. Coming in out of the storm, I was very glad to sit quietly before the fire-place watching the flickering shadows formed by the firelight on the walls and floor.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by a heavier shadow that did not move. I was interested at once. Why did the shadow not waver as the others? Why—I started quickly and looked around fearfully. Why was there any shadow at all? It lay directly in front of the fire with nothing between it and the light.

It was as if I had been touched with an icicle on a hot July afternoon. I shivered and glanced warily first over one shoulder, then the other. This took some time, as I did not wish to anger the owner of the shadow by any too sudden curiosity. Nothing was in sight, so I turned my eyes back to contemplate the shadow. I hoped it had disappeared, but no, there it lay, like an ink-blot on the only sheet of letter paper in the house and no way to procure any more.

I was getting embarrassed. At least I felt the blood rush to my head, and my hands and feet felt damp and cold. The only way out of the room would bring me near the shadow; perhaps I should have to step on it. If it would only move. The terrible immovableness of the thing seemed its most awful characteristic.

In answer to my thought the shadow got up, shook itself, and lay down again in a cool methodical manner suggestive of self-conceit, and an exaggerated idea of its own importance. Exaggerated, did I say? Why shouldn't it have that idea of itself? Hadn't it, in complete subjection to its shadowy highness, pounds upon pounds of real solid substance? Under the circumstances the best of us might have been pardonable for feeling some conceit.

It was getting restless now. Horrible disjointed parts of it crept here and there, some uncomfortably near my feet, which I drew up under me. Indeed, I tucked myself into the smallest possible compass, kept still, and waited, which was the only thing I could do. But my mind was active. I wished that somebody would come. The very stillness of the room added to my terror. What might not appear from those deep shadows by the bookcase and library table. This shadow might have the property of multiplying as well as dividing itself, as it was now expending its energies in doing. It already had several kinds of feet, a number of arms and wings, besides innumerable heads and tails. Shapeless at first, it had assumed in its self-possessed boldness shapes of every kind of beast or bird, with which I had yet met. I had always admired the words of Esther, "If I perish, I perish," and

now I said them to myself over and over until they lost all meaning and seemed to be the language of the thing before me.

The silence had become unbearable. I resolved, whatever my fate, to address the thing, and in an unnatural trembling tone began. "If you would only have the mind to grow over the other way." It was so near me now. "Perhaps you would like some supper." One claw resembled a lobster's in search of food, and some of its heads seemed all mouths.

"I wouldn't like to step on your tail." It had surely a hundred. "And I couldn't go to the kitchen without stepping on some of you."

The unsocial brute did not speak. I appealed next to its sense of honor. "The fire is burning lower and we haven't any other light, we really ought not to stay in the dark without a chaperon."

It was so near me now I could have touched it with my foot. Would nobody come? I could have screamed with the agony of fear. I thought of all my sins of commission and omission. What if I should disappear or turn into a shadow and leave all my work unfinished? I would never put off writing another essay or learning a psychology lesson if only I were spared this time. But it looked as if I were not to be spared.

One claw was already placed confidingly on the bottom of my dress. Oh, the confidence, the self-assurance of that awful mass of rolling, creeping, unfolding conglomerate of disjointed members of the anatomy of all created beings! What a feast for a paleontologist!

A head like a snake's and a long neck reached up toward my hand, which was numb from holding to the chair. "When that touches me I shall be dead," I said to myself. I leaned my head back and looked for the last time on the scenes of my childhood. All the trees seemed to beckon to me. Venus smiled on me from the west. But that head was coming—and I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the power.

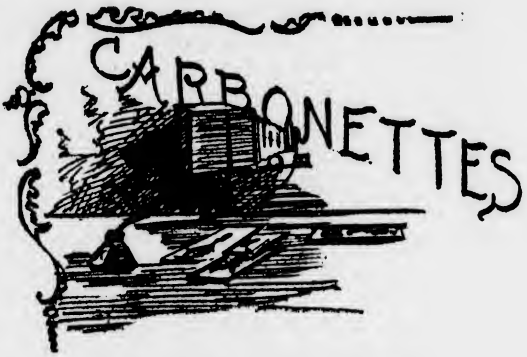
. . . . . .

"Yes," I heard my mother say, "the child has been studying too hard lately. She doesn't have sleep enough."

"She looks very pale and tired," said papa.

And well I might, but they didn't know that the shadow had been with me.

—Y. L. G., '02.




A youth is looking out into the world.

Beyond the shore-cliffs he sees a ship splendidly pursuing her course. Favoring winds swell every sail. It is morning and the waves brightly reflect the sunlight. The youth has seen this before and thought it commonplace, but now the smoothly gliding vessel rouses in his mind the questionings that come to us all. Presently storm-clouds arise and obscure the sun. The waters are black and angry, and the ship disappears behind the murky horizon. How beautiful in real, serious life to move so majestically—but the black waves and gathering storm! Does he dare to decide and begin?

The youth looks upon a street in the busy town. Massive buildings of brick and stone loom up forbiddingly. Below, crowds are going hither and thither. It is a scene of jostling activity, work, and confusion. How desirable to make for one's self a place and name in the midst of this hustling throng! But if he should be trampled under foot! Does he dare to begin?

The youth has fixed his eyes on the lofty mountains of ambition. Success and fortune are written in the purpling clouds which overhang the summits. But the people who ascend are meeting great resistance and climb up through laborious toil. Only a few have reached the top, while many, weakened and disappointed, have fallen out beside the way. How grand to overcome, and standing on a summit, lift the face to those glorious clouds! But the discouragements and failures! Will he dare to begin the ascent?

The youth gives his thoughts to a noble life, full of inspiration and help to others. Before him rises an ideal of lofty grandeur. But he sees the rubbish of dogma, prejudice, and selfish misun-

derstanding through which he must struggle to stand in the presence of great enlightened truth. Will he attempt it? Does he dare?

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## HOW IT HAPPENED.

It was Christmas time. The ground lay white with snow, and the streams and lakes were frozen over, making the skating most excellent.

Doris was spending her vacation with her Aunt Eliza at her beautiful country home. The house set on the side of a high hill overlooking the lake, and Doris looked out with longing eyes, wishing that she might mingle in the merry throng of skaters.

Aunt Eliza was very busy cooking her Christmas dinner and thought little about skaters or skating, and sixteen-year-old Doris gave little heed to the savory dishes her aunt was preparing. She had only one desire—to try her new skates.

She knew well enough her Aunt Eliza would not allow her to go. She peeped out into the kitchen and saw her aunt was busily engaged in making pumpkin pies, so she caught her skates, donned her red cap and jacket, ran swiftly down the hill to the lake, and soon the scarlet-clad figure was seen dashing over the gleaming ice. The girls watched her with envy—she was an expert skater—and the boys looked upon her with admiration.

But all on a sudden, without the slightest warning the ice gave way, and before anyone could reach her she had disappeared in the dark waters. Shrieks of horror rent the air. The whole party seemed paralyzed from fear. No, not all, for one brave boy seizes a board from the fence near by, and rushes to the rescue.

Half an hour later Aunt Eliza heard a team dash up to the door. "Go see who that is, Doris," she called out. No answer. "Where is that child?" she grumbled, hastening to the door, where she met them bringing in the missing child, white and dripping. "O, Auntie," she sobs out, "please forgive me, and I never'll disobey you again."

The next day when Lawrence called to inquire after the penitent little maid, he found her demure and grateful. "I can never repay you," she said, turning her big dark eyes to him.

. . . . . .

Five years passed away. It is Christmas vacation. Aunt Eliza is extremely busy. She is not making pumpkin pies to-day. Ah, no! Her deft fingers are engaged in heaping the frosting on a mammoth wedding-cake.

—Ruth Eugenia Pettengill, '02.

# Alumni Round-Table.

## PERSONAL.

President G. C. Chase, '68, delivered an address at Burlington, Vt., Thursday evening, November 21st.

Dr. C. A. Bickford, '72, has resigned his position as editor of the *Morning Star.*

J. H. Baker, '73, president of Colorado University, has just published a work on educational topics that is receiving much favorable criticism.

N. S. Palmeter, '75, pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Loudon Center, N. H., died very suddenly about the first of November.

G. A. Stuart, '77, superintendent of schools at New Britain, Conn., was elected vice-president of the New England Association of Superintendents at its recent meeting held at Boston, Mass.

W. E. Ranger, '79, superintendent of public instruction for the State of Vermont, delivered an address before the recent meeting of the New England Association of Superintendents. Mr. Ranger is in contant requisition as a public speaker, giving a great many addresses each year in connection with his duties.

A very interesting account of the work of Rev. J. H. Heald, '80, who was a pioneer missionary to New Mexico, appeared in a recent number of the *Leslie Weekly.* This speaks very highly of the valuable work of Mr. Heald, which extends out in all directions from his headquarters at San Rafael.

Rev. W. P. Curtis, '81, has recently been called to the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church in Island Falls, Me.

D. S. Roberts, '81, is principal of the High School at Vergennes, Vt.

Rev. G. A. Downey, '85, has been called to Jackson, N. H., to become pastor of the Free Baptist Church.

F. E. Parlin, '86, superintendent of schools in Quincy, Mass., has recently published a spelling book based on the acquisition of a vocabulary by children; the book is having large sales.

Dr. H. S. Sleeper, '86, of Lewiston, Me., has an infant son.

Dr. A. B. Call, '89, died suddenly at his home in Townshend, Vt., from diphtheria. Mr. Call has been a very successful teacher, and had but recently completed his full medical course.

Dr. C. S. F. Whitcomb, '90, is practicing medicine in Minot, Me.

Rev. W. L. Nickerson, '91, has resigned his pastorate at South Portland, Me., and is at present residing in Lewiston.

Pettigrew, '95, is advising attorney for a large brokers' and bankers' concern in New York City.

Rev. L. W. Pease, '95, is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Middlesex, Vt.

F. T. Wingate, '95, sub-master of the Lewiston High School, has been the instructor of the Bates College Glee Club this fall.

O. F. Cutts, '96, has made a most excellent record for himself by his wonderful playing on the Harvard foot-ball team; all have acknowledged him to be the most powerful player in the Harvard line.

G. W. Thomas, Esq., '96, has an excellent position in the large and elegant office of Mr. Bush, the well-known New York attorney.

Miss N. B. Michaels, '97, is principal of the High School at Vanceboro, Me.

A letter has recently been received from L. P. Clinton, '97, who is now working among his native people in Liberia, West Africa. From this we would judge that the outlook of his work is very favorable, considering the great difficulties with which he has to contend.

Rev. Frank Pearson, '98, is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Farmington, N. H.

Miss Bertha M. Brown, '99, is teaching in Stratford, Conn.

Miss Iris St. H. Dame, '99, is teaching in the Farmington (N. H.) High School.

C. F. Parsons, '99, is teaching in the High School at Wells Beach, Me.

O. A. Stevens, '99, is the Maine general agent for the American School of Correspondence of Boston, Mass.

C. S. Coffin, 1900, is general agent for Ohio for the Home Correspondence School.

G. L. Griffin, 1900, was married on November 25th to Miss Lillian A. Johnson, and is now living on Odd Fellows Avenue, Concord, N. H., where Mr. Griffin is working for Schoolcraft & Co., wholesale grocers.

R. D. Purinton, 1900, has been engaged to coach the Bates base-ball team during the coming season.

B. E. Packard, 1900, principal of Litchfield Academy, delivered an address at the annual convention of the teachers of Sagadahoc County held November 23 at Bowdoinham, Me.

Miss Annie E. Bailey, 1901, is taking a special course in calisthenics at the Bates College gymnasium.

J. S. Bragg is canvassing in Maryland for the North American Publishing Co.

# Around the Editors' Table.

AS this issue goes to press our college world is once more plunged into a season of tests. To the student who has studied only for the day, the week has unutterable horrors; to him who has been obliged to divide his time and attention between athletics, societies, the almost innumerable phases of undergraduate activity and studies, the week seems to be unfair; to him who needs must eke out his finances by outside work the week is a fearful mental strain; even to him who has faithfully studied each day the week brings a sense of dread. Yet college is the season of preparation for life. Out in the broad fields of activity we will all be tested, it may not be once in three months, it may be at any time, now a test of mental ability, of physical endurance, of character, of disposition, or of individual endowments, we will never know in what form the test will come but we do know that come it will. So let us cease to regard test week as a snare improvised by the wise as a snare to catch even the wary ones; rather let us seek to be ever ready, knowing that by so doing we are not only building a firm foundation for these college days, but are arming ourselves in advance for the struggles that are to come.

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WITH the January number another board of editors commences its duties. They will come to the work with the determination to do it as it has never been done, and, in order that they may succeed, let every student see to it that he gives his support, for in no other way can the STUDENT be made what it ought to be. The editors can not bring out good numbers if none or only a few give their aid. They are appointed to oversee the publication, not to undertake the publication. They represent the college, not themselves.

Let every student show by his manner when asked to write that he does not consider he is doing a favor by furnishing an article. The editors in asking him to write are only doing him an honor; no harm is done on either side. There is nothing more galling to the editors than to be everlastingly made to feel that a favor has been done when they are conscious of none. It is the duty of the board to seek out the best writers; it is the duty of the students to respond heartily and without urging when sought out. Only thus shall the editors succeed in their work. Shall they do so?

A MOVEMENT is being set on foot by Professor Foster to compile and publish a volume of Bates stories. This is something that has already been done by many colleges with great success, and we see no reason why Bates cannot do the same with equal success.

The stories are to represent, as much as possible, some phase of college life. And this representation is to be *true* to life. So many so-called college stories are exaggerations and misrepresentations, which really harm in the eyes of the public, both the students and the college, that it is to be one of the main objects of those who have the matter in charge to make this collection of Bates stories true to life in as far as they are able to do so. If those who contribute will bear this in mind, it will make our stories all that they should be, and be a help and a benefit to the college and the students.

Competition is thrown open to both students and alumni, and it is urged that every one give their help, either by contributing something themselves or by aiding us in finding those who can. When sufficient matter has been obtained it is to be brought before a committee consisting of members of the Faculty and students, who are to choose and arrange the stories for publication.

The object sought is not money but the advancement of college interests, as well as amusement and tradition. Whatever money may be made is to be given to the college library.

Let us all, students and alumni, take hold of this matter and make the "Bates Stories" the best out.

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SOME one has said that one who loves beautiful things, either in art or in nature, nearly always has a beautiful soul. It may be that this is many times untrue, for a person who is naturally artistic may have anything but a beautiful soul, and one who has a beautiful soul often cares nothing for art or nature. But on the whole can we not say that the two belong together—a love of the beautiful and a beautiful soul. What more is needed to insure man's perpetual happiness? From the one his inward yearnings for purity, beauty, and truth are satisfied, finding expression in the glories of nature and art. With the other his future happiness is entwined. We read a great deal of how the old masters of writing, and painting, and music used to go out and commune with nature, sit at her feet and worship her beauties. But most men are too busy now to do as *they* did. The

intellect is cultivated conscientiously while the soul is left to take care of itself, while such things as stopping a half-hour to enjoy the sunset, revelling for a few moments in the glories of the maples, drinking in the pure beauty of the sky and the morning mists, take too much time to be frequently indulged in. But every moment spent in admiration of nature is a moment spent in seeing most truly Nature's God, is spent in the cultivation of the soul. Are we to count the moments spent in that supreme duty—making the soul beautiful?

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PERHAPS one of the mottoes which we, as college students, should always keep before us is "Never be discouraged." There are times in our course when all of our work seems to be going wrong, and our dearest friends fail to understand us. In this discouraged mood it seems impossible to accomplish the daily tasks set before us; and we find our work continually collecting in front of us like an unsubdued enemy. Then it is that we begin to doubt the advisability of our college course, and gradually we come to entertain a desire that it had never been undertaken. But let us stop and think, do we really understand the lost opportunities which are continually slipping away from us at such times as these? Do we really comprehend the extent of our loss by allowing our minds to be thus enshrouded in the cloak of despair? If we really seriously consider what the effect of such moods are upon our lives and characters, we will then by a mighty effort of our minds reinstate Hope as the governing principle of our lives, and thus make success and happiness a part of our daily career; for having once interwoven *hope* and *courage* as two of the predominating elements of our character, we will then be able to accomplish our fondest ambitions, and thus make life really worth the living.

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IT seems to us that of all the possessions which we may have, none is more undesirable than laziness and lack of purpose. They are an almost hopeless drag in whatever one tries to do, for while he may begin something worth while, he will be most unlikely to carry it through. If any man is to be envied, it is he who has energy and strong, earnest aims. He is always a useful man, one whose life tells and whom the world cannot spare. The saddest thing that can be said of any one is that he is not needed by the world. To us, whose habits are not yet irrevocably

formed, to us whose lives may hold so many beautiful things, so much true helpfulness to others, such places in the world's work as no other men and women can fill so well, steadfast purposes and sturdy activity are indispensable. The best words to be said of anyone, no matter who, are that he uses whatever gifts he has to their utmost capacity. He need not fear failure, or other men's scorn, because no man *can* be greater than he.

# Local Department.

## CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Another term has slipped by, bringing new members to our ranks and new life to our Christian work. We trust that the rest of our college year may be more earnest still, that the influence of our Association for high ideals shall widen more and more, that the inconsistencies and mistakes to which we are all so liable may hurt less and less our examples as members of *Christian* Associations.

On Wednesday evening, November 20th, Rev. C. C. Phelan of the Park Street Methodist Church, gave a missionary address in the chapel, upon "Our New Possessions."

On Thanksgiving morning we held a short service in the Y. M. C. A. Room, with Felker, '02, as leader. Mr. Foster spoke to us helpfully and practically about the "Thanksgiving Spirit."

## THE MEETING AT AUGUSTA.

At about five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, October 25th, nine members of the Bates College Faculty might have been seen hurrying toward the lower Maine Central station, evidently impelled by some common purpose. They were joined later, at Brunswick, by a number of men from Bowdoin, and half-past seven saw all safely quartered in the Cony House at Augusta; here, for a whole day, the lion and the lamb—many lions and many lambs, from all parts of the State—dwelt together in peace under the harmonizing influence of the Maine Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, to whose second annual meeting the teachers of the entire state had assembled.

This association is formed on the lines of the New England Association which has played so beneficent a part in the recent

educational progress of New England, and has for its aim the promotion of harmony among the higher institutions of learning in Maine, and the furtherance of their common interests by all proper means. An organization was effected a year ago, with President Hyde, of Bowdoin, as President; Bates was represented in the first board of management by President Chase, who was a member of the Committee on Legislation, Professor Hartshorn, of the Executive Committee, and Professor Jordan, of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements.

At the initial session of the meeting, the first business was the presentation of a report of the Committee on Legislation by Professor H. M. Estabrooke, of the University of Maine; the following discussion was opened by President Charles Lincoln White, of Colby, who proposed a plan, similar to that now in operation in New Hampshire, for the education in existing high schools and academies, at the public expense, of pupils from towns too small or too poor to support good high schools of their own; he showed how this would be conducive alike to the welfare of the pupils themselves, of the colleges and academies, and of the small towns of Maine. In the further course of the discussion, great hopes were expressed for the success of such a plan, which would put pupils from the most remote parts of the State on an equal footing with those living in the cities, in their preparation for college.

The first important feature of the Saturday morning session was the report of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements, presented by Principal Albro E. Chase, of the Portland High School; he advocated a plan of admission to college by points, similar to that employed at Harvard; under this system, 26 points would be required for entrance, of which 20 would be earned by proficiency in the traditionally-required subjects, while the remaining six would be gained by passing in certain elective subjects, chosen from a list of considerable variety. Mr. Chase was followed by Professor Karl P. Harrington, of the University of Maine, who outlined the plan of "Admission Examinations by a Joint Examination Board," in successful operation in the Middle States. This plan provides for a single entrance examination for all colleges, to be given by a joint board, whose certificate shall be accepted everywhere. This plan would help the schools by inducing uniformity of requirements on the part of all colleges, and would perhaps do away with the present "certificate system" and its abuses.

Last spring there was formed the Maine Modern Language Association, as a conference in connection with the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools; an enthusiastic report on the Association and its work was presented at the Friday evening session by Professor A. N. Leonard, of Bates. As a result of the success of this experiment, four other departmental conferences were organized on Saturday morning, consisting respectively of Presidents and Principals, and of teachers of the Classics, of Mathematics and the Sciences, and of English and History. Bates was well represented in all these conferences.

In fact, the ubiquity of Bates men and women was one of the marked features of the entire meeting. No other institution in the State could show nearly so many representatives; and there was no side of the activity of the two days in which Bates did not play a prominent part. The delightful reception in the State House corridors after the session of Friday evening seemed to me to have almost the character of a Bates "At Home," so numerous were the graduates of Bates to whom I was introduced. There were present, all told, twenty children of Bates. Nine of these were members of the Faculty—President Chase, Professors Leonard, Clark, Veditz, and Robinson, Miss Libby, Messrs. Tukey and Foster, and Dr. Chase; of the remaining eleven, seven are principals of Maine schools—Messrs. Sampson, '77, of Thornton Academy at Saco, Powers, '88, of the Gardiner High School, Spratt, '93, of Bridgton Academy, Landman, '98, of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, Healy, 1900, of the Winthrop High School, Packard, 1900, of the Litchfield Institute, and Chick, 1901, of Monmouth Academy; one, Dutton, '99, is superintendent of one of the districts in Augusta; and three, Misses Gerrish, '94, Butterfield, '99, and Avery, 1900, are teaching in high schools at Augusta, Bowdoinham, and Winthrop, respectively.

In the organization for the coming year, Professor Leonard is a member of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements, beside being chairman of the Executive Committee of the Modern Language Association, and Professor Veditz is a member of the Committee on Legislation.

## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The Freshmen have begun gym. work rather early this year.

Vacation at last for some of us! A change at least for all of us!

We all offer congratulations to the Faculty on the addition to its membership of little Miss Clark.

After trying our Freshmen for one term, we deem them worthy of full standing as *Bates students.*

The college Sunday-school classes at the Main Street Church have been most encouragingly large this fall.

Moody and Daicey, 1902, and Allen, 1903, attended the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge, November 23d.

We have reason to be proud of Mr. O. F. Cutts, Bates, '96, who played so finely in the Harvard-Yale game.

The Glee and Mandolin-Guitar Clubs gave an interesting and well attended concert at Journal Hall on Tuesday, November 26th.

The Sophomores are hard at work on their debates. We who have passed through the ordeal extend to them our heart-felt sympathy.

Our professors have not given us very many cuts this term. What they have given have been most thankfully received; and we hope they will be kinder next term.

Bates has lately received a new scholarship of $1,000 from Mr. Amos Stetson of Boston, a retired banker. We appreciate scholarships perhaps more than any other gifts.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Lothrop, 1903, was elected manager of the foot-ball team, and Spofford, 1904, assistant manager. Kelly, 1903, was elected manager of the Athletic Exhibition.

We are glad to copy this comment by the *Lewiston Journal:* "The Glee Club sang with virility of attack, vigor of tempo and enthusiasm of spirit that have endeared the college concert from time immemorial to the attention of all music-lovers."

The Maine foot-ball season has closed and the University of Maine is this year the champion. She has won every game played with the Maine college teams. Bates is second, having won two games out of four; Colby is third, with one victory to her credit; and Bowdoin is fourth, having been defeated by all the others.

Manager Wall has nearly completed arrangements for an inter-scholastic base-ball league, to be composed of the following fitting schools: Bridgton Academy, Kent's Hill, Hebron Academy and Westbrook Seminary. An appropriate trophy will be offered. Everything indicates an especially successful season next spring.

The Faculty gave their annual Thanksgiving reception to the students in the gymnasium this year. The decoration committee were Dr. Chase, Mr. Tukey, and Miss Neal; and the building was bountifully and beautifully adorned with evergreen and flags. The entertainment committee were Professor Robinson, Miss Libby, and Mr. Foster; and all three had a great share in making the evening one long to be remembered for its pleasantness. Ross, '04, served ice-cream and cake.

We are glad to receive this information, and hope it may be of use to some of the students:

A Maine Club has been organized in the University of Pennsylvania, of which the officers are as follows: President, Allen Rogers, '97, M.; Vice-President, Henry Hawkins, '02, M.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. P. Hussey, '04, M. Executive Committee, Merrill, chairman; Jordan, Porter, Richardson, Tarbox, Powell (auditor). All Maine men are asked to become members of the club. Any student who thinks of entering the University of Pennsylvania can get catalogues and any other information by sending to D. L. Richardson (Bates, 1900), 38 House P., U. of P., Philadelphia, Penn.

The outlook for a successful base-ball season, next spring, is very promising. Manager Wall has nearly completed the schedule. Three games have been arranged with Bowdoin, and the same number with Colby. Four of these games will be played in Lewiston. Two games have been scheduled with the University of Maine and a third will probably be arranged later. Harvard 'Varsity will be played at Cambridge and Tufts College at Lewiston. On the Massachusetts trip Amherst and Holy Cross will probably be played. Purinton, a graduate of Bates in 1900, and captain of both foot-ball and base-ball teams in his Senior year, will coach the team. If anyone can turn out a winning team he can. Of last year's team Bates has lost only two men, Smith, who graduated last June, and Munro, who has gone to Bowdoin. The Freshman Class has some excellent material which will undoubtedly be heard from later.

The editorial board with this issue hand over to 1903 their burdens and responsibilities. To our successors we extend our best wishes. May they reflect credit upon themselves and upon the college. May they make the STUDENT far better than we have been able to do.

We poor young editors must lay
Our work aside at last.
You students all can truly say
You're glad our day is past.

## College Exchanges.

AS the season begins to wane and the season for giving thanks draws near, it is with a sense of gratitude that we welcome our exchanges, gathering as it were, if not like children about the home hearth, like cousins who have similar aims, ambitions, and incentives, and lo! the table is bountifully spread with dainties from the southern clime, rare bits from the north, delicate morsels from the east and that from the west which cannot fail to please even the epicurean. Welcome all, and may you be doubly blessed in pleasing yourself, your neighbor and us.

*The Georgetown College Journal* is one of the largest, best filled and most acceptable in many respects. Its fiction is ordinarily good and has the redeeming feature of being sandwiched in 'twixt good verse. None of our exchanges contain as much poetry and but few publish as long poems, while the shorter ones express choice thoughts.

We hope we may be pardoned in suggesting that the journal would be much more acceptable if it came with leaves cut. We take pleasure in quoting:

MEMORY.

Like some soft-toned Aeolian harp is memory,
That with rich, mystic chord forever rings,
And sends forth deepening notes of sweetest melody
When e'er the winds of time sweep o'er the strings.

*The Mt. Holyoke* is highly complimentary to its editorial board. On the whole, it is a symmetrical, all-round production, expressive of all the various phases of the college life.

*The Peabody Record* is especially noticeable for its simple, entertaining short sketches. After reading some of the senti-

mental productions of other papers these are really refreshing. May we see more of them.

From an old and historic college comes the *William and Mary College Monthly.* We are disappointed to find that the literary matter is no better and that our two centuries have not produced a better all-round paper. Broaden your field of vision, is our kindly advice.

*Silver and Gold* is a modest, unpretentious paper with usually at least one good poem and some very practical suggestions for the betterment of her own college.

We are glad to learn of compulsory chapel at Tufts, and surely *The Tuftonian* takes a sensible view on the subject. With such a beautiful chapel as it is the privilege of Tufts to enjoy, attendance should be nothing but a pleasure and inspiration.

SLEEP.

O Sleep, whose gentle touch a weary mortal seeks,
Descend and with enveloping mists enshroud
These cares, grim watchers o'er a soul perplexed and torn,
These very thoughts which seem to cry aloud.

A little child at nightfall in my mother's arms,
Unasked, unsought, thou cam'st to comfort me,
And childhood's troubles vanished with thy look of peace,
God's gift divine throughout eternity.

And now the bitter years have come and thou alone,
Awakener of souls, canst hear my plea.
Held in soft magic by thy self-effacing spell,
Make me a little child once more in thee!

—*The Red and Blue.*

A NAP.

"The shades of night are falling fast,"
The oyster stew is o'er.
The midnight gas begins to burn,
And rats begin to snore.

For while the lessons long are conned,
They take a little snooze;
And, when we're safe in slumber land,
Go camping in our shoes.

—*The Buff and Blue.*

Lives of students all remind us
We should pay no heed to looks;
But on passing leave behind us

Inter-linings in our books—
Inter-linings which another,
Toiling hard midst grief and pain,
Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,
Reading, ne'er shall flunk again.

—*Ex.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

College life is being recognized as a field for themes for stories, novels and sketches. The "Cap and Gown" series which has been coming out in recent years, has demonstrated how college life may be written up so as to interest not only college graduates and students but also general readers. In the varied life of college men and women, romances, tragedies, and comedies are being enacted daily. Though often different in kind from those enacted in the world outside, they have many of the elements which cause them to appeal to all alike.

*Stories of the Colleges*[1] is the last and plainly the most successful attempt of the kind. It is a collection of nine characteristic college tales from the leading colleges and universities in the country. Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Cornell, West Point and Annapolis, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Chicago are all represented. The tales are told by noted graduates of each institution.

Perhaps the most original of all these delightful stories is the Harvard tale—"Philosophy 4." It is a simple theme—the preparation for an examination in philosophy by a couple of students who have "cut" all the term. The true spirit of college life pervades. We see the students as they are not as we imagine them to be. The conscientious tutor is a good study in this selection.

The story of Yale College life gives us the history of poor Brombey who has plenty of money, a fond and proud mamma but no brains—quite a necessary characteristic of a college man. Brombey's sensitive spirit was cruelly tortured by his more brainy classmates. On Class Day his sensitive heart was cut to the quick by the joke of the chosen speaker, when a harmlessly intended but cruelly faithful reference was made to his brains. Poor youth! Who can help feeling a throb of sympathy for him. Pennsylvania's representative tale, "Smith of Pennsylvania," and Princeton's "'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, Murray," are based on foot-ball and base-ball incidents; Columbia on a mysterious student; West Point, Annapolis, and Chicago on some point of student honor either within or without the class-room.

Cornell's tale, "The Personal Equation," sketches the election of class officers for the Senior year.

*New Pieces That Will Take Prizes in Speaking Contests*[2] is the title of a most excellent new book by Harriet Blackstone. In this volume will be found new, original, and taking selections from sources hitherto untouched and almost unthought of. The selections are classical, if such a term may be applied. Something will be found here to suit every taste. Dia-

lect, humor, though not comic, simple narrative, pathos, exciting selections such as races, and other such excellent styles. The names of a few of these adaptations and their authors must appeal to every reader and teacher of elocution.

*The Inmate of the Dungeon,* adapted from "The Ape, the Idiot, and Other Stories" by W. C. Morrow, is a heart-rending sketch of prison life. *Alice's Flag* from "Alice of Old Vincennes" by Maurice Thompson. *Pomp's Story* from "Cudjo's Cave" by Trowbridge. *Washington,* by W. Hamilton Spence. *The Mount of Laws* by Hall Caine. *An Imperial Secret* by Alex. Dumas. *The Queen's Letter,* by Anthony Hope from "Rupert of Hentzau." *The Cruelty of Legree* from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A selection from "Samantha at the Centennial." *The Wonderful Tar-Baby,* from "Uncle Remus." *The Angels and the Shepherds,* from "Ben Hur." And so we might go on through the book, picking out nearly every selection and pronouncing it a gem—to the end where President McKinley's address, at Buffalo, is given.

[1]Stories of the Colleges, by noted graduates. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

[2]New Pieces for Prize Speaking. Harriet Blackstone. Hinds & Noble, New York.

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REV. A. T. SALLEY, D.D.,
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GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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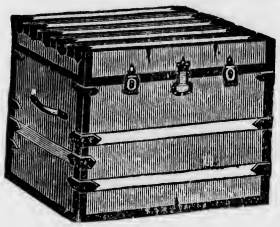
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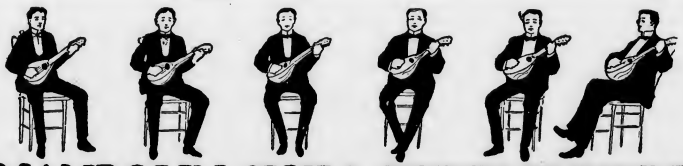
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